

Land of Hiawatha

THE STORY OF
Sault Ste. Marie

BY STANLEY NEWTON



Collection of Native North American Indian Books,
Historical Books, Atlases, plus other important au-
thors and family heirloom books.

As of 12-31-93

Earl Ford McNaughton

Earl Ford McNaughton

-Robert E. Smith-

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Lansing, Mich

The Story of

SAULT STE. MARIE
AND CHIPPEWA COUNTY

By
STANLEY NEWTON



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DEDICATED
TO
YOU

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THE LAND OF THE NORTH.

*There is a glamor in thy singing pines,
There is a glint upon thy hardy flowers,
A lusty beauty in the forest vines
Proclaims the magic of thy sunny hours;
Thou subtle North! where diverse spells beguile
And land and lake conspire to tease the eye,
So it might rove from witching wile to wile,
From hill to wave, from stream to sapphire sky;
Bring to this pageant all the glorious past,
Blend with these charms tradition's rosy glow;
Cherish thy gallants, heroes first to last,—
It is thy richer crown, the lore of long ago!*

BOWATING IN IMMEMORIAL TIMES

"Aboriginal history on this continent," says Schoolcraft, "is more celebrated for preserving its fables than its facts. A world growing out of a tortoise's back—the globe reconstructed from the earth clutched in a muskrat's paw, after a deluge,—such are the fables or allegories from which we are to frame their ancient history."

Such criticism seems unjust. Napoleon Bonaparte, who was certainly a much greater man than Henry Rowe Schoolcraft, was fond of saying that history is a lie agreed upon. Now if we agree to this—and many of us do—we cannot impugn consistently the Ojibways' stories of their origin, their forbears, their achievements and their gods. When an Indian good friend of mine tells me that the demi-god Manibosho found safety in a tree when the world was deluged, and afterward builded another world from the abysmal ooze which a hell-diver brought him, I am an interested listener. Further, when I am told that the Sault rapids were once at Iroquois Point, where a giant dam stretched from cape to cape, and that Manibosho killed his wife for not guarding the dam in his absence, I am convinced. For I have seen the old lady lying there on the Goulais side of Gros Cap, turned to red stone and half submerged in the waters of Lake Superior.

Believed by Ojibways

At least I am as much convinced as my informant would be if I told him the story of Noah and the Ark. Neither version is capable of proof, each must be taken on faith.

Great numbers of Ojibway Indians, commonly called Chipewas have believed the stories I am about to relate. For all I know, many of them still believe. These stories are placed in the opening chapters of this book, with a brief examination of the ancient life of the Bowating Indians, in order that you may the better understand the reaction of Indian to white man in the recorded history which follows.

Every normal white man or woman is just naturally interested in Indians. They were our first families. Their roving lives, wild and free, their deer and bear hunting, their burnings at the stake, the devilishly painted face, the tomahawk, the scalping knife, the necklace of scalps, the medicine man, the unsurpassed Indian orator in council, the pipe of peace—ah, what a treasure trove of breathless interest are these! He who eyes for the first time an old Indian stone axe, instinctively visualizes the skulls it has split. The child on your knee by the evening fire craves Injun stories. There's a wonderfully satisfying thrill in the yelling, galloping Indian at the Wild West show.

The Home of Manito

We of the North take a decent pride in the wildness of our ancient Indians. They were as fierce, as gentle, as high-minded, as eloquent, as cruel, as efficient in their way as any other tribes the continent has mothered. This north country was the home of Manito, The Great Spirit. It was the abiding place of Manibosho, Protector of all good Chippewas. And by the way, when you pronounce the name of the Chippewas' demigod, bring it up as it were from the bottom of your lungs, accent on the last syllable almost to the point of coughing,—Manibo-sho, a most remarkable being worthy of your deepest consideration, whose grandmother was a toad, and whose great-grandmother was the Moon. You may doubt this statement, but I defy you to disprove it. And his true, his authentic home was on the very spot where this book was written and printed.

Once upon a time the banks of St. Mary's River at the rapids were the greatest Indian camping place in the whole Northwest if not in America. Here was the Chippewa capital, the great central meeting-place from time immemorial. Here was the joining of the three greatest lakes—Gitchi Gumi, or Superior; Meetchigong, or Michigan; and Tionnontateronnon, or Huron and Georgian Bay. Hither the northern Indian gravitated by birch-bark canoe in summer, or by snow-shoe over the smooth frozen surfaces in winter. The deer-hunting was good. The rapids afforded a seldom failing supply of delicious whitefish, a food of which one never tires. The fertile clay meadows along the river yielded hardy Indian corn abundantly. Fire-wood was plentiful. The Chippewas were powerful and content, and held their wigwams and the revered resting place of their dead against all comers. It was a northern Indian paradise.

The Story of Wabish

Let us go back in fancy to the year 1600, half a century or so before the first white man ascended the mighty river, and consider the life of a typical Chippewa Indian in the vicinity of what is now Sault Ste. Marie.

Wabish was born at dawn of a June morning on the present site of the Sault Ste. Marie postoffice. He first saw the light of day in a pole and bark wigwam, one of the many constructed here by the women of his band. Their hands had cut and dragged from the woods near by the young trees constituting the framework of the dwelling. These trees had been trimmed and stuck in the ground in a quadrangular parallelogram, the longest sides running from the entrance to the back of the hut. Two trees were planted in front, forming the door, and two at the rear, where the seat of honor was

raised. The side rows of trees had been bent forward at their tops, and the ends twisted around each other and secured with tough bast of the cedar tree. The skeleton thus formed was clothed with apakwas or rolls of birch-bark, the operation of covering having begun at the bottom. The second row hung down over the first, thus shedding the rain, and a third and fourth row completed the sides. Other apakwas were thrown crossways over the hut, and were weighted with stones hanging from cords of sinews. There was a smoke-hole in the center of the roof, and a mat of deer-skins over the space left as a doorway.

Immediately after his birth young Wabish ke pe nace—for so his father named him—was stretched out by the midwives in the waiting cradle or tikanagan. His tender limbs were laid straight on a board of poplar wood on which a thin peeled frame, also of poplar, was fastened, conforming in shape to his body, and standing up like the sides of a violin from its sounding-board. A stout mat over this completed a cavity in which he was carefully packed in a mixture composed of dry moss, rotted cedar wood and the wool from the seeds of water-reeds and cat-o'-nine tails. But first his feet were placed exactly perpendicular, parallel, and close together. Thus, even in the cradle, care was taken that they should not turn outward. A Chippewa Indian must be a good walker, and Wabish, when he grew up, covered a good inch more ground at each step than the coming white men who turned their feet out. There was the winter to think of, too, and the straight ahead footing on snow-shoes. The women paid great attention to his nose also, and tried to pull it out as long as the cartilage remained soft, for a large nose was an ornament among the Chippewas.

Names Dreamed by Others

Shortly after the boy's birth, his father proceeded to dream for a name for him. You must understand that some Chippewa fathers named their children after a particular phenomenon of nature occurring about the time of its birth. Others commemorated in such names the happening of anything unusual among the people or animals in the vicinity of the birth-place. But commonly a name was selected that was based on one of the fantastic dreams constantly experienced by the Indians, and which exerted so tremendous an influence on their daily lives.

The father, then, dreamed for a name, and having seen a gull in his dream, he called the boy Wabish ke pe nace, The White Bird. When the lad grew old enough to have companions they shortened this name of course to Wabish, which is to say, White. Wabish is the Chippewa name for rabbit, the

animal which turns white in winter. Wabish was well named, for the day came when he was as fleet as any rabbit, when he could run down and tire out the fleet-footed deer in the forest, especially after snow had fallen. But in the council-house and on formal occasions he was, when grown to man's estate, Wabish ke pe nace, and he took as his device and painted on his war axe the totem sign of his band, the Crane.

Early Training for War

In the years of his childhood even his toys were warlike. He played with arrowheads and flints, and his father made for him a tiny war-club, lightly weighted at the end with pebbles sewn in deerskin. He tickled the ribs of his playmates with real arrows shot from a small bow. He learned to swim in the river's shallow waters where Brady Field now stretches, for at that time the river bank was just north of the lodge where he was born. He learned to make rabbit-snares and dreamed of the day when he might dead-fall a bear. He wore crackly hides of the red deer, skins scraped, stretched, tanned and sewed by his mother. The spring of the year found him on Sugar Island with his parents, where they gashed hundreds of trees for the sweet sap which he never tired of licking from his fingers. He helped to make the birch-bark kettles—inflammable receptacles which did not burn when filled with sap and hung over the fire. He collected dozy maple wood and moss for his father, who each morning started the fire in no time by holding a flint stone over the tindery mass and striking sparks into it with a piece of granite. It was almost as handy as a pocket full of matches.

When the hunting was poor and the whitefish failed to run in the rapids, Wabish lived for days on maple sugar and waxed fat on it. He knew where the wild onions and cucumbers grew in season and found many a bed of truffles or Indian potatoes in the black loamy soil on the edge of the swamp. He took his meat roasted underdone. Sometimes his mother prepared it on spits from which the bitter bark had been carefully removed. Or for a change she would heat a rock red hot by building a fire upon it, afterwards roasting the meat on the surface where fire had been. This process she varied by firing a small pit which she used for an oven for the meat and fish. Some gritty sand came out with the food, but the sand was clean. And for many summer weeks he took his fill of strawberries and blueberries which grew in unbelievable profusion all around. By and large he lived well, and if in the long winter the deer went far back into the country and the whitefish forsook the open rapids for a time, he usually found the family with a supply of jerked venison and smoked whitefish hanging from the cross-pieces of the paternal nest, and dined nearly as well as ever.

River Was His Foster-Mother

The mighty river was his foster-mother, as it is ours. For untold centuries it was the Chippewa highway. Winter and summer its heavenly manna of whitefish fed the multitudes. Wabish knew that the whitefish grew from the brain of a wicked adulteress who had been cast into the rapids to drown, and whose head had been dashed to pieces on the shining black rocks.

Every now and then the medicine-man or jossakeed of the Saulteur Chippewas propitiated the fishing-nets of the tribe and persuaded them to make great catches of fish, by marrying the nets to young girls of the band with formal and solemn ceremonies. As it was indispensable that the brides should be virgins mere children were chosen. Now this may appear absurd to you, but did not the Spirit of the nets appear to the forefathers of the Chippewas, saying that he had lost his wife and must have another equally as virtuous? Wabish realized that if the ceremony was neglected, or girls provided who were not immaculate, he would catch no more fish, and he was grateful to the jossakeed accordingly.

Fish Addressed from the Banks

The fish no less than the nets required propitiation. On an evening they were eloquently addressed from the banks at the foot of the rapids, flattered, complimented, and exhorted to come and be caught, with the assurance that the utmost respect would be shown to their bones. This oration was according to the form laid down from olden times, and while it lasted those present except the jossakeed were required to lie flat on their backs and refrain from speaking a word.

In those days St. Mary's River and its environs swarmed with Manitos, little gods, very potent for good or evil, mostly evil. All Nature was spiritualized by Wabish and his friends. Every tree, rock, wind, stream and star had a spirit. The thunder was an angry spirit, the milky way was the path of spirits on their way to celestial hunting-grounds beyond the Northern Lights. The four cardinal points were spirits, the west being the oldest and the father of the others. Their mother was a beautiful girl who one day had permitted the west wind to blow upon her.

Then there were endless legends of windigos, great giants and cannibals, and tiny spirits and fays who haunted the woods, and the cataracts of Bowating and Tahquamenon. The Nibanaba mermaids, half fish, half woman, frolicked in the waters of Lake Superior. Many animals had a miraculous origin. The raccoon, for instance, was once a shell lying on the lake shore, until vivified by the sunbeam. The Chippewa name for raccoon, Ais e bun, means "he was a shell."

Stones Contained Spirits

Wabish never wantonly stepped on any of the big boulders in St. Mary's Rapids. He held them sacred, for he knew that a living spirit of flesh and blood breathed within their thin, hard shells.

Once his father took Wabish to the funeral of a chief on Michilimackinac, and the boy's knees fluttered as he stood before Sugar Loaf, the abode of The One Great Spirit, the Maker of all. There he knelt in awed silence behind his father, who left votive offerings. Not his tribe alone worshipped here; hither came also the Hurons, Ottawas, Potawatomes, and Sioux in superstitious reverence. Even the blood-thirsty Iroquois, having drifted north on some wild foray, laid aside their arms for a moment and meditated here. For, eons before, the divine Gitchi Manito had taken residence in this mighty thumb of rock, when he flew from the north through Arch Rock to the Loaf. Wabish sensed the impenetrable dignity and majesty of the place and its occupant, and felt the ground was sacred. Indeed, so sacred had the ancient Chippewas held it, that Michilimackinac was inhabited by Indians only in comparative recent times. Formerly it was left to Gitchi Manito and the dead. It was the sanctuary of the benign Keeper of Souls, who welcomed in silence the supplications and sacrifices of his living red children and spread his protecting mantle over the shades of the departed.

A Manito Tree at Bowating

Wabish, then, enjoyed his visit to the national shrine, and was mightily interested, but he did not neglect his local religious duties. There was a Manito tree at Bowating, on the present site of Bingham avenue bridge. This tree was a big mountain-ash, and sometimes even on calm and cloudless days Wabish and his friends heard the sound of distant war-drums rolling among its leaves. They knew from this that the tree was the abode of spirits, and they deemed it sacred. So they made frequent offerings there, and their descendants continued to add to the pile at its foot even after a storm had wrecked the tree, until at last the whites cleared the ruins away and violated the site with a wagon road.

Almost upon the site of the Chippewa County court-house there was formerly a limestone boulder of huge dimensions, where no doubt Wabish came often for devotions. One side of this stone was covered with Indian inscriptions and picture writing. Clearly the stone was regarded as a Manito's dwelling by the ancient Chippewas, and tradition tells us that many worshipped there. When the contract was made for the construction of the court-house, Judge Steere, recognizing the

value of the stone as an historical and ethnological landmark, arranged with the contractor to guard carefully this boulder from desecration. But in the absence of the contractor some of his men built a fire against the stone and cracked off the face bearing the inscriptions. Afterward the rock was broken into pieces and used for building.

On the premises of a Ridge street home in Sault Ste. Marie there is a peculiar stone about six feet square, which probably was venerated by the Chippewas as the home of a Manito. The stone bears no glyphs, but the Indians say it was once much larger than at present, and was believed by their ancestors to be the abode of a Spirit to whom they prayed.

Wabish had a regard amounting almost to veneration for his family sign or totem, the Crane. When as a brave he went to war, he painted the sign of the Crane in vermilion upon his forehead. Most of his Saulteur friends belonged to the Crane or the Owl band. The Chippewas in the vicinity of Michilimackinac were the sons of the Turtle. Others wore the Snake insignia, or the Wolf, the Bear, or the Weasel.

Totem Denoted Town or Branch

The word "totem" appears to have been derived from the Indian word for "town." It is likely that the inhabitants of a town or village once were considered to be of the same family or clan, consequently they all assumed the same badge or totem. The symbol became the evidence of consanguinity, hence the importance of totems, which denoted the family branch. The meanest Indian had his totem. He took pride in his ancestry, followed its honorable traditions and strove to measure up to the greatest of his clan. But when he married his wife retained her family mark.

Wabish became a great traveler, and often used his totem mark when traversing the forests, to convey desired intelligence to his friends. He would take a piece of birch-bark and scrawl his totem thereon with a coal, and the totems of any other travelers or hunters accompanying him, drawing each in size of the order of his importance. If at the time of writing he had been absent say three days from Bowating, he drew three suns on the bark. If any of the party had died or suffered serious accident, he was represented without a head or lying on his side. This sign-writing Wabish would place in the cleft of a pole, angling the pole in the direction he was going. In summer he left beneath it a handful of green leaves, and the degree of their withering conveyed a good idea of the time he had passed that way. In winter his snow-shoe tracks told their own story.

Long Snow-Shoe Trips

When Wabish's ancestors invented the snow-shoe they con-

ceived something wonderfully adapted to its purpose. Wabish learned to make his own snow-shoes and found them indispensable for winter travelling in the Bowating country. The only wood he used in their construction was their encircling bows and the cross-pieces, the rest being made of interlaced thongs of buckskin, deer sinews or rawhide. Though light, his shoes were strong enough to support his weight easily even in very soft snow. His heelless moccasins adjusted themselves perfectly to the shoes, and he kept his feet and legs warm on the trail by strips of "nip," or fur, wound around them. The snow-shoes were attached only at the toes, so that when his feet rose in walking, the tails of the shoes dragged and needed to be lifted partially only. Wabish once walked on snow-shoes from Bowating to Michilimackinac in a day, a distance of sixty miles. Stretches of seventy-five miles by Chippewas in a day were not uncommon. More than once Wabish ran down a deer on his snow-shoes, for the narrow hoofs of the deer did not support them in the soft snow.

Another striking characteristic of old Bowating, used by Wabish and his fellow-Chippewas, was the dog-train. In ancient times nearly every Indian of any importance had his dog-train. Thousands of people now living in the north do not know what a dog-train is.

The train was a thin board of elm or other tough wood, about fifteen inches wide and four to six feet long. The front of the board was turned up and lashed back, with cross-pieces or stiffeners along the top of the board, and cords or thongs running along each side. The modern toboggan is white civilization's adaptation of the Chippewa dog-train. The train was made flat and broad of course that it might draw easily on lightly crusted snow, and the load was strapped to the train.

Dogs Pulled Heavy Loads

The dogs used by Wabish and his pals were good-sized ones of no particular species, though commonly dark in color. The Chippewa dogs probably descended from Arctic wolves caught young and brought down to Bowating land centuries ago, when the tribe made its migration from Asia—if indeed the tribal influx came that way. They were harnessed somewhat as horses are harnessed, having breast-straps to which the traces were attached. The dogs were driven either tandem or two abreast, and two dogs could draw about 600 pounds on a good road. When the road was heavy or hilly Wabish would walk ahead of the dogs on snow-shoes, and another Indian behind held a line fastened to the rear of the train, with which he checked it when going down hill.

On a long journey the food for the dogs was corn meal cooked with a little tallow. This kept the dogs in good work-

ing condition without fattening them. Each winter found the Bowating dogs fit and eager for work or play, and many a dog-train race had Wabish with the teams of his cronies on the level winter ice below the rapids.

The Saulteur Chippewas employed canoes almost as constantly as other nomadic races do horses or camels. In the long days of summer Wabish fairly lived in his birch-bark. Bowating was the home of the birch tree, and here Manibosho had taught his children how to make their fairy-like and feathery canoes from the bark of the birch.

Makes Real Canoe

It was Wabish's uncle who showed the boy how to make a real canoe. Just above the rapids was a grove of birch trees, and to these the man and boy made their appeal, not in the fabled words of Hiawatha—

Lay aside your cloak, O birch-tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper—

but with good sharp axes of stone. They picked the largest and smoothest trees, so that the piece of bark might be as large and clean as possible, and less sewing would be necessary. They scraped and scraped with stones the inner side of the fresh bark, just as a tanner does a hide. These great leaves of bark they brought to the squaws in the village, who sewed them with bone needles and spruce-root thread into sheets big enough to cover the whole frame of the canoe. The boy's uncle, My een gun, The Wolf, and Wabish meanwhile made the framework of the boat from the elastic branches of cedar trees. The Wolf was the expert canoe-builder of his clan, and he kept back of his wigwam on the shore two or three rude models of canoes, around one of which he now bent the branches or ribs of Wabish's canoe.

These ribs were peeled almost unbelievably thin by The Wolf, as he explained to Wabish the prime necessity of lightness and easy carriage in a canoe. Then he fastened thin cross-pieces between the upper ends of the ribs. Wabish thought at first they were very narrow seats, much too narrow, but they served merely to give strength to the sides.

No Nails or Screws Needed

In modern boats the ribs are supported by the keel, from which they stand out like branches of a tree. But Wabish's canoe had no keel, and the ribs and cross-pieces were tied necessarily to a piece of wood at the top. This strip ran all the way around the gunwale of the boat, so that, in lieu of a keel, it acted as the back bone of the canoe.

There wasn't a nail or screw in the whole affair. Everything was sewn, tied, or pitched together. And the seams, stitches and knots were so strong, so regular, firm and artistic that nails weren't needed at all. The bast of cedars made a perfect substitute.

The framework had been made in this way by the two, with much advice and some assistance by lookers-on, the bark covering was spread out on the ground and the skeleton laid over it. When the bark was pulled up over the frame the job looked for all the world like the handiwork of a cobbler upon a giant shoe, with the leather wrapped around a huge last. With great care they drew the bark sheet as tightly as possible around the frame, and turned down the edges over the gunwale strip, to which they firmly bound them. Finally, a reinforcement of birch-bark armor was fastened all along the edge, protecting in some small measure the frail craft from the coming inevitable bumps.

After this they lined the bottom of the canoe with thin strips, laid across the ribs and lengthwise of the canoe. These were vital, but for their protection even the soft-moccasined foot of Wabish would have punctured the canoe-bottom as if it had been paper. Birch-barks were not suited to the nailed boots of the whites, or to the carriage of their heavy iron-shod boxes. They welcomed only the pussy-footing tread of the Indian or the soft thud of his bundles of furs.

When the women of Bowating had nothing else to do, they always found a demand for wa tap, the twisted thin split roots of the spruce. They could make either fine twine or heavy stout cords from these roots, and great quantities were used yearly at Bowating, in fishing-nets as well as the building of boats. The ropes or cords in the nets used so freely in the rapids were often fifty yards long. These strong nets resisted the action of the water for years. When laid up they became very dry and brittle, but a good damping made them supple as leather again.

Wabish's canoe was sharp, front and back, it was slightly broader in front, and the ends stood up a little. A small piece of wood was inserted in either end, to lend increased strength to the frame; and on one of these Wabish painted with infinite care, and on the other he carved with infinite labor, facsimiles of his paternal totem, the Crane. The ends of his craft he also daubed most beautifully and artistically with yellow ochre and vermilion from the south shore of Gitchi Gumi.

Fills Holes With Resin

The final process was one of pitching and repitching all the little holes, seams and stitches in the canoe. For this purpose the heated resin of the pine or fir was used freely. The

weak parts of the bark, or the holes of small branches were also plastered with this water-defying resin or pitch.

Wabish paddled his canoe in much the same manner as Charon propelled his bark on the river Styx, or as men and women have used paddles in small boats the world over. His paddle was short and broad, made of cedar, light and tough. But on long water-journeys he carried paddles of hard maple, alternately kneeling on the fur-covered strips, or sitting on the small seat slung from the stiffened gunwale by thongs of raw-hide.

Wabish's first canoe accommodated two people. It lasted four years because he took great care of it. After he became proficient in canoe-making he waxed careless, and sometimes a canoe lasted him but a moon or two. Then, too, he was forever shooting the rapids, and forever getting nicked there. When this happened he found it wise to seek the shore without undue delay. Sometimes he brought his craft to the beach; occasionally the knife-thin bark took water so quickly that it sank beneath him and he had to swim for it. That meant another canoe, generally a better and more elaborate one.

Canoes Light and Graceful

Nothing could exceed the lightness and grace of Wabish's canoes in the water, or their ease of carriage out of it. Each was

Like a yellow leaf of autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily,
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and magic,
All the lightness of the birch-tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews.

Wabish realized this, and gave great praise to Manibosho, who was the real inventor of the birch-bark canoe and who bestowed it upon the Chippewas thousands of years ago. This act of invention he was able to visualize much more clearly after he visited Manitoulin Island, and saw there the very rocks between which Manibosho had built the first canoe, and upon which he had hung it up to dry after pitching. Truly, Manibosho confirmed his friendship for the red man when he brought down the bark canoe. What other appliance is there that equals the bird in its swift flight over the water, that can be so easily transported around the portage or over the divide, or, turned bottom up on the beach, that affords so perfect a shelter when camping out on a rainy night?

'You may be sure that when Wabish and his compeers went on a long canoe journey, a part of the outfit was a supply of

pitch. When the Evil Spirits in the submerged rocks split the fragile bottom with a touch, the canoe was beached, unloaded and reversed. Then the pitch was heated and poured over the crack in the bark until it was well sealed, upon which the voyage could be resumed in safety.

River Was a Delight

What a delight were the long, long, lazy summer days on the beautiful river! When the Hot Moon of June had come and gone, and the mosquitoes, black flies and no-see-ums had reveled in their brief day, then Wabish and his friends, bereft of all care and fancy-free, fared forth on the broad and placid bosom of their foster-mother.

The river we call St. Marys — it is really a strait — the Chippewas named Gitchi Gumi Sippi, the River of the Great Lake. They knew it for a powerful outpour of water dividing here and there into broad arms which separated, united and divided again. Repeatedly these arms collected in large pools, almost lakes, dreaming calm in the summer sun; but these again shot in narrow passages from one lake to another, thus forming several rapids. And every passage was fringed and girdled by a maze of lovely islands, large and small.

Canoe voyages in this wild water labyrinth were exquisite indeed. The shores of the islands and mainlands were covered with dense forests of hardwoods and conifers, whose bright and dark greens met the eye in pleasing contrast. On the eastern side the Algoma Mountains came down to meet the lake and halted there, having been torn away by Manibosho to give the mighty lake above a chance to breathe and to escape southward. These heights, too, were tossing with massed woods, but here and there the naked primeval Laurentian rock made hard faces at Gitchi Gumi Sippi and stuck its black tongues into the mocking stream.

It was a vast country, where distances were long, and where Nature performed on a big scale. Some of the islands in the river were as large as an English County. England itself could have been sunk in Gitchi Gumi without raising the water very much. And there were countless other islands as small as the floor of a wigwam, and in some places the roving Indians found themselves surrounded by tiny islets on which there was scarcely room for a tree.

In Primitive State

All these islands and shores were then in a state of primitive savageness. Their interior was uninhabited and uncultivated, and so covered with rocks and swamps, fallen trees and rotting stumps that the bears could not wish for a better thicket. Even

the nearest hill-tops, protected by this tangled wilderness, had never endured the foot of man. The river's easy highway led to many a hospitable beach, where fishing was good and an occasional runway brought the deer down to drink and be captured. Even as a youthful bowman Wabish could drive his flint-headed arrows clean through the bodies of the flying deer.

Oh ta gee zig, a handsome, burly Indian hereditary chief, who must have been about 30 years of age when Wabish was born, was the friend, hero and mentor of Wabish in his boyhood days. Oh ta gee zig had been born at noon, hence his name, meaning "half a day." Once upon a time Oh ta had strangled a bear with his two hands, a deed that won him great renown. On ceremonial days he wore twelve feathers in his hair. Each feather meant the death of a Sioux in battle. Oh ta was of the Owl totem, and his camp-fire on the river bank at Bowating was a favorite resorting place of the boy Wabish and his chums. Right cheerfully it burned of a summer evening, where the bicentennial monument stands now.

"Did you ever hear of the story of the first man and woman?" asked Oh ta of the group of Indians around his fire one evening. He was a famous story teller, especially when his pipe of kinnikinnick was drawing well.

"Tell it to us," said Wabish and his friend Ka ba konse, a brother of the Crane.

"You must know," began Oh ta, "that Gitchi Manito, The Great Spirit, made first the land about Bowating and along the south shore of Gitchi Gumi. At first there was nothing here but sand and rocks, and the rapids were away up at Nad o way an ing, the Place of the Iroquois. This was long before Manibosho trapped beavers there.

The Chippewa Story of Creation

"One day Manito was walking along here when he saw something lying on the ground, and he picked it up. It was a tiny root. He wondered whether it would grow, and he planted it on the river bank, close to the water. When he came back next day a lot of shoots had sprung up, and the wind blowing through them made a pleasant sound. This pleased him, and he sought for and found more little roots and some seeds from the soil, and he spread them around, so that they soon covered the rocks and land with grass and fine forests, in which birds and other animals came to live. Every day he added something new to his creation, and he did not forget to place various kinds of fish in the water. But the best fish of all, the at ti ma kaig, the deer-of-the-water, the white-fish, came long after.

"Another day when Manito was walking near this place, he

saw something coming out of the water, covered with glistening scales like a fish, but formed like a man. Watching it further, Manito saw it stoop and pluck herbs, which it swallowed. It sighed and groaned, but did not speak.

"The sight filled Manito with compassion, and a good thought occurred to him. Immediately he set to work to provide this forlorn being with a squaw. He formed her nearly as he had seen the man to be and also covered her body with scales. Then he breathed a little of his life into her and set her feet upon the bank, telling her that if she would walk along the shore and look about her she might find something to please her.

He Discovers the Woman

"At first neither saw the other, and the woman, after wandering about for a while, sat down beside a log and fell asleep. Presently the man spied her footsteps in the sand, and following them he approached her timidly. He found his voice as he touched her gently on the shoulder and asked:

" 'Who art thou?' Whence came you?'

" 'My name is Mani,' she replied. Gitchi Manito brought me here, telling me I should find something here I like. I think thou art the promised one.'

" 'I think so too,' said the man. 'On what dost thou live?'

" 'I have eaten nothing, for I was looking for thee. But now I feel hungry. Hast thou anything to eat?'

"Straitway the man hurried to collect some roots and herbs that he had found edible. He brought them to the squaw, who devoured them greedily.

"Again the sight moved Manito to pity, and in the twinkling of an eye he built a handsome wigwam for them, with a splendid garden beside it, in which grew many plants and berries, and trees of various kinds. Here they lived happily for many days, and Gitchi Manito came often to converse with them.

" 'Let me warn you against one thing,' he told them. 'See, this tree in the middle of the garden is not good, for it was planted here by Matchi Manito, the Spirit of Evil. See how it blossoms, presently it will bear fruits, and they will look very fine and taste very sweet. But do not eat of them, or death shall be thy portion.'

"You may believe that they paid attention to this formidable warning, and they kept the command a long time, even when the blossoms passed and the fruit was ripened. One day, however, when Mani was walking alone in the garden, she heard a friendly and musical voice calling, 'Mani, why dost thou not eat of this beautiful fruit? It tastes splendidly. Startled, she looked around, but saw no one. She was afraid, and hurried into the house.

The Tempter Comes

"Next day she went again into the garden, being curious to hear the voice again. When she approached the forbidden tree it sounded: 'Mani, Mani, taste this splendid fruit, it will gladden thy heart!' And with this a young and handsome Indian came out of the bushes, plucked some fruit and placed it in her hand. 'Eat,' he said. It looked so good, and smelled so good, that she promptly ate it up and more with it. The young Indian, who was of course the agent of Matchi Manito, disappeared, and when her husband came soon after, she persuaded him to eat also. But scarcely had he swallowed the fruit she gave him when the silver scales fell off their bodies; only twenty scales remained to each, ten on the fingers and ten on the toes, but these lost their brilliancy. They saw themselves quite uncovered, and were ashamed and withdrew into the bushes.

"Then came the angry Gitchi Manito, and said: 'Did I not tell you to abstain from the wiles of Matchi Manito? You have disobeyed, and presently death shall come upon you. These poor uncovered physical frames of yours shall perish, but the life that is in you shall live in your children and their descendants. Begone from my garden!'

"So they went forth in banishment. But Manito loved them and had mercy on them. He gave the man a bow and some arrows, and showed him how to shoot deer, and told Mani how to prepare the meat of them, and how to make clothing and moccasins of the hides.

They Leave the Garden

"So Mani and her husband left the garden, the man trying his bow and the arrows. Being not yet practiced in their use he shot into the sand, and the arrows went thus deep into the ground."

Here Oh ta picked up an arrow, thrust it into the earth and withdrew it with his thumb on the shaft, showing to each one there separately how deep the arrow had gone in, saying, "see, so far." They looked at it carefully and said, "good, now go on." Oh ta proceeded:

"So Mani's husband went out to hunt, saw a deer and shot an arrow at it. The animal sank on its knees and died.

"The hunter ran up and drew his arrow from the wound, found it uninjured and placed it in his quiver to be used again. When he brought the deer to his squaw she cut it into pieces and washed them, laying the hide aside for moccasins and clothing. Then she sensed the need of fire, for they could not eat the meat raw as the barbarous Kiristinons of the north do.

"This demand for fire stumped the man for a time, but finally the thought came to him to rub against each other a

piece of hardwood and one of softwood, and he soon had a bright fire for his squaw.

Became a Medicine Man

"After that Mani's husband killed many deer, and soon they had plenty of clothing and bedding, and his squaw built a fine lodge for him. One day when out hunting he found a birch-bark book lying under a tree. While he was looking at the book it spoke to him in the pure Ojibway language, instructing him in the use of every plant in the forest and the meadow. Delighted, he put the book in his hunting-bag and collected all the plants, roots, flowers and herbs which it pointed out to him. With these he returned to Mani, and found they were all good medicine, good in every accident and sickness of life. So in this way he became a great medicine-man as well as a mighty hunter. The children his wife bore him became great hunters also. He taught them to use the bow, explained to them the medicine-book, which never talked to anyone but him, and told them the history of his and Mani's creation. And through them the true story of the Ojibways has come down to us."

"What was Mani's husband's name, Oh ta?" asked Wabish.

"That was not revealed to us," replied Oh ta, as he tamped his pipe with a finger and looked very wise. "And anyway, it was the woman who made all the trouble."

"Who revealed to the Chippewas that Gitchi Manito lived here?" inquired Miz ye, The Cat-Fish. Miz ye was a captive Sioux boy, a slave, a friend to everybody, and he had the freedom of the village. "I always thought Gitchi Manito lived at Torch Lake, many days journey toward the setting sun," he said.

"You thought wrong," replied Oh ta, "and I'll prove it to you. In the first place Manibosho told us about the Great Spirit, when he had re-created the world and the Chippewa nation after the flood. But see here. We know that Gitchi Manito lives now in the great rock temple on Michilimackinac, don't we?"

"Certainly," they chorused.

Started From Sault

"And we know he flew from the north, through the great curved stone door on the beach, don't we?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, then, that's it. Don't you see, he started from here." Oh ta looked triumphantly from face to face in the circle.

"Maybe he came from beyond Gitchi Gumi somewhere," suggested somebody doubtfully.

"No, no, no," Oh ta replied positively. "Do you think the Great Spirit would ever live in the wretched land of the Kiristinons, where it is always cold, and where the people wander about half-starved from place to place, and eat their meat and fish raw? It is impossible. We are his people, and the people of the great Manibosho."

"Was Manibosho here then?" another inquired.

"No, he came to us after Gitchi Manito withdrew to his temple. Many moons ago Manibosho lived on earth and was a great War Chief of the Chippewas, and the Ottawas, the Hurons and the Potawatomes as well. Once, when the winter was cold and windy, with deep snows, the Indians had great trouble in keeping their wigwam-fires alight. Seeing them so forlorn and cold, Manibosho brought down fire from heaven, causing the lightning to strike a great tree and set it glowing. From this tree came the sacred fire which the Potawatomes keep ever burning in their head jossakeed's lodge on the shores of Lake Meetch i gong. This is our time-honored council fire; and whenever the tribes meet ceremonially in the north country, we send to the Potawatomes for the sacred fire and bring it carefully guarded to our council seat. For to tell lies in the presence of that fire is impossible. Animositities die down before it, peace and harmony must prevail where burns the fire from heaven. So we gather before it only when meeting with our allies, never before going on the war-path.

Heavenly Fire Is Lost

"Once Manibosho maintained the heavenly flame here at Bowating. But when the accursed Nad o ways, the Iroquois, came against us in might and drove us from Bowating for a time, we lost the fire from heaven and never have regained it. But our Chippewas keep it faithfully to this day at Chequamegon. Miz ye, bring me a coal for my pipe."

"I thought Manibosho lived in the moon," said Ka ba konse.

"He does now, but he will come back to earth again when the Chippewas need him. The moon is his great-grandmother, and he likes to be with her. On clear moonlit nights you can see him plainly, with his flag-staff at his side, feathers on his head, with his sword and the pipe of peace."

"He was a wonderful hero," they said.

Manibosho Gets Caught in Tree

"He was indeed," remarked Oh ta. "Once, when he lived at Bowating with his two wives, two great trees nearby were driven together at their tops by the wind so that they con-

tinually rubbed and produced a jarring sound that you could hear for a long distance around. Manibosho, either because he wished to put an end to the noise, or because he feared a fire in the forest, for sometimes the rubbing of two trees makes much heat and a fire, climbed up to break the branches asunder. But they flew back again and squeezed him tightly between them.

"He remained between the trees for three whole days, without eating or drinking. In vain he begged all the animals that passed to free him. First came the wolves, and they said, 'well, well, Manibosho, good enough for you!' and they ate up his breakfast, which he had left in his hunting-bag under the trees. Next came the squirrels. They began, on Manibosho's entreaties, to gnaw the trees a little, but they soon got the toothache and quit, saying they were not used to such hard wood-cutter's work. Such like excuses were made by other animals who happened by, until at last the bear came, big and good-natured, and he helped poor Manibosho out of his fix. And then Manibosho went home to his wives, hungry and sleepy, and scolded and beat them, because, as he said, they were to blame for the whole unlucky event. His squaws said truly that they knew nothing about it and had been greatly worried at his absence. But what injustice will not a man commit when he is in bad temper!"

"What was he doing with two wives, Oh ta?"

"Gitchi Manito gave them to him to humble his pride. Manibosho, in the arrogance of power, thought he could keep two wives in peace where the common man has difficulty in handling one. But Manito punished his presumption, for they were forever quarreling in his presence and out of it. So he put one of them away."

"What became of the other one?"

Wife Is Turned to Stone

"I'm coming to that. Once the rapids were up at Nad o way an ing, half a sun's journey from here by canoc. Manibosho had built a dam there to keep Gitchi Gumi, the mighty lake, in bounds till the time shou'd come for it to breathe. All the beavers in the world were then on the north side of Manibosho's dam, and he watched it constantly to keep them from breaking through. But something happened to call him to Chequamegon, and his wife, whom he left to guard the dam against the beavers, not spying them waiting in the waters above, carelessly took a nap in Manibosho's absence. When he returned he found her asleep, the dam broken, and the beavers nearly all escaped. In his rage he killed her, and some of you have seen her lying on the beach there, turned to a big red stone. Then he ripped up the rest of the dam and flung

it far down the lake, so that many of the big stones rolled down here and made the rapids of Bowating, which is to say, the Place of the rapids.

Big Boulders Are Sacred

"Some of the beavers he caught and imprisoned in the biggest boulders in the rapids, and there they are yet. That is the reason we refrain from touching the biggest stones in the foaming waters. They speak to us of the wrath of Manibosho, and are sacred.

"Manihosbo had a little grandson, who loved to paddle up and down the river in his tiny canoe. One day he crossed the river to the north bank—this was long, long ago, you must remember—where the king of the turtles reigned, an evil-minded good-for-nothing. When the canoe touched the bank and the boy was about to leap to land, the king used his magic to widen the river suddenly, so that the little one fell in the water and was drowned. The king fished out the poor little body and was about to devour it when Manibosho came upon him and killed him.

"On this the turtles declared war against Manibosho, and by means of wicked spells they caused a tremendous rain which lasted forty days and produced the great deluge. Manibosho, seeing the danger, first carried his grandmother, the toad, to a lofty hill, and he himself mounted the tallest pine on another high mountain. There he waited until the rain ceased and the sky cleared. Far as he could see there was no land. By-and-by along came a muskrat, swimming for his life. Manibosho, from his perch in the tree, commanded the muskrat to dive deep and bring up some earth, for the purpose of establishing a new world. The muskrat recognized the great Manibosho, took a deep breath and obeyed, making a mighty dive. He never came up.

"Before long a hell-diver came flying low over the water and alighted near the tree. To him Manibosho gave the same command. Down went the hell-diver on his quest, down, down, and after a long time he rose slowly to the surface, drowned, but clinging to his webbed feet there was a little earth. This Manibosho used to create a new earth for the Indians. First he made a little island which hardly bore his weight; then he made a larger one, which supported him and afterward became the new world. And the first thing he did when solid ground was established was to send some animals for his grandmother the toad, who barely escaped with her life.

Toads Never Molested

"So it is that we Indians never molest the toads, for they

are related to Manibosho. And we respect the bear and do not kill him except in time of need or when he attacks us, for he helped Manibosho in time of trouble.

"One of the best things Manibosho did for the Indians was to create the red willows for us, and thus he gave us our kinnikinnick to smoke in our stone pipes. We bless him for this, for there is much wisdom in good kinnikinnick. Hence it is that when we go canoeing along the north shore of Gitchi Gumi, we cease paddling and light our pipes at Puck a saw, which of course means 'stop and have a smoke,' and this we do in honor of Manibosho."

Then spoke up an elderly and horribly disfigured Indian at the side of Wabish. Part of his face was missing, and his jaws were stiff, so that he talked out of one corner of his mouth. "My friends, that I am mutilated almost beyond semblance of a man, you can plainly see. But Manibosho or no Manibosho, I have no love for bears. For a bear did this, and this"—pointing to his frightful scars—"and you, and you, and you, were present when I returned to Bowating more dead than alive." He plucked his witnesses out of the circle. And then he told the story just as it had occurred.

"I had been hunting deer in the autumn down in the Munoskong country, and I was on my way home to Bowating empty-handed, when I met the wild beasts who so nearly brought about my death. I had my bow and arrows, a good stone axe, and a tempered copper knife that my brother Annamikens had dug up and brought me from Ontanagaming."

"My moccasins made no sound as I walked swiftly through the woods upon the thick fallen leaves. I was hungry, and I was thinking of the feast of autumn that was waiting for me in my mother's wigwam, and of that only, else I might have escaped the injuries that befell me. I must have displeased the Great Spirit somehow, my wits were wandering, as I suddenly walked full upon the biggest bear I ever saw. And more than that, she had two big yearling cubs, and the three of them were grubbing for nuts under a beech-tree. Before I knew it the big one had me fast, for she had seen me coming and had risen on her hind legs to meet me. She pulled me down and took my head, yes, all of it, in her mouth, so that her enormous tusks tore the tops of my shoulders.

Terrible Lacerations

"Somehow, I know not, I managed to break free; but as I jerked my head from her mouth her teeth ripped me to the skull in four long cuts, and these scars I shall bear until I die. As I jerked, I half turned and sank my knife to the hilt in her body, so that she yowled with the pain of it. On the same instant the cubs closed in and clawed my arms and legs to the

bone. I sank down and away from the dam's relaxed forelegs, but quicker than the lightning-stroke she struck me right and left. The one blow tore open my body, so that my bowels fell upon my knees; the other tore out my eye and my cheekbone, a part of my jaw, three teeth and the end of my tongue, and left the cheek hanging down upon my shoulder. Down I fell, fainting with the pain and the loss of blood, and as I lay quite still the bears ceased to molest me.

"After a little I raised myself up and bound my wounds as well as possible. I fumbled for my fallen axe and laid a hand upon it. I heard a nose behind me, turning I saw dimly the old bear close upon me and the cubs with her. Before I could raise my arm they seized me, pawed and tore me at will I know not how long, picking me up by the neck and dragging me some distance. I lost all hope and idea of resistance. Then they once more left me. For a long time I lay quite still, then, nearly blinded and bleeding horribly I staggered to my feet, reeling I knew not whither. And without knowing it, I still clutched my axe.

"I had gone but a little way when I heard the snorting of the old dam and felt her hot breath upon my wounded back. Again she towered erect above me, and again I saw the bright blood stream down her black fur from the knife-hole I had given her. My right arm was so stiff and swollen that I could not raise it. I held it backward, still gripping the heavy axe, and swung my body forward and down, just missing her gory claws. Over came the axe upon her head, the point of it smashed her eye and sank into her brain. She fell in the throes of death, and I lay almost beneath her, so that her claws, working convulsively, tore my shoulders into strips.

"More than half dead, I rolled from beneath her feet, and got upon my hands and knees, only to see the yearlings closing in, walking erect on their hind legs. Desperate, I swung my axe with my left hand, my right failing me, and the cubs retreated. I followed them a few steps, but great darkness descended upon me and I sank down in a dead faint. When my senses returned night was coming on, and I dragged my way painfully toward Bowating, my blood dyeing the ground as I crept along. There it was that you found me, and you, and you"—pointing to some of the older Indians around the fire—"and it was you who carried me to my father's lodge."

Refused Food for Nine Days

"I remember it well," said Oh Ta, calmly. "When first we saw you staggering along, we noticed something flapping against the calf of your leg, and we found it to be a large piece of flesh hanging down from your thigh. You could not speak when we came up with you, and not even at the torture stake

have I seen a sight more terrible. But when we had carried you home and bandaged and cared for you as well as possible, and the jossakeed had beat his drum over you, your tongue, what was left of it, found its office. I surely thought you would depart this world before the morning's sun, and I remember that you mumbled to us to bury you on the hill by the rapids. Nine days you refused all food, saying that you wished to die because of your terribly disfigured state. After that I remember that you took a little fish from your mother, who kept your wounds clean with cold water from the river, and in the next moon you were able to be up and about a little. But it was many moons before your wounds were closed."

When Muk wa, The Bear—for so he was known at Bowating from his mishap—finished speaking, an aged Indian woman who had been standing in the shadow, advanced and threw some wood upon the fire.

The Story of Wau Goosh

"Oh, Mayd ya," some one called, "don't go away. Sit down and tell us the story of Wau goosh. Hearing Muk wa reminded me of it. Speak."

"Ho," said the rest, and place was made for Mayd ya. She sat down and began:

"Poor Muk wa makes me think of the time when the bearing ruled at Bowating, long before the free Chippewas came here to live. Ten thousand bears roamed the country in this vicinity, and what few Indians they suffered to live here were their slaves.

"That was when Wau goosh, the son of Manibosho, lived a long way west of here in a village on the shore of the Lake of the Pits. A beautiful place it was, with blue water a-plenty before the door of his wigwam, and abundance of fish. Wau goosh was a wonderful man, not very large, but well built and sinewy like his father Manibosho. And Manibosho had endowed him with quick wit and ambition, courage and resolution, so that when game was scarce around the lake, Wau goosh was not afraid to carry the hunt into the territory of the bears, although he never molested them, hunting only the red deer of the forests.

Taken to Bear King

"One day a message was brought him by a bear, who said that the bear king-wished to see him at this place. In those times this vicinity was known as As ti cou. Wau goosh never thought of declining, so he mounted the bear's back and off they went to the eastward. Toward evening they came down to the river bank and this spot, where the bear-king had his lodge. He was of tremendous size, and thought very well of

himself. Making a show of hospitality, he invited Wau goosh to come in, but did not put him in the place of honor. When they were seated and a decent interval of time had elapsed, the bear-king gave a loud growl and said he had sent for Wau goosh because the latter had been hunting without permission in the royal territory.

"If it happens again I'll have your life," snarled the king with another growl. And his fat arms twitched as if they yearned to hug Wau goosh.

"Very well," said the latter, moving around toward the door, "I'll see what I can do about it." And he jumped on the messenger's back and road home. When he arrived he assembled the people of the village and directed them to cut the bear's head off and throw it out where the bear spies could see it and carry the news to the king. Then he assembled all the braves in the village and armed them for trouble.

A Race for Life

"Sure enough, in a day or two out came the bears, led by their chief and thirsting for revenge. They advanced shoulder to shoulder, walking on their hind legs, and rolling their eyes and champing their tusks so that you would have thought that Matchi Manito himself was raging in every one of them.

"The bear-king came forward at their head and waved a mighty paw. 'Wau goosh,' he croaked, 'you have killed my messenger. We outnumber you two to one, and could overwhelm you where you stand. But I do not wish to shed the blood of your warriors; it is yours I want. I dare you to run a race with me around the Lake of the Pits, the winner to kill the loser, and the loser's tribe to be slaves forever of the other.'

"Of course Wau goosh agreed, for he never was afraid of anything or anybody. Away they went, crashing through the bushes, the bear-king a little ahead, just where Wau goosh wanted him, for the trees and grass were thick. Soon the bear-king was puffing loudly, and the sweat dripped from his broad nose.

"'You are overheated, king,' shouted Wau goosh, as they came down to the beach where the going was better. 'Take a dip in the lake and cool off a little.' And with that he ran alongside the king and rolled him over in the shallow water. When the bear-king scrambled out, wild with rage, Wau goosh ran ahead of him and around him, for Wau goosh was swifter than the wind. He led the bear-king up a big sand hill on the south side of the lake, and when they reached the top he dropped like a log right in front of the fat king. The latter tripped and puffed, down he rolled to the bottom, his wet hide gathering sand as he went.

King Bear is Slain

"Down the hill came Wau goosh, kicking up such clouds of sand that the bear-king's eyes, nose and mouth were filled with it. He snorted and coughed and choked, and rubbed his eyes with his paws. Then Wau goosh mounted on the bear's wide back, pulling his ears and kicking his flanks, and started him on the course around the lake. While the bewildered king was tearing along Wau goosh stood up and danced the medicine-dance on his rump. As they neared the starting-point Wau goosh gave a mighty leap ahead, seized his bow, and shot an arrow through the bear's heart.

" 'Now, you bears,' he said to the dumfounded visitors, 'will you be good slaves, or shall I take a ride on your backs, too? Take this carcass of your king, strip off the hide and prepare it for supper. I am hungry.'

"Well, the bears had to pitch in and carve the body of their late master, cook it and serve it for Wau goosh's supper. Afterward he made them his guards, appointing them to range the forest by day and by night around about the Lake of the Pits. But he found them useless in this capacity, for most of the time you could find every one of them up in some nice shady tree sitting on a limb with his back toward the trunk, his legs crossed and taking a nap. So Wau goosh finally sent them back to As ti cou.

Chippewas Made to Bow

"When he came down to As ti cou after the winter, he found his former slaves lording it over what Indians were left here. Coming unexpectedly to the river, he happened upon the same bears who had cringed before him at the Lake of the Pits, now fat and insolent, seated in lazy comfort in their trees while his poor brother Chippewas danced for them on the ground beneath until they were ready to drop from weariness. And many times in the course of the dance, to their shame and his, they got down on all fours and bowed their heads to the ground before their masters the bears.

"His heart burned within him when he beheld the pitiful condition of his friends. Twang! went his ready bow, and zip! zip! sang each swift arrow as it sank into a shaggy body. And for every arrow there lay a dead bear in the grove. That night there was a great feast in As ti cou.

"A few of the bears were permitted to live by Wau goosh, who cudgelled them soundly and banished them forever to the hills and swamps. There their descendants live, and shun the haunts of man. They molest him no more, for they have learned their lesson at the hands of Wau goosh. The she bear with cubs fights, it is true; but only because she fears

that man will make slaves of her young. In her heart she remembers Wau Goosh forever."

Just then there came to the fire Met ak oss se ga, Pure Tobacco, the midi or medicine man of Bowating, and Mis ab i kongs, The Man of Iron, who habitually painted a broad streak of white around his right eye, in consequence of some vow he had taken. The midi was a tall man of solemn aspect, and he wore a copper ring in his nose. They had just returned from A go ba way Me ne sha, Harbor Island, and their canoe lay on the beach below the fire, where it could be seen in the starlight.

"You tired?" asked Puck e na, The Grasshopper.

"Me? Tired?" returned the Man of Iron. "I could paddle to Ma ke kee (Gros Cap) and back tonight without being tired. I am Mis ab i kongs."

"Good, Mis ab i kongs," said Oh ta. "Let's have a discovery dance. Miz ya, bring Mis ab i kongs' lance, and the medicine drum for Met ak oos se ga, Mayd ya, begone. This is for men and the instruction of youth."

Met ak oos se ga tied a snake-skin around his forehead and seized the drum stick. He sat close to the fire, but all the others drew farther back in a large circle, leaving room for Mis ab i kongs, who was a master of mimicry and one of the few men able to execute the discovery dance in its entirety.

The Man of Iron lay down on his side and slept peacefully by the fire, the glow of which accented the white patch on his face. Presently the midi gave a tremendous yell, the war-yell of the Chippewas. This awakened the Man of Iron, who jumped to his feet and began making his preparation in pantomime for the field. He daubed more white on his eye, vermillion on his cheeks, and renewed the totem-sign on his forehead. He took the stick from the midi and pounded the drum while he sang a song of victory. Then, seizing his lance, his axe and bow, he raised them aloft, and standing he prayed to Gitchi Manito with great earnestness, while Wabish and the other youngsters thrilled with the delight of it. After this he laid down his weapons and sang the death-song of the Chippewas, the midi beating the drum meanwhile. Then the Man of Iron resumed his war-gear and marched off around the fire to the music of the drum.

Hand-to-Hand Battle

He showed his watchers all the varieties of the fighting trail. There was the snake-like creeping through the bush, the watching from behind the tree, the dropping prone to avoid discovery. He wiggled through long grass, detoured around a log, approached an enemy camp by long and tedious inches and spied upon it. Then came the stealthy surprise, the leap into

the Sioux village, the lance thrust, the swinging axe, the panting and terrific hand-to-hand battle. And finally the enemy between the knees of the Man of Iron, the knife ripping a bloody circle upon his head; the reeking scalp held aloft, and the yell of triumph.

The Man of Iron stood once more by the fire, beaded with sweat and leaning upon his lance, interpreting.

"Once we Ojibways set out from Bowating against the Sioux. We were one hundred or more. There was among us a courageous man, a man of the right stamp, who burned for honor and glory. This man separated from the others and crept onward into the enemy's country. He discovered a party of the foe, two men, two women, and three children. He crept around them like a wolf, he crawled up to them like a snake, he fell upon them like lightning, cut down the two men and sca'ped them. The screaming women and children he spared. He seized them by the arm and threw them as prisoners to his friends, who had hastened up at his war-yell. This lightning, this snake, this wolf, this man, my friends, that was—I I have spoken!"

Wabish dreamed all that night of fighting and scalping Sioux.

Hub of the Universe

In such pleasing fashion did he and his brother Chippewas spend their evenings at Bowating in the olden days, when they were not hunting the beasts of the forests or their hereditary enemies the Sioux and the Iroquois. Friendly visitors of Algonquin stock were many. Bowating was a hub of the Algonquin universe. There was an odor of sanctity about the rapids, and numbers came from afar to visit them. It was a place of pilgrimage, much as Mecca is to the Mohammedans. For here, the traditions said, Gitchi Manito created the ancestors of the Chippewas, and here Manibosho succoured and blessed their descendants. And from here the Chippewa Nation spread down into the land of Lower Meetch i gong and westward around the lake of Gitchi Gumi, even to the Turtle Mountains a thousand miles away.

Tradition aside, we know that communities have always centered where food was plentiful. This alone would account for the ancient importance of Bowating, where the pools swarmed with whitefish, and the deer and moose, following the lake shore lines, came down to the Chippewa abiding-place as in a net. But tradition was enough for Wabish, and he never troubled his head about the origin of his ancestors, leaving the foolish paleface who followed him to figure it out if he could. And the paleface is still figuring.

Wabish Is Married

The day, or rather the night, came when Wabish dreamed of himself as a man. Forthwith he built a wigwam for himself and his bride-to-be on the shore of the river not far from the rapids, having spied a girl who pleased him. He went down to the stream one morning and caught a loach. This he cooked till the flesh was soft, taking the flat tail-bone from it and sticking it in his long hair. Then he painted many colors on his face and body and donned his best deer-skin, leaving the breast open so that his landscaping could shine abroad. Suitably attired, he took his four-note wood flute and paraded the village, making music and looking very sentimental indeed. This served as a delicate indication of his intentions and caused a great flutter in the lodges where marriageable girls resided. The next step was the making of presents to the parents of the only girl, who had already shyly received his gifts and knew what was coming. The presents being accepted by the parents, Wabish took his girl by the hand and led her to his lodge, and thus were they married in the Chippewa fashion.

With a family to support, Wabish became a great hunter, fisher and fighter, busying himself at these occupations half the year and taking it easy the other half. He roved far and wide in his hunting, visiting many places in Chippewa-land whose names ended in -ing, -ong, or -ung, which is the Chippewa suffix for locality. Thus, over a period of years, he hunted or sat in council at Mun os kong, The Place of Sweet Grass; Che mun i sing, Munising, Big Island; Ge ne bee tan ung, Nebeetung, Neebish, The Place of Running Water; Meetch i gam ing, Michigamme, Rippling Water; Pot a gan nis ing, The Bay of the Gaps, or The Place Where Corn Grows; On tan a gon ing, Ontonagon, The Place of the Bowl; Ne am ik ong, The Place of the Reef; Pe qua quay wam ing, The Place of the Headland; Ish pem ing, The High Ground; Mus ke gong, The Big Marsh; Go ge bic og eb ing, Gogebic, The Diving or Swimming Place; Tah quam e nong, The Spearing Place; Che bog gong, Cheboygan, The Narrows; We que ton sing, The Little Bay; Chee ka gong, Chicago, The Place of Wild Onions, or The Place of Smells; Kag aw ong, The Place of the Falls; and Man i to wan ing, The Home of Manito.

Wabish Loved to Fish.

Wabish wasn't naturally bloodthirsty, although in council he appeared with a feather in his hair, showing that he had killed his man among the Sioux. Above all he liked to fish in the clear, swift-flowing rapids, where the whitefish and sturgeon awaited his coming. With a steersman in the stern of his canoe, he would take his stand in the bow and pole up right to the foot of the rapids, where the whitefish swam, heads

always upstream,, at the bottom of the last leap. Here he would let down dexterously his scoop-net with its long slender handle, ten feet or more in length. Descrying a school of fish below or alongside, while his steersman held the canoe with a pole, he swooped up a number of the fish, instantly reversing his net in the water as he did so, whipped it up with a mighty heave and discharging its contents in the canoe. This he repeated until his canoe was full—it took but a little while—when he would shoot out of the tail of the rapids and make for shore. These deer-of-the-water, as he called them, the gift of Manito, averaged three or four pounds each, and often he caught ten-pounders or larger. This sport he called *Nin gi goi ke*, literally, "I make fish."

At other times he enjoyed *Nin ak wa wa*, fishing with spears. The deer-in-the-water ran best in the autumnal season, but winter and summer, night and day, he speared huge sturgeon and little herring in the rapids and around *Ma ke kee*. In winter, spearing was almost the sole method of catching fish at *Bowating*. Naturally so, for the solid ice below the falls presented the firm footing necessary for the fisherman to aim and throw with certainty, and which the wabbling canoe did not afford him so well.

Fishing Through the Ice

Down on the ice below the falls *Wabish* would cut with his stone hatchet a hole in the ice about two feet in diameter. Over this hole he built a hut of brush and covered it with skins. Into this hut he inserted the upper part of his body, legs outside, and his face over the hole. The light fell through the transparent ice and illumined the crystal waters all around. But the artificial darkness over his head kept off any reflections from the opening, and he could see clearly to a depth of forty feet and watch the movements of every passing fish.

With his long spear, sharply stone-barbed, he could strike to an extraordinary depth. Thirty-five or forty feet in length it was, its butt protruding far above the brush-top, but he handled it so cleverly that his prey rarely escaped him. Were the water beneath quite motionless the certainty of the kill would be increased. But right here, where the largest sturgeon lay close to the bottom, the rapid flow of the water off the rapids impeded his skill at times. So, when skill failed him singly, he employed an assistant.

For this purpose *Wabish* sometimes cut a small channel from the main hole where he stood or lay, through the ice and against the current. This channel was about thirty feet in length, and enabled a cord tied to the bottom of the fish-spear to be freely moved. The other end of the line was held by a helper who sat at the extremity of the channel and moved

the cord as Wabish signalled. If Wabish saw a sturgeon coming upstream, moving along quickly and slowly by turns, then stopping altogether as sturgeon are wont to do, he manoeuvred to get his spear directly over the fish's back. To this end he would signal his assistant to let out the cord a little or pull up slightly till the barb was directly above the fish. Then he gave a vicious thrust and usually brought up the quivering fish. Thus did Wabish gain his daily bread, or what he liked much better, his daily sturgeon.

Used a Decoy

Sturgeon swim very deep, and could be caught only with long spears. But other fish such as the loach and herring could be decoyed nearer the surface and speared with less difficulty. For this purpose Wabish carved small artificial fish of wood or bone, much like a herring, and stained them with berry-juice or charcoal. These he attached to cords and weighted with small stones so that they would sink perpendicular in the water. Lying over the ice-hole, he spied the fish he wanted and decoyed it to him until he could spear it easily.

Now and then in the winter season the fish forsook the rapids, and days of watching brought no reward. Then if sufficient fish had not been dried in the fall, or if deer were not plentiful, the situation became serious and a bear-hunt was organized. At such a time Wabish and his brothers would assemble in the medicine man's lodge, excluding the women and children. The jossakeed sat in the middle of the lodge and beat his drum, while the braves sat around the wall and sang a song appropriate to the occasion.

Addresses Stuffed Bear

The jossakeed filled his pipe and placed it beside him on two crotched sticks. Before him was a cub bear skin, stuffed. He took a whiff or two from the pipe and addressed the bear as follows:

"My brother, we are very hungry. In fact, we are on the point of starving. Have pity on us and give us your body, that we may eat and not starve."

Then he took the medicine-drum and beat it lustily, singing songs meanwhile which he recited from a piece of birch-bark, on which they were written in hieroglyphics. After that he passed the drum and birch-bark to the nearest Indian, and so around the circle, until all had smoked and sung and beaten the drum, a matter of three hours or so.

Early next morning the hunters all went to the medicine-bag of the jossakeed, which hung from a tree before his lodge, and took from it vermilion with which they painted themselves and the noses of their dogs. Thus prepared they started the

hunt in different directions, and being inspired with faith and goaded on by hunger, they were almost sure to bring home the bacon before night.

Knew How to Evade Starvation

You may laugh at these curious fancies of Wabish and his friends. But how long would you have lasted, white man, under like circumstances? Even now, when the conveniences of civilization have dulled the ancient cunning of the red man, there is many an Indian in Chippewa County who knows how to maintain himself comfortably and indefinitely without weapons or even a match, in the heart of the woods, winter or summer. How long would it take you to starve to death under similar conditions?

So Wabish went out and arrowed his bear, for wherever it might be hibernating in the long winter sleep, he knew by certain signs where to look for it and rout it from its hiding place. And as he stood before the dying beast, he leaned upon his bow and gravely addressed him thus:

"My friend, I have killed thee, much against my will. My family awaits me at the tepee, hungry and expectant. Wouldst thou have me return empty-handed? Thou knowest my sore straits and the necessity which compels my action. I promise that thy skin shall adorn the seat of honor in my lodge, and that none but worthy guests shall recline upon it. May thy soul depart in peace, to roam forever in the forests of the Great Spirit!"

Wife Brought Game Home

When the winter hunting was good, Wabish usually returned to Bowating at sundown, often spent with fatigue. His wife took off his moccasins and placed before him what food she had. She then examined his hunting-pouch, finding the claws or beak or tongue of the game, and other indications by which she knew what it was or where to find it. Then she went and brought it home. No word was spoken till refreshments were over. Then Wabish related the events of the chase to his wife and children, smoked his pipe and turned in.

If unsuccessful, he put away his weapons and seated himself before the fire with great dignity and composure. He devoured his meal, if there was any, without saying a word. Although all might be burning to know of his luck, none dared to inquire. His first pipe smoked, he began in slow and solemn tones to relate the adventures of the day. He freely blamed his wife for not giving proper attention to his commands; or he was sure the children had given wrong bones to the dogs.

He had had bad dreams the night before. That morning he had seen an unlucky bird. He could not expect success after such negligence or such a bad omen.

Immortality Escapes

He also recalled that Manibosho had once given a Bowating Indian the gift of immortality. This gift was tied in a bundle, and the Indian was enjoined never to open it. The Indian's wife, however, impelled by curiosity, one day cut the string; whereupon the precious gift flew out, and the Indians since that have been subject to death. Oh, the perverseness, the futility, of woman!

However, as Wabish was an excellent hunter, he seldom had to chide his wife for his non-success.

His descendants tell that once, in the fall of the year, he was hunting at Neebish. He was smoking on a knoll with a companion when he saw a black bear coming straight toward him. He had long desired to "run down" a bear, a feat seldom accomplished among the Indians, but one to be remembered and recalled with pride for a lifetime.

If he had cared merely to kill the bear, he could have concealed himself behind the hillock and shot it when passing. But anyone could do that, so he decided on a bold race with bruin. Motioning his friend into covert, he laid down his arms and hurriedly stripped off his clothing.

Catches Up With Bruin

The bear came up and Wabish rose, his blood leaping through his veins. At the sight of his enemy, the bear bolted to the side and was soon a long distance ahead. But his increased speed was only momentary. After a little his stride grew slower, and Wabish felt his courage increase as the distance between them decreased. When he drew close up to the waddling bear the latter did his best to get away, but he gave in more quickly this time, and in a few moments the long steady trot of Wabish brought him once more alongside his victim.

This being constantly repeated, the extraordinary exertions and sudden spurts of the bear grew weaker, and the hunter saw plainly that the animal was beginning to "sweat,"—the term the Chippewas apply to anyone who grows tired. But at the same time he noticed with alarm that the wide, flat meadows along the river were giving out, and that a thick wood was close at hand. The matter must be decided quickly. Bruin put on his best speed in order to reach the bush in a straight line. If he were successful the chase would be over, but he would soon find a hollow tree impenetrable to a naked

man. Wabish, fearing to lose the renown of running down a bear, put forth his utmost speed and managed to head off the bear before he reached the timber, driving him back into the open meadows.

For a moment he stopped, took a huge, deep breath, and panted: "Now, my black friend, do thy best! It's two legs against four. Thou or I must sweat. And I want thee, oh, I want thee!"

Bear Is Strangled

And away they went over the grass like two race-horses. But it was soon apparent that bruin would have to beg quarter before long, for his hesitating zig-zag course gave the hunter a decided superiority. The race was as good as over; the bear was lame and beaten, his opponent hearty and active. Down fell the bear prostrate, utterly exhausted, with no thought of fight left in him, and Wabish, mounted on his neck, strangled him with his bare hands.

His comrade brought his clothes, weapons, and his pipe, which he smoked with great relish. Then they took the carcass home to Bowating, where it was eaten at a festival and due religious rites were paid to the spirit of the bear.

This exploit brought Wabish much fame and an unpleasant experience. A young Chippewa girl conceived a violent passion for him. He was, of course, already married, and his wife drove the love-sick miss away, disdaining to admit a rival. The girl in desperation offered herself as a slave to the wife, declaring her willingness to carry wood and water and to lie at her feet, if only she might live within Wabish's lodge and be within sight of him daily. At length she prevailed in a measure, somewhat to the embarrassment of Wabish, who wasn't a woman's man. According to ancient Chippewa custom—for polygamy was not unknown in old Bowating—her residence in Wabish's wigwam made her his wife. But apparently she was willing to forego all the privileges of a wife. She endured for some time with resignation and even with joy every kind of ill usage and cruelty from the first wife; until at length this woman, unable to suffer longer the presence of a rival, one day cleft the girl's head with her husband's axe. Wabish and the community did nothing about it. There was nothing he could do, as a Bowating woman was mistress of her own wigwam. It was unfortunate, of course, but such were the tribulations of a hero.

Women Had Their Rights

Women had rights in those days. Near Wabish's lodge there lived a single woman, who remained unmarried from choice, not from accident or necessity. In her youth she had dreamed of her marriage to the sun, who was also her tutelary



The Old State Lock



Henry R. Schoolcraft's Old Home

spirit. She lived alone in a wigwam at the river's edge. She learned to hunt and became a skillful user of the bow, providing herself with food and clothing. She carved an image of the sun and set it up in her home. She put it in the husband's place, and the best mat and a portion of food were always before this image. She lived to a great age, and no one ever criticised her or interfered with her mode of life.

Another Chippewa woman in the village live a miserable life with her children and her sickly husband. Her hope was in her eldest son, who had developed into a good hunter and was on his way to become the head of the family.

A Deadly Romance

It was a crushing blow to the family when the young warrior was attacked on a distant expedition by the Sioux, killed and scalped. All his people fell into a state of melancholy; they blackened their faces, mourned for him daily, and treasured up a thirst for revenge. Soon his sister, a girl of seventeen, began to beat the war-drum, mutter wild songs, and "dream." It was revealed to her that the only means of consolation for her family lay in the death of her own lover.

This beloved of her heart was a youth of the Sioux Nation, whom she had met when he came with his father to sit in council at Bowating. That was in a happier and more peaceful time, in an interval between the eternal wars of the two tribes. He belonged now to the band that had killed her brother.

This girl traversed the hills, streams and forests to the territory of the Sioux. In the night she made her way into their encampment and crept noiselessly and unnoticed to her lover's lodge. She found him, gave him a signal, whispered to him through the cracks of the airy pole hut and invited him to come out. Surprised and pleased and filled with longing, out he came into the forest with the maid of his heart. No sooner had they embraced than she became his angel of death; she knifed him to the heart, scalped him and disappeared. Home she came safely, and there she was regarded as a benefactress of her family and a great heroine. She walked in procession through the village and the scalp was borne before her as a banner. Afterward she became a jossakeed, performed miracles and was a celebrated prophetess. The scalp of her lover was hung upon the wall of the medicine temple and was seen long after by the whites. It was carefully stretched on a wooden ring and so profusely adorned with feathers and the tails of animals that the skin and hair was almost entirely covered.

Great Councils Held Here

Council times were great days for Wabish and his companions at Bowating. Here came by the converging water-courses in times of peace the outlying bands of Chippewas, the Hurons, Ottawas, Potawatomes, Sauks, Foxes and Sioux. Even the Crees came from the north shore of Gitchi Gumi and tradition tells us that on one occasion the Ash ki maug, whom we know as Eskimos, sent a delegation from the frozen polar seas to sit in council at Bowating.

At such times as these the shores of the rapids rioted in a mass of color never since approached. Daily Wabish set up his totem-flag before the lodge, and daily he painted his face with an extraordinary mixture of the graceful and the grotesque.

He and his friends were as fond of contrast in decoration as are the ladies of our time. Sometimes they observed the natural facial divisions of eye, nose and mouth, and painted accordingly, surrounding the eyes with regular colored circles, with yellow and black stripes issuing harmoniously from the corners of the mouth. On their cheeks they drew semi-circles of green dots, the ears forming the center. To complete the color scheme, the forehead was traversed by parallel horizontal blue lines. This made them look almost human, so to speak, because the fundamental character of the face was unaltered.

On other days, however, such regular patterns did not suit their taste. When the whim seized them they divided the face into two halves, one of which they painted black and the other yellow or bright red. An artistic touch was added by thick lines made cross-wise by their four fingers, or fine lines produced by the application of a porcupine-quill brush.

Sometimes the line of demarcation ran from the nose, so that the right cheek was buried in gloom, while the left was all a-blaze like a flower-bed in the sunshine. Again, they drew the line across the nose, so that their black eyes glistened out of a sea of dark color, while all beneath the nose was bright and lustrous. And when an enterprising brave combined the two schools, the effect was that of a rainbow struck by lightning.

Squaws Did Not Paint

But in the ancient capital of Bowating the squaws never dreamed of smearing their faces, except with charcoal in times of mourning.

Here by the side of the rapids for no one knows how many hundreds of years, were discussed and settled the disputes and questions arising among Indians occupying a million square miles of territory. The pipe of peace passed from lodge to tent, from mouth to mouth, among thousands of warriors. Processions moved up and down the village, which was swollen

in these periods to great proportions. War-flags stood side by side in friendly companionship, the very standards perhaps that would be opposed in bitter fighting within a moon or two. The monotonous thump of the Indian drum resounded everywhere. There were dances and songs innumerable, and orations that would have done credit to a Depew or Webster. And at the end of every speech there was tremendous applause, all the Indians stamping and uttering their war-yells, holding their hands to their mouth trumpet-fashion.

Double-Cross Was the Rule

Loud and deep were the protestations of friendship and brotherly love in the councils of the tribes at Bowating. Spirited was the jockeying for tribal advantage of boundaries and hunting-grounds. The right hand was held forward in token of good-will while the left concealed a deadly snickersee. The political double-cross was the rule then, as it is now. The proceedings, in short, were in line with the best traditions of our modern diplomats. It is clearly a mistake to regard the old-time Indian as uncivilized. He was up to snuff hundreds of years before we were born.

Could you have stood, say, where Portage Avenue bridge is now, and looked westward on one of those ancient council mornings, a fascinating scene would have filled your eye. Gone are the white man's dwellings and docks of Sault Ste. Marie, and Brady Field lies beneath the foaming rapids, not to emerge for two hundred years or more. A pleasant plain greets the eye, flanked by woods to the south, and the grass thereon is green but short, discouraged by the soft moccasins on thousands of Indian feet. And on that plain is a forest of tepees, lodges, skin tents, wigwams with criss-crossed poles protruding at the top, bark medicine houses, totem poles and the tall banners of chiefs and clans. The lanes in this community forest wind and twist all the way to the hill beside the rapids, the hill which begins where the circular flower-bed is now in the locks park, for east of that a fill was made long after. The hill is a place of sepulchre for Chippewa chiefs and their families. The odd frameworks you see are the four-poled platforms on which their bodies lie.

Babel of Indian Tongues

But the plain swarms with the living. Furred, feathered and painted, Splotching the meadows with bright colors, they crowd around the pennant of some favorite chief, or gather about the smoky camp-fires, or welcome the late comers at the shore, where a thousand canoes already deck the beach. Coppery skins glisten everywhere in the bright sunshine. There is a medley of sounds as well; the puttering voice of the Sioux,

the deep guttural tones of the Chippewas, the pitched tones of the lower-lake Hurons; the shrill yip-yipping of the northern wolf-dogs, children calling one another cheerily across the green, the piping gulls circling overhead. And winging over and through this Babel comes the deep and steady diapason of the rapids unconfined.

It would have been worth your while to look upon a council in session in the great lodge extended perhaps a hundred feet for the occasion. Here were rows on rows of petty chiefs and their retainers, with the great captains of clans and tribes in the place of honor on the raised dais. In the center burned the never-dying fire brought hither by its keepers; and beside it stood the war-post, quivering under the whacks of the orators as they recounted their exploits. Piles of kinnikinnick lay before the jossakeeds, who filled the painted pipes with solemn ceremony and passed them from hand to hand. The precious wampun was raised and presented; minstrels and story-tellers entertained the assembly; and everlasting drums tortured the air throughout the day.

It was a great day for the Saulteur youngsters. And when the council folded its tents and silently stole away, the Bowating boys and girls cherished pleasant memories of it for a long time, and wished there could be another council. To them it was as good as a circus.

Wabish Grows Old and Dies

Our typical Bowatinger Wabish passed from phase to phase, and presently found himself an old man. His joints creaked in the chase and he no longer loved to fish, for he found the water cold. He preferred to sit by the fire and smoke, and recount to himself the great deeds of his youth. He lived in the past, as most old men of all races do, and discerned that he had been skidded into the background by the younger generation. But he was a philosopher in his way, and he comforted himself with the reflection that age had its compensations, one of which was that others cheerfully did his fighting and his foraging for him. Chippewa children have been taught to honor their parents ever since there were Chippewas, and his children were no exception.

When the Beaver Moon had passed and the Hunting Moon of December was approaching, Wabish became aware that he must shortly die. He was toothless and dropsical, and he fell a prey to pleurisy. His people sent for the jossakeed, who came and knelt before Wabish on his couch of skins. The medicine man's chief remedy was a carefully polished hollow bone. This bone, which was about three inches long and as thick as a finger, the medicine man repeatedly swallowed, then brought it up again, blew on Wabish through it, sucked up the

skin on his breast through it, and then ejected the illness he had drawn out, with many strange and terrible convulsions and grimaces. But it was of no avail, for Wabish died that night.

The next day kind hands attired the body in his best, and sat it in the husband's place. His weapons were placed beside him and his relatives and friends gathered around. After a long silence one of them addressed him thus:

The Great Country of Souls

"My brother, you still sit among us, and your person retains its familiar form, without any visible change except that it has lost the power of action. But whither has that breath blown that not long ago sent up smoke to Gitchi Manito? Why are those lips silent, that lately spoke to us in pleasing language? Alas, every part of that frame once so supple and active has now become lifeless and still. Thou art not, however, forever lost to us, nor shall thy name be forgotten. Thy soul lives in the Great Country of Spirits with those of thy nation who have gone before thee, and though we are left behind to mourn thy loss here, we shall one day join thee. Wabish ke pe nace, White Bird, with the respect we bore thee while living, we come now to tender thee the last act of kindness in our power to bestow. Thy body shall not lie neglected on the shore, a prey to the beasts of the forest or the fowls of the air. We will take care to lay it with those who have gone before thee; and we trust thy spirit will join their spirits and be ready to receive ours, when we also shall arrive at the Great Country of Souls."

After an interval another spoke:

"A White Bird cleaved the blue at Bawating, strong-pinioned and graceful. He stood upright among his fellows, he fought valiantly with them against the common enemy. He was good to his young, and the friend of all. One day, however, by command of the Great Spirit, lightning struck the White Bird and brought him to the ground. There remained but to inter him with the ceremony due so great and good a being. Wabish e bun, Wabish was, but is no more. May the Great Spirit grant us all to live with credit to the nation and to die in peace with fortitude, as did Wabish."

When the eulogies were finished, the body of Wabish was wrapped and tied securely in rolls of birch-bark, and taken out of the lodge through a hole cut in the side. Many mourners followed it to the hill, where it was placed upon a platform, with his weapons and a supply of food sufficient for the needs of his spirit until it should arrive at the Isles of the Blest. Nor were certain charms and amulets forgotten, for the confusion of any evil demons that might be encountered on the road.

And four nights a fire burned beside the platform, where the flag-pole stands now, to light his spirit on its way.

A Library Now Covers the Spot

On returning from the burial-ground, Wabish's family and others pulled down the whole house, put out the fire and went to live with relatives. In the spring they built a new habitation at some distance from the old where Wabish died. With the remains of others deceased during the winter, his body was interred in the ground south of the village. Centuries after, this Chippewa burying-ground was forgotten and obliterated, and a Carnegie Library building was erected on the site of the grave of Wabish.

His people and all the dwellers in Bowating believed in the immortality of the soul, and none of them who had known Wabish in the flesh doubted that somewhere he lived on. They said that death was no evil, but a transition whereby all good Chippewas might enter into greater happiness. Paradise, to them, was a far-off country toward the west, a bright land abounding in lakes and rivers full of fish, where the skies were always unclouded and perpetual spring prevailed. The forests there were filled with game, to be taken without painful exertion or hardship. Pain and cold never enter there, and all things necessary for the comfort of mankind were provided by Gitchi Manito, who welcomed his children on the banks of a beautiful river, and bestowed eternal happiness on those separated ones who met to part no more.

Some years ago when the first edition of this work was issued, the author's findings concerning the coming of the first white man to Bowating and Gitchi Gumi were the subjects of considerable chaffing and criticism from his friends. At that time Butterfield's "Brule's Discoveries and Explorations" had been before the public but a comparatively brief time, and his book was unknown to many in the United States. Mr. Benjamin Sulte's scholarly researches had not been published, although he had made claim to this honor for Brule in 1907 before the Royal Society. Mr. James Curran, Editor of the Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, Daily Star, had not published his articles on Brule, and the Dominion of Canada had not officially recognized, in the Canada Year Book, Brule as the discoverer of Lake Superior and the Bowating or Asticou Rapids.

Little doubt now remains that Etienne Brule, Frenchman, pioneer of pioneers, interpreter for Champlain, may fairly claim to have turned the first leaf in the white man's history of Bowating, or Sault Ste. Marie as we know it; and consequently of Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and the great Northwest of the United States and Canada. Indeed there is evidence that he wandered at least to the Western confines of Lake Superior

in or about the year 1822, twelve years before the coming of Jean Nicolet to Bowating.

Brule Was Not a Writer

It took a careful and minute examination of the writings of the historian Sagard by Sulte, Butterfield, Curran and others to balance the books for Brule. As far as we know Brule never wrote a line of history. He came out from Champigny, France, in 1608, seventy-four years after the first landing of Jacques Cartier, and five years after Champlain's first coming to the new world. In 1610 Champlain, Governor of New France at Quebec, sent Brule at the age of seventeen to the Hurons as a hostage, and to learn the Indian tongue. Champlain wanted a competent interpreter and in return he received at Quebec an Indian youth, the son of a Chief, for the purpose of acquainting him with the ways of civilization.

Brule spent a year with the Hurons, mastered their language, and doubtless became nearly as savage as they. He returned only occasionally to Quebec, and in 1615 he volunteered to go through the enemy Iroquois country to the southward on a mission to the friendly Andastes. Remaining with them for a year, he was captured by the Iroquois on his homeward journey and was put to torture near the head-waters of the Susquehanna River. He was then twenty-three years of age. Tied to the stake, his beard was torn out piecemeal and his body was singed from head to foot with firebrands. One of his captors reached for an amulet hanging on Brule's breast, and the latter warned him in the Huron tongue, which was very similar to that of the Iroquois, that the charm if touched would bring death to all his torturers. Even as he spoke a fierce and sudden thunder storm broke above their heads, and the superstitious Indians fled in terror.

Is Treated With Honor

When the storm had passed, the Indians returned and freed Brule from the stake. They took him to their lodges and carefully dressed his wounds, treated him with all honor, and soon turned him loose at the northern border of their territory, whence he found his way back to his friends.

The following year this restless Frenchman started west. He had two reasons for coming our way: one a commission from Champlain to explore the country, and another the receipt of one hundred pistoles or two hundred dollars per year from the Quebec traders, for inducing the Indians to go down to the St. Lawrence with their furs. We have no positive evidence that he reached Gitchi Gumi on this, his first journey westward, although it is possible that he toiled his way through.

Since Champlain says little or nothing about discoveries

in the west by Brule, we must turn to Gabriel Sagard and his *Histoire du Canada* for information. We find Sagard at Huronia with some Recollet priests in 1623—himself not being in holy orders—and in Quebec the year following, whence he soon returned to France. The Iroquois were very bothersome during Sagard's stay in New France. They were mortal enemies of the French and desired the fur trade of the latter which was developing down the St. Lawrence. In 1622 thirty or so canoe loads of Iroquois had made a foray as far as Quebec. History writing under these conditions must have been difficult. It is no wonder that the modern narrator, anxious for the facts of the period, occasionally finds himself in a fog of doubtful silence or a sea of conflicting statements. But we do know that Brother Sagard was with Brule and talked with him in the Huron country in 1623, and in Quebec the following year.

Brought a Copper Ingot

Among other things Sagard has this to say of Brule:

"The Hurons in some places had copper of which I had seen a little ingot near Mer Douce (Lake Huron), which interpreter Brule brough us from a nation about 80 leagues (240 miles) from the Hurons. About 100 leagues from the Hurons there is a mine of copper from which the interpreter showed me an ingot on his return from a voyage he had made to a neighboring nation with a man named Grenolle"

"Interpreter Brule has assured us that above the Mer Douce there is a very large lake which empties into it over rapids nearly two leagues in width, which he has named Saut de Gaston; which lake with the Mer Douce takes about thirty days canoe travel, according to the report of the savages, and of the interpreter, 400 leagues in length"

"One of our Frenchmen, having been trading with a northern nation, near the copper mine about 100 leagues from us, told us on his return of having seen there several girls who had had the ends of their noses cut off because they had been guilty of a breach of their honor"

May Have Visited Lake Michigan

Of Grenolle we know practically nothing except that he was the companion of Brule. But we do know that the Sioux Indians at the western end of Lake Superior were wont to punish their unchaste women by cutting their noses, so it would seem reasonably certain that Brule and perhaps Grenolle had penetrated far inland beyond Bowating. There is some evidence that one or both of them visited Lake Michigan in the neighborhood of Green Bay.

Inasmuch as Brule does not appear to have gone farther west than Manitoulin on his 1617 journey, on account of In-

dian wars in that vicinity, it may reasonably appear that the year in which Brule and perhaps the shadowy Grenolle visited us was 1622.

Champlain Hated Brule

We might expect to find corroborative evidence of Brule's explorations in the writings of Champlain, did we not know that Champlain came to hate Brule in his latter days. He accused Brule of being "abandoned to women;" of consorting freely with the Indian girls, of whom many, he tells us, were very beautiful and attractive in figure; of treacherously deserting the French for the English, although it appears that it was Brule who was deserted; and of comporting himself in a general way as a savage. But inasmuch as it was Champlain who sent Brule among the savages when a boy, and kept him there for a year to learn their language and their ways, if anyone was to blame for Brule's fall from grace was it not Champlain himself?

"This poor Brule," writes Sagard, "is not very devout, and not much given to praying." It is difficult to see how he could have been devout after his savage youth.

Champlain accuses Brule of selling himself to the English after the fall of Quebec. But we learn to our surprise that Champlain, after the return of the French to Quebec, sent back an Indian boy, who had been educated in France, to his father in the west, in charge of Etienne Brule.

Brule Killed and Eaten

Brule appears to have made his home more or less permanently among the Indians in the village of Toanche, one of the chief towns of the Huron nation, located on the north shore of Penetang Bay. He was killed there by the Hurons in June, 1633, and his body eaten. No one knows whether he died in some private brawl, or as a result of Huron animosity aroused by his defection to the English. Brother Sagard was then living in France, but hearing of the affair through letters from Canada, he writes:

"Brule was condemned to death, then eaten by the Hurons to whom for a long time he served as interpreter, and all for a dislike they had against him for I know not what fault he had committed against them. He lived among them many years, living as one of them, serving as interpreter to the French, and after all has received for pay only a sad death and an unhappy end."

While the English held Quebec the Indians came no more to trade there, but in 1633, Champlain having returned to his capital, a number of Hurons from Toanche came down with the Indian youth Amentache, whom Brule had escorted home from Quebec in 1629. Amentache excused Brule's death to Cham-

plain on the ground that the former had left Champlain's service to go with the English.

Bones Moved to Ossossane

Father Brebeuf visited Toanche in 1634 and saw the place where poor Brule had been murdered, but the village no longer existed, for excepting one cabin nothing remained but the ruins of the others. Not long after Brule's death fever broke out in Toanche and many of the Hurons died miserably. The sick ones were sure they saw Brule's spectre or that of his sister hovering above the village, breathing forth flames and pestilence. Knowing the site to be accursed, they burned the village and moved to another location some miles away. Four years later the Indians at the time of one of their feasts of the dead, removed Brule's bones to Ossossane, on the shore of Nottawasaga Bay near Varwood Point. There they probably rest today, somewhere in the ground known as the Grozelle farm, and within sight of the great fresh water lake which he was the first white man to see.

Mr. Benjamin Sulte, the eminent Canadian historian, writes of Brule:

"He was a man little known in history, but celebrated in his time among the French in Canada, because he surpassed in geographical knowledge all the explorers of Upper Canada and the territory surrounding it. He had failed to attract the attention of Europe, its papers and learned societies. Besides, he worked alone, without the aid of anyone, without ambition or fame, like an humble courier de bois that he was. His taste for savage life served him for inspiration, he drew from it his means of existence, his temperament, his European origin disposing him to enlarge from year to year the circle of his travels.

"A number of couriers de bois had done like him, only their discoveries had brought nothing to them. Since 1616 he had traveled Upper Canada from north to south, visited Pennsylvania, Chesapeake Bay to the ocean. In 1622 he went around Lake Superior. It can hardly be said that there were three houses in Quebec between these two dates.

Brule's Name to Remain

"It is regrettable that on the moral side, one cannot admit Etienne Brule in the same category as Jean Nicolet, Jacques Hertel, Jean and Thomas Godefroy, who worthily filled their careers as interpreters and then became serious colonists. He became like others whom savage life had absorbed. But these do not shine in history, while Brule has graven his name on vast domains and such as he is we must accept him, under penalty of committing an injustice in keeping silence on this subject."

There is little doubt that Brule should rank with Radisson, Joliet, La Salle and other famous explorers. The real discoverer of the three largest Great Lakes, and the first white man to set foot upon territory ranging from the site of Duluth to that of Baltimore, has earned the right to fame, and his name should not be allowed to sink into oblivion. Honor to Brule, the intrepid and the unfortunate.

Governor Champlain believed, and many another New World Frenchman believed with him, that the all-water route to China lay beyond Bowating to the westward or southwestward. We find this stated positively in his writings:

"The voyageurs and French explorers have taken a vow never to cease their efforts until they have found either a western or a northern sea, opening the route to China, which so many have thus far sought in vain."

Sought Route to China

It is possible that this idea had already formed in the mind of Champlain when he sent Etienne Brule to Lake Huron in 1617. Even at that time the rapids in the St. Lawrence near Hochelaga (the site of Montreal) were known as La Chine, or the rapids on the way to China. So when Jean Nicolet came to visit us at Bowating in 1634, he came as a seeker of the route to China.

We do not know that Nicolet had such intimate knowledge of the Huron and kindred tongues as had Brule. We find him living with the Algonquins on the Isle des Allumettes about 1618, and it was only after 1625 that he is found with the Nipissing Hurons. The languages of these tribes were unlike in many respects.

Nicolet's instructions from Champlain were to journey westward in an endeavor to learn of those "distant western people who had neither hair nor beards, and who journeyed in great canoes." They were said to come from beyond the "Great Water" to trade with the Indians of the lakes. Nicolet left Trois Rivieres in July, 1634, with Father Brebeuf and other priests and a large number of Indians, who were returning home after their annual barter of furs at Quebec. Most of these he left in the vicinity of Mer Douce, and with seven Indians only he proceeded on his history-making way.

Champlain Didn't Come.

He had been ordered by Champlain not to go farther north in his quest than the Saut de Gaston or Bowating. On Champlain's map dated 1632, there is a notation that he had gathered information from which the map was drawn, over the period from 1603 to 1629. But Mr. Sulte shows that Champlain was

using the results of explorations which only Brule and Grenolle could have furnished. Furthermore, he has placed Lakes Michigan and Superior, the latter with its island of copper (Isle Royale) in contraposition, and this is proof to Mr. Sulte at least that Champlain had never visited these lakes himself, but had made a natural mistake in setting down their locations.

The inverted Lake Michigan or Green Bay (des Puants) is placed above Bowating on Champlain's map, and its outlet is marked by rocks and a fall. The term 'Sault' is inserted there, also a figure referring to the map index. The index for this figure reads as follows, the reference evidently being taken, with certain omissions, from the writings of Sagard:

"Saut de Gaston, nearly two leagues wide, which discharges into Mer Douce, coming from another very large lake, which with the Mer Douce are 30 days journey by canoe according to the reports of the savages."

The part omitted reads:

"And according to Brule, four hundred leagues in length."

The conclusion is inevitable that the omission was deliberate, probably the result of the petty rancor of Champlain. We must further conclude that the ground covered by Nicolet in 1634 had been traversed to some extent at least by a white man before him. That man, it is reasonably certain, was Etienne Brule.

Still Hunting China.

The Saut de Gaston, named by Brule in honor of the brother of the King of France, was to mark the northern limit of Nicolet's explorations. This indicates two things: First, that Champlain was satisfied with his knowledge of Lake Superior, furnished by Brule; and second, that the route to China was supposed to stretch in a southwesterly direction from Bowating. When Nicolet started on his journey Chinaward, Brule had been dead two years.

Nicolet, then, may be considered the ambassador of New France to the Chinese Empire, contingent, of course, on his finding it. He was to visit specifically the Indians of Bay des Puants and to obtain all possible information of the beardless people who could be none other than Chinese or Japanese. This was a natural enough conclusion in the little light there was then on the land to the west.

We do not know that Nicolet tarried long at Bowating. The very casualness of his visit seems to indicate his knowledge of some other white man's preceding him. He found an interesting and populous village of Saulteur Chippewas at the rapids, and he might have lingered there had not his instructions been imperative. He had taken the usual Ottawa River route from the St. Lawrence; coming down through Lake Nipissing, skirting

the north shore of Georgian Bay, and paddling up through the Devil's Gap to Bowating.

He now proceeded down Gitchi Gumi Sippi, turned westward into the Michilimackinac Straits past the island of that name, and arrived at the head of Green Bay where the city so called now stands. The site at that time was occupied by a village of the Winnebagoes. Upon approaching the town he sent a messenger ahead to announce his coming. Before landing he attired himself in a flaming robe of Chinese silk, adorned with embroidered birds and flowers. Then he sallied ashore, carrying a pistol in each hand.

Indians All Flee.

Imagine if you can the stunning effect produced upon the Indians by this pale apparition, clad in a fiery rainbow of a gown, with Jovian thunder pealing from his fists! If you had been there no doubt you would have taken to the woods just as they did. In a twinkling the little town became a solitude, save for one or two old men palsied with age and fear. When it was seen from vantage ground in the timber that these innocents were still alive and unharmed, the rest took courage and returned, at first with trembling but soon with confidence. Nicolet convinced them of his peaceful intentions and they hurried to make a great feast for him. He sojourned with his new friends a few days, canoed up the Fox river and portaged over to the Wisconsin, descending thereon to a point within three days' journey of the Mississippi. Being warned of hostile tribes beyond, he ventured no farther. But he went back to New France firm in the belief that the open sea lay just beyond. For he had misinterpreted the Indian term for the Mississippi—"Father of Waters"—thinking it meant the great ocean which he sought.

Our third white visitor—conceding Brule and Grenolle—met death by drowning in the St. Lawrence in 1642. In the same year died Samuel de Champlain, governor of New France, the man who sent us these emissaries. He was a truly great character.

The next white men to ascend the lovely Old Channel of Mer Douce were Jesuits, and they came by special invitation of the Indians here. Members of the order, welcomed by the populous Huron villages around Georgian Bay and Lake Simcoe, had established in 1849 on the River Wye the Mission of St. Mary's. It was a convenient and fairly central location.

War Club Laid Aside.

The occasion of the Jesuits' first coming to the rapids was a Huron decennial Feast of the Dead held in the vicinity of St.

Mary's. This was a curious ceremony practiced by the Chippewas and other northern tribes as well.

At the time of these grand burial feasts the war club was laid aside. All were welcome to pay the last marks of respect, and to make sure by this ceremony the final entry of the souls of the departed into eternal happiness. For it was the belief of these Indians that a second soul resided in the dead body, not to be released until the due performing of the last sacred rites at the great feast.

At the time appointed the accumulated corpses of years were lowered from their scaffolds and raised from their graves, while the trees gave up their ghastly winter's fruit. The coverings were removed and the bodies claimed by relatives, who proceeded to scrape as far as possible the flesh from the bones. These, having been wept over with many lamentations, were tenderly wrapped in skins and furs and brought sometimes great distances to the feasting place. Meanwhile great burial pits had been prepared and lined with beaver and other skins.

Sacrifices to the Dead

At the funeral dinner famed orators of the tribes recounted the virtues of the deceased and bewailed their loss in rounded periods. Many of the hearers gave themselves over to extravagant demonstrations of grief. When the bones were deposited at the edge of the pits other panegyrics were delivered. Belongings of the greatest possible value were deposited in the huge graves as sacrifices to the dead, and the more costly the offerings the greater was deemed the piety of the bereaved relatives. Then were the bodies and the disjointed bones placed in their last sepulchre, and arranged with poles as evenly as possible and carefully covered with earth and stones. Thus did our northern tribes insure to their dead a safe abode in the Country of Souls. The ceremonies ended with another great feast, which was more joyful than the first, and where singing and dancing took the place of funeral orations.

Chippewa tradition points to the shore of Tahquamenon River, and Skull Cave on Mackinac Island, as ancient locations of the Feasts of the Dead.

Some of the Huron pits have been found to contain more than a thousand bodies. Weapons of different kinds, stone or clay pipes, copper ornaments, beads and other trinkets are found in great numbers. A few of the Georgian Bay pits contain articles of aboriginal Mexican make, proving ancient traffic relations over a vast territory.

Objects of European workmanship are found in nearly all these communal graves. From this ethnologists infer that the Feasts of the Dead did not greatly antedate the coming of the whites.

Jesuits First Meet Chippewas

The Jesuits of St. Mary's Mission first made acquaintance with the Saulteur Chippewas at one of their feasts. The following is from the Jesuit Relations for 1641, wherein the missionary priests set down a careful record of their experiences for their superiors:

"The inhabitants of the Sault, who came to this feast from a distance of a hundred or a hundred and twenty leagues, were actors in this ballet, in which the women appeared and danced the third part of the ball . . ."

"The Pauoitigoneinchas invited us to go and see them in their own country. They are a nation of the Algonquin language, distant from the Hurons a hundred or a hundred and twenty leagues to the west whom we call the inhabitants of the Sault. We promised to pay them a visit and see how they might be disposed, in order to labor for their conversion; especially as we learned that a more remote nation whom they called the Ponteatami had abandoned their own country and taken refuge with the inhabitants of the Sault, in order to remove from some other hostile nation who persecuted them with endless wars. We selected Father Charles Raymbault to undertake this journey; and as at the same time some Hurons were to be of the party, Father Isaac Jogues was chosen, that he might deal with them."

The two priests left St. Mary's for Bowating in September of the same year, and reached their destination after seventeen days' travel. They received a friendly welcome in the village here of about two thousand Indians, and secured much information about the neighboring tribes. It is likely the local population had been swelled by a temporary influx of Potawatomes, driven here by their old-time enemies the Iroquois.

Invited to Stay Here

Jogues and Raymbault met the Chippewa Chiefs in council here, and an invitation was extended to the Fathers to take up their abode in Bowating. They must have remained but two or three weeks, however, as they left the Chippewa capital and returned to St. Mary's the same autumn. They are said to have planted a cross at the foot of the rapids, the first to have been raised in the million or more square miles comprising the Northwest. Father Raymbault was weak and ill, and he died that winter at Quebec.

Three hundred and twenty Jesuits in all visited New France under the French regime, and many of them lived long years and died there. They labored among the Iroquois and the Algonquins, the Hurons and the Chippewas, over country stretching from the Atlantic Ocean to Chequamagon on Lake Superior. Most of them were educated, cultured and refined

men, some were descendants of noble families, and the contrast between their homes in France and the savage haunts of the north must have been great indeed. For instance, Father LeJeune tells us in his Relation of a winter spent with a hunting band of Algonquins. He roamed the snowy forests with them, sharing their hunger and cold and unsanitary conditions. Often they were on starvation's verge, and again he was revolted by their gorging when game was plentiful. "I told them," he says, "that if dogs and swine could talk they would use just such language."

Jogues Stands Out Pre-eminently

Of all this band of Christian men, Isaac Jogues, the first Jesuit missionary to visit our locality, stands pre-eminent in suffering, fortitude and frightful martyrdom. When he was returning to the Huron country from Quebec with two other Frenchmen, Goupil and Couture, and some Hurons, they were captured by a war party of the Iroquois. Couture had killed one of them, and in the end they gave the three white men a ferocious beating and chewed off their finger-nails. After this they were clubbed almost to death.

On Lake Champlain they met another party of Iroquois and were compelled to run the gauntlet between lines of Indians armed with clubs and thorny sticks. When the Frenchmen fell, drenched with their own blood, they were recalled to life by firebrands applied to their bodies. Couture showed such physical stamina and bull-dog courage that his admiring enemies adopted him into their tribe, and he was safe from torture thereafter. But Jogues and Goupil were dragged from town to town by the savages, and constantly exposed to the utmost torments that could be inflicted without killing them. In the intervals of his sufferings Jogues managed to baptize some Huron prisoners with rain-drops gathered from an ear of corn.

Still Preached Gospel

Soon Goupil was killed, but as Jogues showed no disposition to escape he was allowed a little liberty. This he spent in baptizing infants and prisoners wherever possible, and in preaching the Gospel to anyone who would listen.

Having accompanied a fishing party of Iroquois to the Hudson River, he was seen by the Dutch at Fort Orange (Albany), and they aided his escape to Manhattan. There the Dutch Governor arranged for his passage to Europe. He arrived safely in Paris and became the hero of the day, for the account of his adventures made a great sensation. He was received at court and narrated his sufferings to the queen, who kissed his wounded hands.

The following spring found him in Montreal, preparing to go as a peace envoy to the Iroquois country. "I shall go, but I shall never return," he wrote. On his way he called at Fort Orange, where the kindly Dutchmen marvelled greatly at his second venture among his enemies. A few days later he was unmercifully clubbed by some Mohawk Indians, one of whom drove a tomahawk into his brain. Thus died Jogues, valiant soldier of the cross and first missionary to penetrate the wilderness to Bowating.

Love Your Enemies

In the Relation for 1647, Lalemant says of Jogues: "He felt no aversion to his tormentors, even in the midst of his sufferings. As a mother regards with pity her stricken child, so he looked with an eye of compassion upon his enemies."

The Jesuits of New France carried the following instructions, which throw an interesting light upon the lives of missionaries and Indians alike:

"You should love like brothers the Indians with whom you are to spend the rest of your life. Never make them wait for you in embarking. Take a flint and steel to light their pipes and kindle their fires at night, for these little services win their hearts. Try to eat their sagamite as they cook it, bad and dirty as it is. Fasten up the skirts of your cassock, that you may not carry water or sand into the canoe. Wear no shoes or stockings in the canoes, but you may put them on in crossing the portages. Do not make yourself troublesome, even to a single Indian. Do not ask too many questions. Bear their faults in silence and always be cheerful. Buy fish for them from the tribes you will pass; and for this purpose take with you some awls, beads, knives and fish-hooks. Be not ceremonious with the Indians; take at once what they offer you, for ceremony offends them. Be very careful, when in a canoe, that the brim of your hat does not annoy them. Perhaps it would be better to wear your night-cap. There is no such thing as impropriety among Indians. Remember that it is Christ and His cross that you are seeking and if you aim at anything else, you will get nothing but affliction for body and mind."

Iroquois Attack the French

Shortly after the death of Jogues the Iroquois attacked the French and their Algonquin and Huron allies with red hot fury. Champlain had made a foray into the Iroquois territory in 1615, and the Five Nations, biding their time, had never forgotten it. Furthermore, the Dutch and the English to the east of the Iroquois lands wanted furs and more furs. The forests of what is now central New York, and which were then the home of the Five Nations, housed no such fur-bearing animals

either in quantity or quality as were to be found across the St. Lawrence to the north and west. Indian wants and needs increased rapidly with the coming of the white man and his European commodities. The red man desired powder and guns, hatchets, cloth, beads, traps, cooking utensils and whisky; the white brother was keen for furs. With a tribal organization not surpassed even under Pontiac a century later, the Iroquois opened hostilities under the double inspiration of plunder and revenge.

Nothing could have exceeded their ferocity. They swept down the St. Lawrence valley and devoted the Huron villages to a fearful slaughter. Nor did they spare the French, whose island of Montreal was devastated by two bloody incursions. The Hurons were scattered to the winds. As a nation they ceased to exist. The work of the Jesuits among them, prosecuted with so much toil and care, sank in blood before the hatchets of the Iroquois, and Father Brebeuf and Lalemant and others were put to death with horrible barbarities.

The Iroquois Confederacy reached the zenith of its power about 1653. In that year we find its victorious and omnipresent butchers swarming afar upon the upper Great Lakes in pursuit of the flying Ottawas and Hurons. In view of the likelihood that at no time the number of their fighting men exceeded 2,600, the destruction they created seems almost inconceivable. It surely was a marvelously small number to make such great havoc among so many tribes, and seriously to imperil the existence of the French.

Barbarities Beyond Belief

Through the Jesuit Relations some of the fearful details of that war have come down to us that are well-nigh beyond belief. The Northern Hurons met with an occasional success in their battles with the enemy, and they did not fail to extract a savage pleasure from the agonies of their captives. Once they took a hundred Iroquois prisoners, including the Chief Ononkwaya, and these were distributed among the Huron villages for torture and feasting. But in the hour of his death the Iroquois leader baffled his enemies, who considered it an augury of disaster if no cry of pain could be forced from their victims.

When he had been baptized by the Jesuits, who tried unavailingly to save his life, he was bound to a stake upon a low scaffold and a scorching fire was built beneath him. This was just near enough to roast him by slow degrees, permitting the delighted Hurons to witness his agony for hours. But they could not draw as much as a single moan from him, for he had wrought himself into an ecstasy of fury that rose superior to pain. And when his executioners, thinking him nearly dead, tore his reeking scalp from his head, he burst his bonds with a

superhuman effort, seized a flaming brand from the fire below and drove them from the scaffold.

How a True Chief Dies

He held them at bay for a moment while stones, clubs and live coals rained upon him from the crowd. Presently a false step threw him to the ground, where his captors picked him up and threw him full into the fire. Covered with blood, cinders and ashes, he leaped out and upon them, brandishing a blazing brand in each hand. Cowed for an instant they fell back before so terrible a sight, and he rushed toward the town as if to set it on fire. In a trice a warrior tripped him with a pole, bringing him headlong to the earth, where they fell upon him, cut off his hands and his feet and again tossed him into the fire. Again he rolled himself out, crawling forward on his knees and the stumps of his arms, glaring upon his enemies with such unutterable ferocity that they recoiled once more. Then, seeing that he was helpless, they knocked him over and cut off his head, and hastened to feast upon the body of so courageous an adversary. One of his severed hands was thrown to the Jesuits, who buried it in their chapel.

Such was an incident of an Iroquois defeat. Their never-ending wars might have entirely wiped out the comparatively small numbers of their warriors, even though they were victorious in every battle, had they not resorted to an expedient mentioned in the Relations. They made a practice of adopting many of their prisoners, especially the youths. These nearly always became loyal members of the Five Nations, often out-doing the native Iroquois in committing atrocities upon their former relatives and tribesmen.

An Invasion That Failed

The remnants of the Hurons and the Tobacco Nations having fled northward, the triumphant Iroquois to the number of about one thousand embarked in war canoes and proceeded through the Michilimackinac Straits to attack the survivors and their Winnebago allies at Green Bay. The latter successfully defended their fort, and some of the retreating Iroquois were lost in a great storm at the entrance to the Bay, which is known since as "Death's Door."

Here the invaders divided, and half their number ascended Gitchi Gumi Sippi or St. Mary's River to Bowating, driving our resident Chippewas from the village at the rapids and taking many prisoners. Portaging around the rapids they embarked on the bay above, landing at Point Iroquois to torture and eat their victims after their accustomed fashion; while the Chippewa Chief Nin gau be on rallied his somewhat demoralized

forces under the shadow of Gros Cap's lofty headline across the bay.

The night was foggy, and favorable for surprise attack. The Chippewas crossed the bay undiscovered, and fell upon their gorged and sleeping enemies at the hour of dawn. There was a great slaughter and the sandy beach was soaked with Iroquois blood. The Chippewas placed the enemy skulls in a line along the shore, said to have been nearly a mile in length. The headless bodies were left unburied on the beach, prey to the wild beasts and the birds, and many years after bones were still to be found there. Tradition says that but one Chippewa warrior was killed, and that one Iroquois was sent back home alive, minus nose and ears, with the jeering admonition to his nation to send out men and not women the next time it desired to fight the Chippewas.

Never Molested Again

Thus did our Saulteur Chippewas hold their lands against the farthest north assault of their renowned antagonists, and they never were molested by the Five Nations afterwards. To this day the whites call the place of the famous fight "Point Iroquois," and the Chippewas know it as "Nad o way an ing, or the Place of the (Iroquois) Snakes."

Occasionally there is an echo of that epochal occasion on the streets of Sault Ste. Marie. Indians from the east sometimes visit us, and often as not they are accosted by a local Indian:

"How do, Iroquois?"

"Huh, how do you know we're Iroquois?"

"Oh, we know the Iroquois well. There are hundreds of them here."

"What, Iroquois here?"

"Yes, plenty. They came here to see us nearly three hundred years ago and they are here yet. They were looking for trouble, and we gave them such fine entertainment that they never went back."

This, you understand, helps to keep those pesky eastern Indians where they belong.

The other half of the invading Iroquois forces turned southward down the western shore of Lake Michigan to the land of the Illini. Read what happened there, in the words of the ancient chronicler:

"The Iroquese embarqu'd upon the Mississippi and were discover'd by another Fleet that was sailing down the other side of the same river. The Iroquese cross'd over immediately to that island which is since call'd Aux Recontres. The Nadoouessis, i. e., the other little Fleet, being suspicious of some ill design, without knowing what people they were (for they

had no knowledge of the Iroquese but by Hear-say); upon this Suspicion, I say, they tug'd hard to come up with 'em.

"The two armies posted themselves upon the Point of the island, where the two Crosses are put down on the Map; and as soon as the Nadouessis came in sight, the Iroquese cry'd out in the Illinese Language, Who are ye? To which the Nadouessis answer'd, Somebody; And putting the like Question to the Iroquese, receiv'd the same Answer.

Iroquois Are Routed

"Then the Iroquese put this Question to 'em, Where are you going?? To Hunt Beeves, reply'd the Nadouessis. But pray, says the Nadouessis, what's your Business? To hunt men, reply'd the Iroquese. 'Tis well, says the Nadouessis, we are Men, and so you need go no farther. Upon this Challenge the two Parties disembark'd, and the Leader of the Nadouessis cut his Canows to pieces; and after representing to his Warriors that they behov'd either to conquer or die, march'd up to the Iroquese who receiv'd 'em at first Onset with a Cloud of Arrows; But the Nadouessis having stood their first Discharge, which killed 'em eighty men, fell in upon 'em with their Clubs in their Hands, before the others could charge again; and so routed 'em entirely.

"This Engagement lasted for two hours, and was so hot, that two hundred and sixty Iroquese fell upon the Spot, and the rest were all taken Prisoners. Some of the Iroquese indeed attempted to make their Escape after the Action was over; but the victorious General sent ten or twelve of his Men to pursue 'em in one of the Canows that he had taken; and accordingly they were all overtaken and drown'd.

"The Nadouessis having obtain'd this Victory, cut off the Noses and Ears of two of the cleverest Prisoners; and supplying 'em with Fusees, Powder and Ball, gave 'em the liberty of returning to their own Country, in order to give their Countrymen to understand, that they ought not to employ Women to hunt after Men any longer."

There is an ancient reference to a band of Iroquois who encamped about this time or a little later on the shore of Moran Bay in the Straits of Mackinac. There they stayed for some time under a temporary truce, but having incurred the enmity of the Chippewa Chief Sau ge mau, they took refuge after a fight in Skull Cave on Mackinac Island. The cave was unknown at that time to Chippewas, and when discovered by them many years later it is said to have been much larger than it is at present.

Many Died in the Cave

The warriors of Sau ge mau were unable to find the Iroquois after a careful search of the island, so the Chippewas

concluded that their enemies had transformed themselves into spirits and flown away. The supernatural reputation of the island helped them to arrive at this decision. There is little doubt that the Iroquois, or many of them, died in the cave. About one hundred years later, when Alexander Henry was hidden by his Indian brother Wawatam in that snug retreat, he found it full of dead men's bones, concerning which the Indians of his time knew nothing.

And so it came about that the Iroquois, victorious many times in eastern fields, suffered defeat and the loss of nearly half their fighting men at the hands of the Chippewas, the Winnebagoes and the Illini in the north and west.

Meanwhile the northern fur shipments, so lusted after by the Iroquois, continued to find their way to Montreal, Three Rivers and Quebec, via our rapids and the Ottawa River route. It is recorded that several French voyageurs established themselves here in 1641, but there is no record that they built or maintained permanent habitations. It is possible that they spent several winters in the vicinity, but it is quite as certain that the necessities of trading would take them to the St. Lawrence during the open season of navigation.

It is certain that the Sault was an important trading post fifty or sixty years before Detroit was thought of as such. Usually the hunting was good here, and fur-bearing animals were plentiful. It was the central point for a vast amount of territory. The northern route to Montreal was much shorter, and it lay farther from the Iroquois, while the water trip by way of Lake Erie involved not only an exhausting portage around Niagara Falls, but it took the traders into enemy country for some distance.

Peter Radisson's Travels.

Let us now consider briefly the travels of Peter Radisson, the first white man to write down in any detail a description of our Sault locality. The volume in which the narratives of Radisson appear is entitled "Voyages of Peter Esprit Radisson, being an Account of his Travels and Experiences among the North American Indians from 1652 to 1694. Transcribed from the original manuscripts in the Bodleian Library and the British Museum. Published by the Prince Society, Boston, 1885."

Edmund Slafter, president of the Prince Society, writes as follows in the preface:

"The narratives contained in this volume were apparently written without any intention of publication, and are plainly authentic and trustworthy. They have remained in manuscript more than two hundred years, and in the meantime have escaped the notice of scholars, as not even extracts from them have, so far as we are aware, found their way into print.

"The author was a native of France, and had an imperfect

knowledge of the English language. The journals, with the exception of the last in the volume, are, however, written in that language, and, as might be anticipated, in orthography, in the use of words, and in the structure of sentences, conform to no known standard of English composition. But the meaning is in all cases clearly conveyed, and, in justice both to the author and the reader, they have been printed verbatim et literatim, as in the original manuscripts."

A Restless Spirit.

In a day when travel was difficult, Radisson was a tremendous traveller. He thought no more of coming from France to the Sault, or from England to Hudson's Bay, or from Turkey to the West Indies, than you or I do of going to lunch. Never was there so restless a spirit as this Radisson.

Radisson must have been another such character as Brule, for he was fifteen years old when he came from France to Three Rivers in 1651. The following year he was taken prisoner by the Iroquois while hunting, his companions were killed, and he was saved by adoption into the tribe. On a hunting trip with some new brothers of the Mohawks, he killed them and escaped. He was soon caught and brought back for the torture, but his foster-parents saved him. Again he made his escape to the Dutch at Albany, and by their aid he proceeded through New Amsterdam to France. He returned to Quebec and Three Rivers in the spring of 1654, and greeted his sisters there who had supposed him dead. One of these sisters had married Medard de Groseilliers, and this brother-in-law accompanied him on his journey to the Sault.

Before coming north Radisson and his brother-in-law sojourned two years in Wisconsin and are considered by some excellent authorities to have discovered the Mississippi River. They returned to the St. Lawrence with three hundred and fifty canoe-loads of furs. In his account of this journey Radisson says: "We desired not to go to ye north till we had made a discovery in ye south, being desirous to know what they did."

They turned their canoes westward again in 1658, in search of more furs, and the sea that separates America from China. They left in the night, and against the consent of the Governor, who had insisted on a share of the profits. The Indians accompanying them were mostly Saulteur Chippewas and Ottawas who had piloted them on the previous voyage.

A Terrestrial Paradise

Coming to the Sault, Radisson described it thus:

"We came after to a rapid that makes ye separation between yé lake of ye Hurons and that which we call ye Superior
• or Upper lake, for that ye wild men hold it to be ye longer and

broader, besides a great many islands, which make it appear of bigger extent. This rapid was formerly ye residence of those (Indians) with whom we were. We made cottages at our advantage, and found ye truth of what those men have told us, that if once we would come to that place we should make good cheer of ye white fish. Ye bear, castors (beaver), and oriniack (moose) showed themselves often, but to their cost; indeed it was to us like a terrestrial paradise. After so long fasting, after so great paines that we had taken, finds ourselves so well by choosing our dyet, and resting ourselves when we had a mind to it, it is here that we must taste with pleasure a sweete bit. But ye season was far spent, and use diligence and leave that place so wished, which we shall bewail, to the cursed Iroquois. We left that inn without reckoning with our host. The weather was agreeable when we began to navigate upon that great extent of water (Lake Superior), finding it so calm and ye air so clear."

Radisson speaks of cottages, and an inn, but it is likely that his language is figurative. He does not seem to have stayed with us long enough to think of erecting a permanent home. He visited a place where there was a small river with pieces of pure copper ore on its banks close to the lake, and admired in passing the beauties of the Pictured Rocks. He portaged over the Keweenaw Peninsula, and went on to the country of the Crees, visiting James Bay.

Returning to Quebec the two explorers tried to interest merchants there in trading into Hudson's and James Bay via the Atlantic Ocean. Their project was rejected, there and in France. But the British ambassador at Paris persuaded them to go with him to London, where they readily found merchants who outfitted a ship on which Radisson and Grosilliers sailed for Hudson's Bay. This voyage resulted in the organization of the Hudson's Bay Company in England in 1670, the greatest fur dealers in the world and still flourishing.

The achievements of Radisson and Groseilliers are probably without a parallel in history. The beginning of the downfall of the French in Canada really dates from that historic fourth voyage of theirs to and beyond the "terrestrial paradise" of the Sault. For they placed the English firmly in position on the north as well as the south flank of the French, who thus in time lost the greatest asset of the land in that day, which was the trade in furs. At the close of the narrative Radisson comments bitterly on his treatment by the Governor of New France:

Fined by the Governor.

"Ye Governor, seeing us come back with a considerable sum for our own particular, and seeing that his time was expired and that he was to go away, made use of that excuse to

do us wrong and to enrich himself with ye goods we had so dearly bought. He fined us four thousand pounds to make a fort at Three Rivers, telling us for all manner of satisfaction that he would give us leave to put our coat of arms upon it, and moreover, 6,000 pounds for ye country.

But ye Bougre did really grease his chops with it, and moreover, made us pay a custom which was the fourth part of it. Was he not a tyrant to deal so with us, after that we had so hazarded our lives, and having brought in less than two years by that voyage, as ye Factors of that country said, between forty and fifty thousand pistoles?"

It certainly was shabby treatment, and Radisson will not be blamed for expecting more consideration. But we Saulteurs shall always think kindly of him who named our home "so wished, a terrestrial paradise."

Father Rene Menard, a Superior of the Jesuit order, accompanied Radisson and Grosseilliers on this voyage, purposing to establish a mission to the western Lake Superior Indians. They left him on the south shore of the lake at a point near the present site of L'Anse, Michigan. He sojourned there several months with a band of Ottawas, enduring much abuse and ill-treatment.

Never Reached Destination

In the spring of 1661 he set out across country southwestward, supposedly alone, for the country of the Petuns, across what is now the Wisconsin state line. He never reached his destination, having been murdered by some unfriendly Indian or having perished from accident or starvation in the woods. The Relations for 1662 mention Father Menard as having passed Montreal on his westward journey, and express a fear that he had met with accident.

Father Menard was succeeded in 1665 in the farther Lake Superior territory by Father Claude Allouez, chief of the Ontanak or Ottawa missions. This noted priest is said to have preached the gospel to twenty Indian tribes, and has been called the founder of Christianity in the West. He opened his mission at Chequamegon Bay or La Pointe du Esprit, a place long famous in the annals of the North. Enroute to his field he visited the Sault, and he re-christened the location Saut de Tracy in honor of Marquis de Tracy, then Governor of New France.

Called it Lake Tracy

He also named the great body of water to the northward Lake Tracy, and the lake is so designated on some of the maps of the period. He found the Chippewas and their neighbors worshipping the lake as a divinity or Manito, both on account of its vast size and the plentiful supply of fish food it yielded them.

Father Marquette Comes

After laboring four years in the La Poine quarter, Father Allouez gave over the station to Jacques Marquette, now the best known of all the Jesuits of New France, and founded a mission at Green Bay.

Casting about for a center in the great north country, the Jesuits looked upon the Saut de Gaston or Saut de Tracy and found it excellently suited to their needs.

Already French voyageurs and fur traders were coming, going and sojourning here, and for all we know had already established more or less permanent log cabins and fur store-houses in this ideal Indian trading point. The three greatest lakes radiated from it like pinions from a hub. It was the great gathering place for the tribes, who came hither conveniently by canoe to sit in council, to hunt and to fish. It was a visiting place for travelers to all points of the compass, and it was the one point in these lines which all must pass. And it was fairly safe from Iroquois molestation.

Therefore Father Allouez, as Superior of the Lake Tracy Missions, placed Father Louis Nicholas at the Sault as resident priest in 1667, by order of Father Le Mercier, the Superior General in Quebec. From that year and especially after the coming of Marquette in the year following, our records of this locality, for a few years at least, are much more concrete.

Arrived in 1668

Born in France in 1637, Marquette early showed religious inclinations and about 1654 was admitted to the Jesuit novitiate. Twelve years later he came to the Canadian missions and was appointed to a station in the vicinity of Quebec. He studied the Indian dialects under the veteran Druillettes, and a priest being needed at the Saut de Tracy, he was sent here in the spring of 1668.

Here, with the help of the Jesuit lay brother Bohesme, under the direction of Allouez, and probably with the help of Father Nicholas, he constructed on the south side of the river at the foot of the rapids, a rude chapel and dwelling house. This was the first permanent Christian place of worship in what is now the State of Michigan. Possibly also it was the first white man's habitation, but we cannot be sure of this, for French traders certainly had been buying furs here for some years.

Location of First Church

The exact location of this chapel is unknown, but it must have been near the foot of Bingham avenue. Father Gagnieur, S. J., of Sault Ste. Marie, a careful student of the early history of this locality, thinks it may have been raised on that piece of ground where Dr. F. J. Moloney's house now stands, or it cer-

tainly was in close proximity to the same. In a paper read in June, 1923, on the occasion of the unveiling of the tablet commemorating this chapel, Father Gagnieur gave the following reasons for this opinion:

(1) The details in the Relations regarding the St. Lusson ceremony of 1671 point to that site as the probable place of the chapel. The St. Lusson procession took its start from Marquette's little church.

(2) The early Jesuits planted vegetables in a small clearing here which was probably part of the large clearing known in our day as "The Indian Green." It was a favorite gathering place of the Indians, who played there the game of ball called "Pagaadowewin," or baggatiway. This game was a kind of religious rite with them; and it is likely that Marquette would choose the spot for the inculcation of the new faith which was to supersede the old.

(3) Charlevoix's map of 1721 clearly marks the church at about this spot. Another map of 1789, and a landscape of 1850 also indicate that location.

(4) Government maps of 1850 show that Bingham Avenue was then called Church Street. As there were no other churches in the vicinity, and as several churches in succession have occupied the ground, it seems likely that this early pathway was so named because of the first church and its successors at its foot.

Here, then, Marquette raised the first Christian church, however humble, in a vast stretch of territory, and ministered to the few Frenchmen who came and to his wild and fickle Indian flock. He pursued his studies in the Algonquin tongue, and in a short time he had acquired six of the Indian dialects. He was in a lonesome land, but had little time to be lonesome. He saw Allouez at intervals, Dablon came to share the station with him for a time, and he probably met his friend Druillettes at some place in the territory, either before or after St. Lusson took formal possession of the land for the King of France in 1671.

We find Father Le Mercier writing in the Relations for 1669:

"The mission of the Ottawas is now one of the finest in New France. The scarcity of all things, the brutal disposition of those savages, the remote situation—three hundred or four hundred leagues away—the number of tribes and the promise that an entire Nation has just made to Father Allouez after general council, to embrace the Christian faith—all these are things that make our missionaries wish for that mission with a very ardent zeal.

Suited for Apostolic Labors

"Father Claude Dablon has been sent to be Superior of

these upper missions, notwithstanding the abundant fruits he was reaping here. The first place where one meets these upper nations is at the Sault, more than two hundred leagues distant from Quebec. It is here that the missionaries have established themselves as the place best suited to their apostolic labors—the other tribes having been accustomed for some years to betake themselves thither, in order to go down to Montreal or Quebec to trade. A location has been chosen at the foot of the rapids in the river, on the south side, nearly on the 46th degree of latitude, and the cold is much less severe there than here, although we are nearly on the same latitude.

"Father Marquette writes us from the Sault that the harvest there is very abundant, and that it rests only with the missionaries to baptize the entire population, to the number of two thousand. Thus far, however, our fathers have not dared to trust these people, who are too acquiescent; fearing that after their baptism they will cling to their customary superstitions. Especial attention is given to instructing them and to baptizing the dying, who are a surer harvest."

Makes Map of Great Lakes

In the years 1668-69 Marquette collaborated with Allouez in making a map of the Great Lakes, which shows with exactness the outline of the shores and islands of this region and which was valuable for many years as a guide to the north country.

About this time Father Claude Dablon recorded the following in the Relations:

"What is commonly called the Sault is not properly a sault or a high fall but a very violent current of waters from Lake Superieur; which, finding themselves checked by a great number of rocks that dispute their passage, form a dangerous cascade of half a league in width. All these waters descend and plunge headlong together as by a flight of stairs, or over rocks that bar the whole river.

"It is three leagues below Lake Superieur and twelve leagues above the Lake of the Hurons; this entire extent making a beautiful river cut up by many islands, which divide it and increase its width in some places so that the eye cannot reach across. It flows very gently through almost its entire course, being difficult of passage only at the Sault.

Whitefish Found Abundantly

"At the foot of these rapids and even amid these boiling waters, extensive fishing is carried on from spring until winter, of a kind of fish found usually only in Lake Superieur and the Lake of the Hurons. It is called in the native language "Attikameg," and in ours "poisson blanc," for in truth it is very

white, and it is very excellent; so that in truth it furnishes food almost by itself to the greater part of all these peoples.

"Dexterity and strength are needed for this kind of fishing, for one must stand upright in a bark canoe, and there among the whirlpools, thrust with muscles tense deep into the water a rod, at the end of which is fastened a net made like a pocket, into which the fish are made to enter.

"One must look for them as they glide between the rocks, and pursue them when they are seen. When they have been made to enter the net, then they are raised with a sudden strong pull into the canoe.

Trained in Christianity

"This convenience of having the fish in such quantities that one has only to go and draw them out, attracts the surrounding nations to the spot during the summer. These people being wanderers and living for the most part by fishing, find here the means to satisfy their wants, and at the same time we embrace the opportunity to instruct them and train them in Christianity during their sojourn at this place. Therefore we have been obliged to establish here a permanent Mission which we call "Sainte Marie du Sault."

"The natives of this district call themselves "Pahoniting," and the French call them "Saulteurs," because they live at the Sault as in their own country. They comprise only a hundred and fifty souls, but have united themselves with three other nations which number more than five hundred and fifty.

"The nomadic life led by the greater part of the savages of these countries lengthens the process of their conversion and leaves them only very little time for the instructions that we give them. To render them more stationary we have fixed our abode here, where we cause the soil to be tilled, in order to induce them by our example to do the same, and in this several have already begun to imitate us. Moreover we have had a chapel erected, and have taken care to adorn it."

Names the Settlement for the Virgin

So we see that, a settlement having been made that gave promise of permanency, it seemed desirable to bestow upon it a lasting appellation in place of the vague Bowating, Sault de Gaston, or Sault de Tracy, names used indiscriminately by the Indians or the voyageurs. Marquette was a devotee of the Virgin Mary, and piety suggested to him the name Sainte Marie du Sault as fitting and auspicious. And no doubt it was hoped to make this mission a worthy successor to that of the same name on the River Wye, destroyed in the Iroquois wars. Altered a little, the name gave the locality then has come down to us.

In further indication of their coming to stay, the missionaries planted near their chapel a little field of vegetables, probably Indian corn, peas, and other vegetable simples. The products of this little garden served for their own use and were an example in thrift as well to their Indian congregations, who frequently brought misery upon themselves through their neglect of agriculture.

This meager description by the Jesuits of their small beginnings at Sainte Marie du Sault has been supplemented by the account of the Sulpician priest Rene de Galinee, who arrived here with Dollier de Casson in May, 1670. It is a manifest commentary on the confused knowledge of the Great Lakes country at that time, that these men, who had left the Sulpician seminary at Montreal the year before in search of the Ohio River, should "wind up" at Sainte Marie du Sault.

Came Up From Detroit

Although Galinee and Dollier came to us by way of Lake Erie and the Detroit River, being the first whites to ascend those waters, it appears from the dim records of the time that the first plans of the pair were to travel the usual Ottawa River to the Sault, thence to Green Bay and across Wisconsin to the Mississippi, which they proposed to descend to its junction with the Ohio. There they wished to establish a mission among the Shawnees, who desired instruction in the Christian faith.

If this interpretation of the ancient archives is correct, it fits nicely the theory that Radisson was the true discoverer of the Upper Mississippi, and that he had given the "lay" of the stream to his French friends in Montreal. Captain Russell Blakeley's examination of Radisson's narrative, published in the Minnesota Historical Society's records, leaves little doubt of Radisson's priority.

About the time, however, of their intended departure, the afterward famous Robert Cavelier de La Salle, was leaving Montreal in search of the never-forgotten and still-desired land of China. He proposed to take the Lake Erie route, and he induced Galinee and Dollier to change their plans and go with him. Galinee was a skilled cartographer, and his services would be invaluable in charting the westward country.

Take an All Water Route

Their party of about twenty left Montreal in July, 1669, and proceeded to Lake Ontario and the country of the Iroquois, with whom the French were now in truce. They passed Niagara Falls so closely that they could plainly hear their roar, but passed on without visiting them. And near the present site of Port Stanley, Ontario, they came most unexpectedly upon Jean Pere

and Louis Joliet, who was to become as famous as La Salle, returning from the Sault and its vicinity in search of copper and also on a voyage of exploration. Pere and Joliet were thus the first white men to traverse the all-water route—save only the Niagara portage—between Montreal and Sainte Marie du Sault.

Here La Salle and Joliet joined forces and turned eastward, while Dollier and Galinee, fired by Joliet's tales of the fallow and heathen North, and provided with a plan of the route to the Sault, continued their journey to the west. They did this contrary to the advice of La Salle, who reminded them of the Jesuit stations already established to the northward.

Wintering on the shores of Lake Erie, in the spring of 1670 they erected a cross and scrawled thereon the arms of France, taking possession of the country in the name of the French king. At Point Pelee they lost their altar service in a storm, which appeared to them to be the work of the malicious Beelzebub himself. On the site of Detroit they found a large rock freakishly carved by nature into the remote resemblance of a human form,—a Manito before which the Indians prostrated themselves and laid their offerings. The Frenchmen attacked this false diety with enthusiasm. "I was filled with hatred against him," says Galinee in his journal, "and I broke him in pieces with my axe; after which we carried the largest piece to the middle of the river and threw it with the rest into the water, trusting that he would never be heard of more. For this righteous action God repaid us bountifully, for the very same day we killed a deer and a bear."

Canoeing without further adventure to the Sault, Galinee continues:

Arrive in Sault May 25, 1670

"We arrived on the 25th of May, 1670, the day of Pentecost, at Sainte Marie du Sault. This place the Reverend Jesuit Fathers have made their principal establishment for the missions of the Ottawas. They had two men in their service since last year, who have built them a pretty fort, that is to say, a square of cedar posts twelve feet high with a chapel and house inside the fort, so that now they see themselves in the condition of not being dependent upon the Indians. They have a large clearing well planted, from which they ought to gather a good part of their sustenance, and they are hoping to eat bread of their own planting within two years from now.

"The fruit these fathers are producing here is more for the French, who are here often to the number of twenty or twenty-five, than for the Indians; for although there are some who have been baptized, there are none yet who are good enough Catholics to attend divine service, which is held for the French, who sing mass and vespers on saints' days and Sundays. I

saw no particular sign of Christianity among the Indians of this place nor in any other country of the Ottawas.

Fish Abundant and Cheap

"The Saulteaux or Ojibway Nation, amongst whom the fathers are established, live from the time of the melting of the snows to the beginning of winter on the bank of a river nearly half a league wide and three leagues long, by which Lake Superior falls into the Lake of the Hurons. This river forms here a rapid so teeming with fish, called poisson blanc, or in Algonkin Aitikameg, that the Indians could easily catch enough to feed ten thousand men. Only Indians can carry it on, and no Frenchman has hitherto been able to succeed at it, nor any other Indians than those of this tribe, who are used to this kind of fishing from an early age. In short this fish is so cheap that they are given ten or twelve of them for four fingers of tobacco. Each weighs six or seven pounds, but it is so delicate that I know of no fish that approaches it. Sturgeon is caught in this river in abundance, and meat is so cheap here that for a pound of glass beads I had four minots of fat entrails of moose. It is here that one gets a beaver robe for a fathom of tobacco, or a quarter of a pound of powder, or for six knives, or a fathom of blue beads.

"Hitherto the country of the Ottawas had passed in my mind as a place where there is a great deal of suffering for want of food. But I am so well persuaded of the contrary that I know of no region in all Canada where they are less in want of it.

Portages Are Difficult

"In going there from Montreal, it is necessary to ascend a river in which thirty portages must be made to avoid a like manner of falls, in which if one ran into them he would incur the danger of losing a thousand lives. But the greatest danger is in descending from the Sault (to Montreal), for if one does not know where the landings are, to make the portages, he runs the risk of being swallowed up in the falls and perishing, to say nothing of the difficulties of the portages which are generally amongst stones and gravel.

"One often ventures into the less difficult channels, in which, if the man who steers the canoe or the man in front were to fail by the thickness of a silver crown to pass between rocks and whirlpools that are found in these channels, the canoe would be wrecked or fill with water, and one would see himself swallowed up in horrible places.

"We arrived at Montreal from the Sault on the 18th of June, 1670, after twenty-two days of most fatiguing travel."

Galinee and Dollier, then, remained at the Sault only three



A Chippewa Indian Maid

days. By right of discovery the Jesuits claimed the field, and there was nothing for the Sulpicians to do but to leave it to them. So the latter, recalling the advice of La Salle, abandoned their dream of Chippewa evangelization through their Order; and Galinee glumly noted in his journal that although the Jesuits might have baptized a few Indians at the rapids, not one of them was a good enough Christian to receive the Eucharist.

Canoes Were Only Means of Travel

Galinee's canoe journey of twenty-two days from the Sault to Montreal, with its heart-breaking and hair's-breadth portages, is now a matter of over-night passage by rail. It is impossible to think of that old Ottawa route to our region without hearty admiration for the early French explorers and courriers du bois. On that laborious traverse they employed nothing but the lightest and speediest canoes, easily carried over the portages, and beautiful as a bird in their faultless lines. These were called "canots du nord."

But on the open waters of Superior and Huron much larger craft were used, called "canots du maitre," or master canoes. These were about thirty-five feet in length, and no doubt Radisson used such a bark as this in his journey up Lake Superior. The ordinary crew for a canot du maitre numbered sixteen or eighteen, and it could withstand most storms on the Great Lakes. Such a canoe could carry besides its crew and four or five passengers, one hundred and twenty bales of furs, averaging ninety pounds each. These apparently frail craft were seldom upset, wrecked, or swamped, they were as buoyant as a duck. If caught in a blow in some long open traverse from point to point, or across some arm of the big lakes, heavy parlas or canvas oil cloths were thrown over goods and passengers, and the pluck and skilled strength of the crew brought them safely through.

The distances on the old Ottawa-Nipissing route to the Sault were so long, and the portages so many, that time was everything. No one thought of stopping for the night before sundown. When night approached the voyageurs landed at some dry and fairly cleared spot, felled trees for fires, and if necessary cleared a space for tents. These pitched, a fire was built in front of each and beds were laid, sometimes of balsam sprig mattresses, sometimes of oilcloth spread on the bare earth, and above it two or three blankets and a pillow. If the wind howled and the rain poured, the travelers piled on their great coats and furs and slept warm and secure from the weather.

Slept Under Canoes

The canoes were unloaded nightly and drawn upon the beach, bottom upward, for inspection and mending. Some-

times they would be inclined to windward of the fire, forming little houses in which the men could sleep in real comfort.

Slumber was broken at one in the morning by the cry of "Level! Level! Level!" In five minutes the tents were down and loaded, and within half an hour cargoes had been stowed and the paddles were keeping time to some old French chanson as the canoes hastened on their way.

At eight in the morning a stop was made for breakfast, which consumed a hurried thirty minutes, and at two in the afternoon a cold lunch was taken. The day was thus divided into six hours of rest and eighteen hours of labor. This almost incredible toil of the voyageurs endured without a murmur, indeed, they were generally in hilarious spirits.

The quality of such work as well as its quantity, required men of iron mold. In smooth water the paddles were plied with twice the rapidity of oars, taxing arms and lungs to the limit. In shallows the canoes were dragged by the men wading to their knees or their hips. In rapids, the towing line was hauled along over rocks and stumps, through swamps and thickets, excepting that in places where the ground was utterly impracticable, poles were substituted.

Carried Great Pack Loads

On the portages, where the breaks were of all imaginable degrees of badness, the canoes were never carried across in less than two or three trips, often a distance of a mile or more. Each man carried, over these slippery, tortuous and uneven paths, at least two pieces averaging ninety pounds each. These he lugged in shoulder-straps, knapsack-wise, with an additional sling of leather or tunk-strap placed across the forehead, so that his hands were free to clear the way among the branches of the standing trees, or over the prostrate trunks.

Passengers also helped to keep the men busy. The canoes seldom could approach the shore closely enough to enable the passengers to step dry-shod from the gunwale, and no sooner was a halt made than the crew were in the water to carry their human freight ashore. They took especial pride in this part of their duties, and often as not some stocky little fellow would take possession with the utmost good-nature of the heaviest passenger in the party, perhaps considerably exceeding in weight the standard mentioned of two bales of furs.

All this work was invariably done to the accompaniment of song. Many were the pretty ditties brought from France by the old voyageurs into these remote countries, and to this day you may hear now and then in the bays and wild rivers of Lake Superior, segments of some old chanson sung three hundred years ago in Normandy, and now forgotten there. The voyageurs embroidered every hour with song,—the eternal

swinging at the paddles, the tugging at the lines in the shallows, the back-bending portages, the social meetings at the camp-fire,—rejoicing the lonely heart longing for song and melody, and perhaps for home.

There were chansons a l'aviron, songs of the paddle; chansons a la rame, songs of the oar; chansons de canot a lege, songs of the light canoe; chansons de canot du maitre, songs of the heavy canoe; and so on. The chanson *La Belle Rose* was one most widely known and commonly sung in the Great Lakes country for over one hundred years, and a stanza from it is appended here:

CHANSON LA BELLE ROSE

(Pour L'Avionon)

Mais je n'ai trouve personne,
Que le rossignol, chantant la belle rose,
La belle rose du rosier blanc!
Qui me dit dans son langage,
Marie-toi, car il est temps, a la belle rose,
A la belle rose du rosier blanc!
Comment veux-tu que je me marie
Avec la belle rose,
La belle rose du rosier blanc?

Then there was another sort of songs, of deeper poetical feeling, termed the "complaintes." These complaintes found a peculiarly local habitation and a name in the Lake Superior country, far from Montreal and Quebec, and farther still from la belle France. For voyageurs regarded themselves as exiles, banished first from France and then from Lower Canada. There have been whole families of voyageurs in the upper Great Lakes region who, from father to great-grandson, have sung of the return to Canada, or the return to France, but who have all perished here. And one song they all knew was "The Fate of Jean Cayeux," which describes a thoroughly Canadian tragedy, and is characteristic of the voyageurs and the country.

Jean Cayeux a Great Voyageur

Jean Cayeux, according to the story, was a great voyageur, who lived in the old days on the banks of the Ottawa River, near the cataracts known as Le Grand Calumet. Surprised there by the Iroquois, he managed to save his family by sending them over the rapids in a canoe, but was driven to the woods by his enemies. The chase lasted for days, and hourly Jean heard the howling of the savages pursuing him. At length they grew weary and ceased to follow him, but his provisions gave out, his strength failed, and soon it was all over with poor Cayeux. Lost and alone, visited only by wolves

and ravens, he managed to build a little hut of branches on the bank of a creek and lay down to die. With the last remnant of strength he dug a grave, and at its head he erected a cross, carving on the wood his complainte, the entire history of his tragic fate. So at least the old song runs. Friends who found his body laid it away in the grave, saved his complainte from oblivion, and renewed the cross from time to time, so that the exact spot of his death is known to this day. Many a friendly tear has been shed over poor Jean, who died so pitiably thousands of miles from home. And in a country and a time when every voyageur might have been at least once in a position more or less resembling that of Cayeux, and where wolves and ravens often passed him, eagerly desiring to pick his bones, you may imagine with what sympathy they listened to such complaintes.

They Were a Singing Lot

They were a singing lot, these bold and enterprising Frenchmen who were coming to the Sault in increasing numbers for furs; a lusty crowd of devil-may-care fellows, trapping game, trading at the scattered posts, and living the life of the Indian. They took with them their meed of romance when they passed, and the bonny channels of St. Mary's River ring no more with the

SONG OF THE VOYAGEURS

Pull, lads, pull, the stream runs strong,
Our every sinew testing;
Sing, lads, sing, and the mellow song
Will cheer as the waves we're breasting;
The wind blows chill
From yonder hill,
But the roast deer waits at the cabin grill.

Welcome are we at the bark tepee,
In its council we're no strangers;
We harry the bear from his hollow tree,
And what care we for dangers?
We plant our lure
On mount and moor,
Oh, free as the wild is the voyageur!

Brave souls and true, let us breathe a prayer
To the Maid benign above us;
May she have and hold in her jealous care
The distant ones who love us,
Till comes the day
Where fare we may
To the fatherland that is far away!

In May, 1670, the same month in which Galinee arrived in Sainte Marie du Sault, Charles II, King of England, granted Radisson and Groselliers and their associates and successors a patent for trading in "The Bay called Hudson's Streights."

Two ships had been outfitted in England, the "Eagle" and the "Nonesuch," in 1667, and the far north route opened of which Radisson speaks thus in his narrative:

Forced to Cut Off Masts

Wee went out with a new Company in two small vessels, my brother in one and I in another, and wee went together four hundred leagues from ye North of Ire'and, where a sudden greate storm did rise and put us asunder. Ye sea was so furious six or seven hours after that it did almost overturn our ship. So that wee were forced to cut our masts rather than cutt our lives; but wee came back safe, God be thanked; and ye other, I hope, is gone on his voyage, God be with him."

Groseilliers found his way to Prince Rupert River, which he named in honor of his patron, built a fort there and established friendly relations with the natives. Word of the newcomers spread abroad through the country north of Lake Superior, and through Canada and France.

The defection of this famous pair in the North promptly aroused the ire and anxiety of Louis XIV. of France, his minister Colbert, and Intendant Talon at Quebec. Their presence at Hudson's Bay was the principal reason for the annexation ceremonies of St. Luson at Sainte Marie du Sault in 1671. It was bound to come anyway—for Talon had long contemplated such a proclamation—but its heralding certainly was hastened by the formation of the Hudson's Bay Company in London in 1670.

The St. Luson Pageant

This determination to stop the English by taking formal possession of the land, resulted in probably the most spectacular event ever staged in old Sainte Marie du Sault. If the French projects promulgated here that June day in 1671 had materialized, it is likely they would have changed the course of the whole world. For Talon was a sagacious and far-seeing man, and he dreamed of a great French empire on the northern American continent. His aim was to keep the English clinging to the eastern seaboard, and he even thought of securing a seaport for France on the distant Gulf of Mexico.

In spite of his visions of empire, Talon seems to have been extremely careful of his and the King's money. When he sent Daumont de St. Luson exploring for copper in our vicinity, and instructed him at the same time to announce possession of the country here at the Chippewa capital, he ordered St. Luson

to pay all expenses of his grand tour by trading in furs with the Indians.

St. Lusson set forth from Quebec in 1670 and wintered at Manitoulin Island. With him came Nicholas Perrot, a famous interpreter and a Frenchman of extraordinary influence among the Indian tribes, requesting them to send representatives to a great meeting to be held at Sainte Marie du Sault in the spring of 1671. Perrot personally extended this invitation to the Indian nations in the vicinity of Green Bay, and brought to the Sault in May the principal chiefs of the Sacs, Winnebagoes, Menominees and Potawatomes.

It is impossible to point with certitude to the exact spot where this ceremony of possession took place. Most writers have assumed that St. Lusson stood on the rise of ground south of the Weitzel Lock. But there appears to be ample evidence that this hill did not exist in the seventeenth century, and that the ground there was "made" by the detritus from canal excavations long after.

No Hill There Then

Furthermore, there are prints in existence which show no hill at that point in the latter part of the eighteenth century. It is true the banks of the rapids showed a slight elevation further west, beyond the circular flower plot in Lock Park. But this spot was used as an Indian place of burial, and it is not at all likely that St. Lusson would choose a cemetery or even its immediate vicinity for proclamation purposes.

On the other hand, a little hill—the "petite eminence" mentioned by Dablon—where the obelisk now rises, stands out sharply in the old prints. It was adjacent to the chapel of the missionaries and the Indian village. At its foot was the landing-place for the canoes of the French and the visiting tribes. In all likelihood it had been a place of council for hundreds of years. It is natural, therefore, to infer that St. Lusson stood forth to proclaim French sovereignty and to breathe defiance to England, on the very spot where many years after the great obelisk was raised to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the locks.

In the Name of Louis XIV.

Fourteen Indian tribes were represented there, on that morning of the fourteenth of June, 1671. Four Jesuits took part in the ceremonies—Dablon, Superior of the Missions, Allouez, Andre, and Druillettes. Twenty Frenchmen signed the record of the day, among them Louis Joliet and Nicholas Perrot, who interpreted to the Indians the words of St. Lusson.. Around them hovered the great throng of Indians who had come from Hudson's Bay and the Red River of the North to—tradition

says—the Red River of the South, and from Quebec to the Mississippi, meeting here at the council place of the tribes in Bowating.

First a great wooden cross was blessed and planted, and a staff showing the royal arms of France. Then St. Lusson, standing with his sword in one hand and in the other a clod of earth, symbol of his taking possession, spoke thus in a loud voice to the assemblage:

"In the name of the most high, mighty and redoubtable monarch, Louis Fourteenth of that name, Most Christian King of France and Navarre, I take over this Sainte Marie du Sault, the Lakes Huron and Superior, Manitoulin Island, and all the other countries, lakes and streams adjacent thereto, both those discovered and those which may be discovered hereafter, in all their length and breadth, bounded on the one side by the oceans of the north and west, and on the other by the South Sea, declaring to the nations therein that from this time henceforth they are subjects of His Majesty, bound to obey his laws and follow his customs; promising them on his part all succor and protection against their enemies; and declaring to all other princes and potentates, states and republics, to them and their peoples, that they must not seize or settle upon any part of the aforesaid countries, save only under the good pleasure of His Most Christian Majesty and of him who will govern in his behalf; and this on pain of incurring his resentment and the weight of his arms. Long live the King!"

Thus bravely spake St. Lusson on that famous day in June, standing on the little hill by the river. And if the headstrong English had paid due and hoped-for attention to his words, the French tricolor would be waving in Lock Park today.

All Join in Uproar

The Frenchmen fired their muskets and joined in shouting "Vive le Roi!" And the Indians joined in the uproar without, probably, having any idea of what it was all about.

When the tumult had subsided, Father Claude Allouez, as told in the Relations, began to eulogize the King, in order to make all those nations understand what sort of man he was whose standard they beheld, and to whose sovereignty they were that day submitting. "It is a good work, my brothers," he said to the Indians in their language, "that brings us together in council today. Look at the cross that rises above your heads. It was there that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, after making himself a man for the love of men, was nailed and died, to satisfy his Father for our sins. It is he of whom I am continually speaking to you, and whose name and word I have borne all through your country. Look at this post to which are fixed the arms of the Great Chief of France, whom we call

King. He lives across the sea. He is the chief of the greatest chiefs, and has no equal on earth. All the chiefs whom you have ever seen are but children beside him.

"When he says, 'I am going to war,' everybody obeys his orders, and each of his ten thousand chiefs raises a troop of a hundred warriors, some on sea and some on land. When our King attacks his enemies he is more terrible than the thunder; the earth trembles, the air and the sea are all on fire with the blaze of his cannon; he is seen in the midst of his warriors, covered with the blood of his enemies, whom he kills in such numbers that he does not reckon them by the scalps, but by the streams of blood which he causes to flow. He takes so many prisoners that he holds them in no account, but lets them go where they will, to show that he is not afraid of them. But now nobody dares make war on him. All the nations beyond the sea have submitted to him and begged humbly for peace.

And a Mighty Man Was He

"The width of this great river would be but a step for him, and were he here he could span these rapids with one foot on the north shore and the other on the south. His house is longer than from here to the top of the Sault,—that is to say more than half a league,—and it holds more families than the largest of your towns. All that is done in the world is decided by him alone."

And we read further that the spectacle closed that night with a tremendous bonfire on the shore, around which the Te Deum was sung, to thank God on behalf of these poor peoples that were now the subjects of so great and powerful a monarch.

Never before nor since has France annexed so gigantic a domain as was here formally taken over in 1671. It is fascinating to speculate on what might have been if the English had abandoned Hudson's Bay, or if Montcalm had won the victory on the Plains of Abraham, or even if all the tribes had remained faithful to the French. The Almighty willed otherwise, and the muskets of the English confirmed the verdict.

When St. Lusson and his men had departed up Lake Superior in search of furs, the Indians appropriated the shield bearing the arms of France. Perhaps some savage individual threw it into the river or destroyed it, fearing it as an evil charm or a Matchi Manito; possibly it went to some Bowating Indian who hung the pretty gew-gaw on the wall of his lodge. At any rate it promptly disappeared, a prophetic symbol of the French suzerainty which was soon to follow. But tradition tells us that the towering cross stood firm in the river bank for a long time.

Marquette Comes to Mackinac.

Marquette was not present at the pageant of St. Lusson, for he had been sent to take charge of the St. Esprit Mission on

the southwestern shore of Lake Superior. Threatened there by the Sioux in his ministry to the Ottawas and the Hurons driven thence by the Iroquois, he brought his flock in safety down the lake and established himself probably first on Mackinac Island, and afterward on the mainland where St. Ignace now stands. With him went an Indian boy, a slave who had been captured in the country of the Illini. This boy was no doubt useful to Marquette on his voyage of discovery down to the Mississippi, as the following letter of the missionary shows:

"When the Illinois came north they passed a great river almost a league wide. It runs north and south, and so far that the Illinois, who do not know what canoes are, have never heard of its mouth; they only know that below them are very great nations, some of whom raise two crops of corn a year. This great river can hardly empty into Virginia, and we rather believe its mouth is in California. If the Indians who promise me a canoe keep their word, we shall go into this river as soon as we can, with a Frenchman and this young man who has been given to me. We shall visit the nations that inhabit it in order to open the way to so many of our fathers who have long awaited this happiness. This discovery will give us a complete knowledge of the southern or western sea."

The Frenchman Marquette speaks of was Louis Joliet. Together they left St. Ignace in the spring of 1673 and made their famous voyage of discovery down the Mississippi. Returning, they ascended the Illinois River, and with a short portage, they floated down the Chicago River to the present site of the metropolis, the quick eye of Joliet discerning the possibilities of a canal which might some day link the Great Lakes to the South Sea.

Father Marquette Dies

Joliet returned to the east, while Marquette labored at Green Bay until the fall of 1674. Repairing to the southern shore of Lake Michigan, he passed the winter there in extreme illness. He wished to return to St. Ignace in the spring of 1675, but disease had made such inroads that he was not able to complete the journey. His Indian canoe-men, seeing that he was about to die, entered the mouth of a little river on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan afterward known as the Pere Marquette, and they had hardly taken him ashore before he expired.

The largest county in Michigan and one of its most beautiful cities take their name from Marquette. His name is commemorated in that of a great railroad, and of a renowned Wisconsin university. The latter state has raised his statue in the Hall of Fame in Washington in remembrance of one of her greatest citizens. And Le Sault de Sainte Marie cherishes him as her founder, her early chronicler, the builder of her first

church and probably her first white man's permanent home, and as the one who bestowed upon her the name by which she shall be known for all time.

Shortly after the St. Lusson ceremony the Sault chapel burned and another replaced it. About this time Father Nouvel wrote from here to Governor Frontenac:

"This place, to which the abundance of whitefish caught gives considerable importance, daily becomes more beautiful and more comfortable, especially since the savages apply themselves to planting Indian corn

"In their fear of being attacked by their enemies, they prefer to dwell near the church rather than in their own fort. They even wish to place their women and children there for safety when they went down to Montreal to trade

English Are Feared

"All these tidings (of the English at Hudson Bay) trouble the Indians attached to us, who are enjoying the peace that the victorious wars of the King have acquired for them, and the protection of Heaven that rising Christianity brings them. But we do not fail to give them the necessary encouragement to keep themselves closely united both to God and the French, assuring them that in this union they have no reason to fear."

A bloody fight occurred at the mission in 1674 which seriously threatened its stability. After a sanguinary battle between Sault Indians and the Sioux in the western part of the peninsula, in which the latter were badly worsted, the Sioux begged for peace, and sent ten representatives of their tribe here to conclude it. A large band of Crees, enemies of the Sioux, came down from the north shore of Lake Superior, bent on preventing a truce if possible. For safety's sake Fathers Dablon and Drouilletes took the ten Sioux Indians into their home, whither they were followed by a crowd of Crees and Saulteur Indians, some of them with knives.

The Battle in the Cabin

A Cree Chief advanced to one of the Sioux, and brandishing a knife before him, said, "Thou are afraid!" The Sioux replied without flinching, "If thou thinkest I tremble, strike straight at my heart." The aggressor struck, and the Sioux with a cry for help, fell dead upon the floor. Immediately his companions drew their concealed knives and drove them indiscriminately into the bodies of the nearest Crees or Saulteurs. A tremendous shindy followed. The Cree who had begun the fight was the first of his band to be killed, the others were quickly slashed to death or driven out of the house.

Mad with rage, the Crees and Saulteurs piled inflammable material against the house and fired it, some of them being

shot by the Sioux, who had discovered some muskets within. Driven out by the flames, the Sioux took possession of a neighboring cabin where they made a wonderfully game fight, killing and wounding some fifty of their adversaries before their last man was slain. The priests' house was burned, the chapel barely escaped, and blood, dead, wounded and dying lay everywhere within the little enclosure.

For some time the missionaries were apprehensive of reprisals on the part of the Sioux for the death of their ambassadors. But that tribe either respected the prowess of the Sault Indians too much to retaliate, or was busy elsewhere in Indian warfare, for we have no record of further trouble at the time.

Father Charles Albanel

The annals of this eventful decade would be incomplete without reference to Father Charles Albanel, who came to the Sault in 1676. His diary is in the Relation of 1672. In 1670 he left Quebec with a party of Indians, travelled northward a distance of 2,400 miles and was the first white man to reach Hudson's Bay by the overland route.

He made a second trip over the same country in 1764 and was made a prisoner by the English at the Bay. He was sent to England by them and returned to France in 1675. A year later we find him at the Sault, where he ministered to the Indians and the French voyageurs for many years, dying here in January, 1696. His body is buried somewhere in the vicinity of the old Johnston home, the exact spot being unknown, and the great achievements and even the name of Charles Albanel are almost forgotten.

La Salle Made Brave Fight.

Not so with Robert Cavelier de La Salle and Henri de Tonty, for Parkman has made them immortal. If ever a man rose superior to a thousands discouragements, that man was La Salle. When you feel dispirited, or if you ever have the blues, read Parkman's "La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West," and learn how La Salle rose superior to heart-breaking misfortunes that make your troubles seem trifles.

When La Salle came up Lake Huron in 1679 with his "floating fort," the Griffin, the first vessel of any size to sail the upper Great Lakes, Tonty and Hennepin were with him. Fifteen men had preceded them on various errands, but only four awaited them at Michilmackinac. La Salle sent Tonty to the Sault in search of the rest, and Tonty captured two of them here.

The Iron Hand

In May of this year 1923, Mr. Wm. Roach of Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, while working on his grounds at the corner of Spring and Wellington streets in that city, found an iron hand. The cast of the palm is perfect (the hand is the left one) but the back is nearly flat, and rough. Many people have measured their hands on the relic, but only one man, a native of Quebec and of French descent, has found it an exact reproduction of his own. The fingers have an evenness of length often observed among the French and other Latin races.

Tonty was known in Canada as "The Man With the Iron Hand," having lost his left hand in an Italian battle. He is known to have worn the hand of iron when he came to New France, and probably he had it when he came up Lake Huron with La Salle. But there is a record extant of Tonty's embarrassment in 1682 when, being in the Arkansas country, the Indians made signs of friendship by joining hands. This Tonty could not do in response, as one of his hands was missing, but he directed his men to act in like fashion. Where, then, was the iron hand which, if there, could have been grasped by the other? Drawings of Tonty made later show his left hand gone. When he came to the Sault, did the deserters hear of his approach and withdraw to the left side of the river, and did he follow them there and lose his iron hand in the search of the woods? Or is the hand a product of Alexander Henry's furnace a century later, a token of the beginnings of iron mining and smelting in Canada? Nobody knows.

First White Court Is Held

Daniel Greysolon Du L'hut, "King of the Couriers de Bois," paid Sainte Marie du Sault a visit in 1684 under unusual circumstances. When he was temporary Commandant at Michilimackinac in the absence of De la Durantaye, word came that two Frenchmen had been murdered by Indians in the Lake Superior district, also that those suspected of the murder were at the Sault. Du L'hut promptly embarked for the Sault with a half dozen Frenchmen, and reinforced by less than a score of his compatriots residing here, he seized the suspects and brought them to trial, with himself as judge.

In the face of several hundred menacing Indian friends of the accused, Du L'hut proceeded to establish the guilt or innocence of his prisoners. The evidence was conflicting, but Du L'hut, fearing the effect of leniency on the Indians, issued the dictum of a life for a life, and the two most probably guilty ones were shot on the river bank. This was the first white man's legal trial and execution of which we have record in the Northwest. The proceedings tally well with Du L'hut's reputation. He is said to have been a man of extraordinary

strength; to have penetrated the Rockies to the western ocean and to have entered the councils of a score of tribes. His Indian wives, the old stories tell us, were scattered at convenient distances from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Once, at St. Anthony's Falls on the Mississippi, he challenged a thousand Indians and rescued Hennepin, a former battlefield comrade in France. Du L'hut's name is commemorated in that of the Zenith City.

Sault de Sainte Marie

In ancient times the rapids—and by synecdoche the village beside them—were called Asticou by the Indians, according to tradition. At the beginning of the seventeenth century the Chippewas knew the locality as Bowating. Etienne Brule named it Saut de Gaston in 1622. Thirty-two years later Father Allouez entered the region on his map as the Saut de Tracy. A few years after this Father Marquette renamed it Sainte Marie du Sault. And in the Jesuit Revelations for 1683 we find another change to Sault de Sainte Marie, very near to our civic and governmental usage of today, in which the French word “de” (of) is dropped, and the feminine “Sainte” is abbreviated to “Ste.”

Baron La Hontan found this inverted name in use when he visited us in 1688, as the following letter shows:

“I set out from Missilmackinac in my Canow June 2. And after my arrival at the Water-fall call'd Saut Sainte Marie, I persuaded forty Young Warlike Fellows to join the Party of the Outaouas that I mention'd in my last. This Saut Sainte Marie is a Cataract, or rather a Water-fall of two Leagues in length, which gives Vent to the Waters of the upper Lake, and at the Bottom of which, not far from the Jesuits House, there's a village of the Outchipoues, alias Sauteurs. This Place is a great Thoroughfare for the Coureurs de Bois that trade with the Northern People, who usually repair to the Brinks of that Lake in the Summer. The continual Fogg that rises from the upper Lake, and spreads over the adjacent Country, renders the Ground so barren, that it bears no Corn.

“The 13th of the same Month I set out from the above-mention'd Village, being accompany'd by the forty young Sauteurs, who embarqu'd in five Canows, each of which held eight Men. The 16th we arriv'd at the Isle of Detour, where my Soldiers and the Party of the Outaouas had tarry'd for me two Days. The first day was spent by the Outaouas and the Sauteurs in Warlike Feasts, Dancing, and Singing, pursuant to their wonted Custom: The next Day we all embark'd, and traversing from Isle to Isle, made the Island of Manitoualin in four Days.”

Were Good Warriors

They were going to fight the Iroquois in the Iroquois country, and they gave a very good account of themselves. In another place, La Hontan mentions the Sauteurs as "good warriors, speaking the Algonkin language, and a sprightly active sort of People."

The same year the northern Chief Adario, or The Rat, of the Hurons, whom Charlevoix pronounced the ablest Indian the French ever knew in America, prevented by a ruse the proposed truce between the French and the Iroquois. Secretly way-laying the ambassadors of the latter on their way to make peace with the French, he killed some of them and made the rest prisoners. These he sent back to their people, telling them that he had abused them by order of the French Governor. In reprisal, the Iroquois landed in the night of the 4th of August, 1688, at La Chine, and inflicted on the French the most horrible massacre in the annals of Canada. For two months the settlements along the St. Lawrence lay prostrate under the invaders, butchery succeeding butchery until the remaining French grew wild with fear. The news spread far and wide among the Indians of the Upper Lakes, and many of the northern tribes hastened to make peace with the Iroquois, sending messages with wampum and gifts.

Sault de Sainte Marie declined temporarily at the close of the century, losing a large part of its population to the French military post under Cadillac at Michilimackinac. The mission at the rapids was abandoned by the Jesuits, there being left but a handful of Indians in the once populous village. After the death of Father Albanel, we find no record of the ministrations of missionary priests at the Sault for a century or more.

LE SAULT DE SAINTE MARIE—THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

In the early years of the eighteenth century, Le Sault de Sainte Marie fell upon evil days. This was due to several factors, the chief of which was the native fear of the Iroquois and the English.

The Crees and the other tribes in the rich fur country north of Lake Superior came in diminishing numbers to the Sault and to Montreal with their peltries. Further west the tribes still delivered to the French their vernal crops of furs, the harvest from which new France drew its sustenance, but the shining bales went to Michilimackinac and Green Bay rather than down to or past the Sault. The northern Indians found a more convenient and a higher market at Hudson's Bay, and the English—or to be more precise, the Scotch, for the Hudson's Bay Company in the field has been pre-eminently Scotch—soon were extending their outposts southward toward Lake Superior. Wandering Crees at the Sault told the inhabitants there of British forts at the Bay, with cannon on the ramparts, and long racks gleaming with muskets. The defenseless Saulteurs fell to wondering whether the French King was as omnipotent as he was pictured in the allegory of Allouez, and to sighing for the comparative safety of the forts at Michilimackinac and De Troit.

Likewise the overwhelming sweep of the Iroquois down the St. Lawrence sent an apprehensive thrill to the farthest boundaries of New France. Their past incursions into the North were recalled, and even those Indians most loyal to France felt their confidence shaken. The missionaries came no more to the Sault, and Cadillac at Michilimackinac was preparing to abandon the post and establish himself at De Troit. Thus a triple combination of circumstances operated to reduce the community at the rapids, so that from a village it became a hamlet, and when Cadillac went down Lake Huron, many Saulteurs followed him.

The Liquor Question

Cadillac had come to Michilimackinac in 1694 with high hopes for the advance of the French dominion in the Northwest. He found himself in authority over one of the largest villages in Canada, a community of two hundred soldiers, six or seven thousand Indians, a Jesuit mission, and a flourishing colony of traders. Soon he had a serious falling out with the Jesuit Father Carheil over the liquor question. The latter complained to Governor Frontenac of the condition at Michilimack-

inac, and what he said might have applied to the Sault as well:

"Our missions are reduced to such extremity that we can no longer maintain them against the infinity of disorder, brutality, violence, injustice, impiety, impurity, insolence, scorn and insult which the deplorable and infamous trade in brandy has spread universally among the Indians. What hope can we have of bringing the Indians to Christ, when all the sinners of the colony are permitted to come here and give Christianity the lie by an open exhibition of bad morals?"

He described at length in his letters to Frontenac the scandalous conduct of the officers and the drunkenness and gambling of the soldiers and traders, and said the fort had become a place he was ashamed to call by its right name, with swarms of Indian girls resorting to it daily and nightly. He told Frontenac that the mission should not be abandoned, but suggested that the officers and soldiers be withdrawn.

Cadillac Defends Drinking

Cadillac's reply was more forceful than polite:

"This place is exposed to all sorts of fatigue, the air is penetrating, fish and smoked meats are the principal food of the inhabitants, and a drink of brandy is necessary after eating, to cook the bilious meats and the crudities which they leave in the stomach; without it, sickness will be much more frequent. . . . He (Carheil) told me that I gave myself airs that did not belong to me, holding his fist under my nose at the same time. I came very near knocking his jaw out of joint."

The traders of the time were strong for brandy:

"If you prevent us from taking good brandy to Michilimackinac and the Sault, is it that you want the Indians to buy bad rum from the English and the Dutch? If you make the savages go south for rum by cutting off their supply of brandy, you will throw them into the arms of the Calvinists, and it will be your fault if they become heretics."

About this time Louis XIV. issued an edict prohibiting liquor in all Canada, which of course included the Sault. Thus our dry laws were antedated by those of the French upwards of two hundred years. But the law fell short of enforcement, and contraband liquor circulated freely. An attempt was made to avert the scandal by the erection of breweries in Eastern Canada, and the argument was advanced that "we may expect the vice of drunkenness will cause us no more reproach, by reason of the cold nature of beer, the vapours whereof rarely deprive men of the use of judgment."

Blasphemy to be Punished

The King also drew the line at blaspheming by his Canadian subjects. Here is the law:



William Halfaday and Son Garit

"It is our will and pleasure that all persons convicted of profane swearing and blaspheming the name of God, the Most Holy Being, of the Saints, be condemned to the payment of a fine, according to their possessions and the enormity of the oath. If the offense is repeated, a double, triple or quadruple fine shall be imposed for the second, third and fourth offence; for the fifth time they shall be set in the pillory and exposed to public abuse; for the sixth time the upper lip shall be seared with a hot iron; for the seventh the lower lip shall be cut; and if they still continue to utter oaths and blasphemies it is our will and command that they have the tongue completely cut out, so that they cannot utter them again."

Not all the northern Indians succumbed to the vices of the whites or were passive to the reactions of the times. Here and there one lifted his voice in protest or in doubt as to the blessings of white civilization. We have record of a conversation of La Hontan with the northern Chief Adario, The Rat, so praised by Charlevoix, whose obscure stratagems probably influenced the destinies of the North more than most of us realize. Says the Rat, in commenting upon his eighteenth century white brothers, when La Hontan had reproached him with lack of knowledge of the true God:

Religion of the Indians

Dost thou believe we are void of Religion, after thou hast dwelt so long amongst us? Dost thou not know that we acknowledge a Creator of the Universe, under the title of the Great Spirit or Master of Life, whom we believe to be in every Thing, and to be unconfined to Limits? That the Great Spirit has made us capable of distinguishing Good from Evil, to the end that we might observe the true Measures of Justice and Wisdom? The Tranquility and Serenity of the Soul pleases the Great Master of Life, and on the other hand he abhors Trouble and Anxiety of Mind because it renders Men Wicked.

"For my Part, the only Thing in the World that vexes and disturbs my Mind, is the seeing Men wage War with Men. Prithee, my Brother, do but look; our Dogs agree perfectly with the Iroquois Dogs, and those of the Iroquois bear no enmity to Dogs that come from France. I do not know any animal that wages war with its own Species, excepting Man, who upon this Score is more unnatural than the Beasts.

"We believe that we shall go to the Country of Souls after Death; but we have no such Apprehension as you have of a good and bad mansion after this Life, provided for the good and bad Souls; for we cannot tell whether every Thing that appears Faulty to Men, is so in the Eyes of God. If your Religion differs from ours it does not follow that we have none at all. Thou knowest that I have been in France, New

York and Quebec, where I studied the customs and Doctrines of the English and French. The Jesuits allege, That out of five or six hundred Sorts of Religions, there is only one that is the good and the true Religion, and that is their own; out of which no Man shall escape the Flames of a Fire that will burn his Soul to all Eternity. This is their Allegation: But when they have said all, they cannot offer any proof for it.

Do Not Obey the Commandments

"And why do you not Obey the Commandments of this your so true Religion? Do you not see every Day that your Merchants, when they bargain with us for Beaver-skins, do commonly say, my Goods cost me so much, 'tis true as I adore the Almighty; I lose so much by you, 'tis as true as that God is in Heaven. But I do not find that they offer Him the Sacrifice of their most valuable Goods, as we do after we have bought them from them, when we burn them before their Faces.

"And as for working on Holy-days, I do not find that you make any difference between Holy-days and Work-days; for I have frequently seen the French bargain for Skins on your Holy-days, as well as make Nets, game, quarrel, beat one another, get drunk, and commit a hundred extravagant Actions. As for Continence with respect to the tender Sex, who is it among you (abating the Jesuits) that has ever acted up to it? Do you not see every day that your Youths pursue our Daughters and our Wives, even to the very Fields, with a design to inveigle them to Presents? And dost thee not know how many such Adventures there are among thy own Soldiers?

"To touch upon the Head of Murder, 'tis such a common Thing among you, that upon the least Accident, you clap your Hands to your Swords, and butcher one another. As for your Fasts, I must say they are very Comical; You eat of all sorts of Fish till you burst again; you cram down Eggs, and a Thousand other Things, and yet you call this Fasting. In fine, my Brother, you do all of you make large Pretensions to Faith, and yet you are downright Infidels; you would fain pass for wise People, and at the same time you are Fools.

A Missionary for the Hurons

"Since the Great Spirit is so Just and so Good, I am persuaded 'tis impossible that his Justice should render the Salvation of Mankind so difficult, as that All of them should be damn'd that are not Retainers to your Religion. The Great Spirit requires of us all Uprightness of Life, love to our Brethren, and tranquility of Mind; these Duties we practice in our Villages while the Europeans defame, kill, rob, and pull one another to Pieces in their Towns. My Friend, thou shalt never

see the good Country of Souls, unless thou turnest Huron. Believe me, my dear Brother, 'tis thy interest to turn Huron, in order to prolong thy Life. Thou shalt eat, drink, sleep and hunt, with all the Ease that Can be; thou shalt be free from the Passions that tyrannize over the French; thou shalt have no Occasion for Gold or Silver to make thee happy; thou shalt not fear Robbers, Assassins, or False Witnesses; and if thou hast a Mind to be King of all the World, why, thou shalt have nothing to do but think that thou are so."

Nor could all the arguments of La Hontan budge the poor benighted old sinner an inch.

There has been considerable difference of opinion as to the wisdom of Cadillac in abandoning the Mackinac post. No doubt the importance of the position was well understood by the French, but the soldiers were not available to man it. Cadillac's fort was not on Mackinac Island, but on the St. Ignace shore, and the partially obliterated outlines of the old earthworks may be seen there on the hill back of Marquette Park. Both shores of the Straits and the Fairy Island itself took indiscriminately the name of Michilimackinac, or Great Turtle.

In one of his letters Cadillac testifies to his success in depopulating the Sault:

Two Nations United

"The Saulteurs and Missisagues have come here (to Detroit) again this year to build a village on this river. By my advice the two nations have united into one."

The Missisagues were natives of the territory adjacent to the present town of Thessalon, Ontario, on the north shore of Georgian Bay. Calling a few dozen or a few hundred Indians a "nation" sounds rather queer to us, but such was the custom of the time.

The fur traffic on St. Mary's River, then, suffered heavily in the first decades of the century, falling to proportions greatly exceeded afterward and probably before that time. Still, numbers of Frenchmen must have come to the Sault de Sainte Marie, some to sojourn a brief period, and others to stay.

No other Europeans ever pleased the natives so well as the French, for the latter fell in with Indian customs to a degree never manifested by any other foreigners. While many of the voyageurs and couriers de bois could boast of no morals, perhaps, and were superstitious and illiterate as the Indians themselves,—even inferior in mentality to the bold and eloquent Northern Chiefs,—still they respected the customs of the Indians, married their daughters and reared large families; and adapted themselves to Indian ways of thought in a manner inconceivable to the rigid-minded English and Dutch.

Capture British Cannon

The Frenchmen of the region, though fewer in number, were as plucky and dashing as ever. Although apparently abandoned by Cadillac, they resolved to strike a blow for France. A band of voyageurs from Michilimackinac and the Sault made a sudden and unlooked-for descent on the British Hudson's Bay posts in the far north. They burned and destroyed at will, and brought home in triumph a number of small brass cannon, which they portaged around the falls here and mounted in a new fort on the south side of the Straits of Mackinac. In time these cannon came again into possession of the English.

The noted Father Charlevoix visited this region in 1721, and the account of his voyage was published in Dublin in 1766. While we cannot find that he stopped over at Sault de Sainte Marie, still he has this to say of us:

"Between Lake Huron and the upper Lake is the Streight itself, by which the second flows into the first, is a Torrent, or Fall, which is called Saulte Sainte Marie, (the Fall of St. Mary). Its Environs were formerly inhabited by Savages who came from the South Side of the upper Lake, whom they called Saulteurs; that is to say, the Inhabitants of the Fall. They have probably given them this name, to save the trouble of pronouncing their true name; which it is not possible to do, without taking breath two or three times. Many write and pronounce it Outaouaks, and some Pauoirigoueiouhak."

Only Few Chippewas Here

When the La Verendryes, father and sons, came up St. Mary's River in 1731, bound for the west on a voyage of exploration, they found but a few straggling Chippewas at the rapids. They made no mention of any Frenchmen living there, but Williams' "Life of the Honorable Peter White," tells of a Frenchman named La Londe, who built a schooner of forty tons above the rapids about that time.

The territory surrounding Hudson's Bay was ceded to the British by France in 1713. The northern Indians, feeling themselves neglected by the French, and observing the growing might of England, were gravitating to the latter power. However, so advantageous a location as Le Saute de Sainte Marie could not be given up without a struggle.

The following instrument, signed in 1750 by Jonquiere, Governor of Canada, and ratified the year following by King Louis XV. of France, is self-explanatory:

"The Chevalier de Repentigny and Captain de Bonne, officers of the French army, desiring to establish a seignory at Sault Sainte Marie, where travellers from neighboring ports may find safe retreat, and where by care and precaution, they may de-

stroy in those parts the trade of the Indians with the English, we make to the said Captain de Bonne and the said Chevalier de Repentigny a concession at the Sault of a tract of land at the portage, six leagues bordering upon the river, by six leagues in depth; to be enjoyed by them, their heirs and assigns, forever, by title of fief and seignory, with the right of fishing and hunting within the whole of said concession, upon condition of doing homage at the Castle of St. Louis in Quebec; and that they may hold said lands by themselves or their tenants, and cause all others to give them up. In default whereof, the same shall be reunited to His Majesty's domain."

Largest Estate in Michigan

This concession created the largest private estate ever held within the present limits of Michigan. It comprised an area of about 335 square miles or 214,000 acres of land.

The domain was administered by de Repentigny, while de Bonne, as silent partner and relative of the Governor, remained at Quebec. In addition to the political phase involved, there was an evident intention to embark in agriculture and stock raising. De Repentigny arrived at his little kingdom here late in 1751. The following winter he busied himself in cutting pickets and other timber for a fort, which with three buildings was erected in 1752. A palisade one hundred and ten feet square enclosed these buildings. The north face of this palisade, which was probably twelve feet high all around, was co-incident practically with the north line of Water street. The west wall was about fifty feet east of Brady street.

The Chevalier brought over some live stock from Mackinac, a bull and three cows, a yoke of oxen, some heifers, a horse and a mare, probably the first horses and cattle in what is now Chippewa County. He cut down all trees within gun-fire range of the fort, and installed Jean Baptiste Cadotte as the pioneer farmer in this region on the clearing just outside the palisade. De Repentigny remained here most of the time until 1755, perfecting his fortifications, superintending the farming operations, and trading with the Indians.

English Came in 1762

The English having attacked Quebec in that year, de Repentigny flew to the aid of his countrymen, taking with him every man that could be spared from the seignory at Sault de Sainte Marie, white or Indian. The property was left in charge of Cadotte, who ruled in the name of de Repentigny and de Bonne until the coming of the English victors in 1762. Then the ensign of France descended from the flag-staff, never to float again over Sault Sainte Marie.

We find de Repentigny at Montreal in 1759, giving his

wife power of attorney over his Sault demesne and the furs to be gotten therefrom. Canada was lost to the French, and de Repentigny was under the necessity of abandoning his fief, of selling it if possible to a British subject, or as a final alternative, of becoming a British subject himself. It is evidence of de Repentigny's high qualities that the British Governor Murray wrote him in 1764 with assurance of his esteem, and requesting his attachment to the British cause. But the gallant Frenchman returned to Paris, where he is seen in 1773 asking advancement in French military service, and stating as grounds for such desired preferment that "the cession of Canada has overturned my fortune, which I could only preserve by an oath of fidelity to the new master, that was too hard for my heart." In proof of his family's loyalty to France, he mentions in the same letter that his grandfather was the eldest of twenty-three brothers, all of whom had been in the French military service.

So de Repentigny never returned to Sault de Sainte Marie, and Jean Baptiste Cadotte and his heirs, remaining in possession of the clearing at the Rapids, came in time to consider it as theirs. The situation led to a disputed title and a great amount of litigation extending over a long period of years, the case being famous in Michigan's legal history. A long tenure by the Cadottes confirmed them in the idea of ownership. De Repentigny's great-grandchildren felt that their title, together with that of de Bonne's assigns, should hold. With the expenditure of much time and money the two latter interests procured in 1860 an Act of Congress, authorizing the District Court in Michigan to pass upon the validity of their title as against that of the United States. The District Court decided in 1861 that the heirs and assigns of de Repentigny and de Bonne were entitled to and were the lawful owners of the 214,000 acres of land comprising the original seignory. In the meantime a large part of this acreage had come to be very valuable.

Appeal to Supreme Court

But the government appealed the case to the United States Supreme Court, and the highest tribunal decided in 1866 that the claims of these heirs were not valid, and the bill was dismissed. The decision rested on the non-fulfillment of the original terms of the grant by the French Government, the lapse of time, the abandonment of the lands by the grantees, the reunion of the same to the French crown, and the want of certainty in description. Thus the last claim to Michigan lands under French occupation was not settled until the close of the civil war.

When Alexander Henry, fur-trader, adventurer, and writer, came to Sault de Sainte Marie in May, 1762, he took up his residence with the faithful Cadotte and his wife in the de

Repentigny establishment, or "the old French fort," as it came to be spoken of in after days. Says Henry:

"This fort is situated on a beautiful plain about two miles in circumference, which is covered with luxuriant grass. Within sight are the rapids, distant half a mile. The width of the strait, or river, is about half a mile. The portage, or carry-place, commences at the fort. The banks are rocky and allow only a narrow footpath over them. Canoes, half loaded, ascend on the south side, and the other half is carried on men's shoulders.

Henry Describes Sault Fishing

"These rapids are beset with rocks of the most dangerous description; yet they are the scene of a fishery in which all dangers are braved and mastered with singular expertness. They are full of whitefish, much larger and more excellent than those of Michilimackinac, and which are found here during the greater part of the season, weighing in general from six pounds to fifteen. This fishery is of great moment to the surrounding Indians, whom it supplies with a large proportion of their winter's provision; for, having taken the fish they cure them by drying in the smoke, and lay them up in large quantities.

"The fish are often crowded together in the water, in great numbers, and a skilful fisherman, in autumn, will take five hundred in two hours.

"There is at present a village of Chippewas, of fifty warriors, seated at this place; but the inhabitants reside here during the summer only, going westward in the winter to hunt. The village was anciently more populous."

So plentiful were the whitefish that a number of canoe cargoes of them were taken to Mackinac. The latter had a reputation as a fine fishing-ground, but the Sault rapids in the old days afforded the best fishing in the world for whitefish, as they do today for rainbow trout. What civilization has done to the once swarming whitefish here constitutes a pitiful story. The records of this fishery in former times would be almost incredible to us were they not so numerous and so well authenticated.

Lived on Hominy

Henry was a practical and an acute observer of everything around him, and his remarks on the victualling of the French voyageurs are interesting:

"The maize or Indian corn with which the canoe-men are supplied is prepared for use by boiling it in a strong lye, after which the husk is removed, and the corn is mashed and dried. The allowance of each man on a voyage is a quart a day, and a bushel, with two pounds of prepared fat, is reckoned to be a month's subsistence. No other allowance is made, not

even salt, and bread is never thought of. The men nevertheless are healthy and capable of performing their heavy labour. The difficulty which would belong to an attempt to reconcile any other men than Canadians to this fare, seems to secure for them and their employers the monopoly of the fur-trade."

Corn \$10 a Bushel

The price of this Indian corn was forty livres per bushel, or approximately ten dollars. Money was rarely received or paid for commodities, furs and peltries being the medium of exchange. Beaver-skins were worth a dollar apiece, otters three dollars, martins about a dollar and a half. When Henry bought corn, he paid a dollar a pound for the tallow he mixed with it. A quarter of beef cost its weight in beaver-skins. "These high prices of grain and beef," says Henry, "led me to be very industrious in fishing."

Henry arranged to spend the winter at the Sault and to study the Chippewa language with the Cadottes, but a serious misfortune changed his plans. Shortly before Christmas a fire at night destroyed the houses of the little village excepting that of Cadotte. A portion of the fort stockade was also burned, with all the winter provisions of the troops. Lieutenant Jemette, first English Commandant at the post, barely escaped with his life.

The river was still open, and the troops embarked for Mackinac, for to stay in numbers meant starvation for all. Henry and Jemette snow-shoed down to Mackinac in February, but Henry soon returned, and in the spring he engaged in maple-sugar making with the Cadottes. This sugar was the principal food of their party of eight for one month, and during that time they ate three hundred pounds of it. Henry tells us he had known Indians to live wholly and to become fat upon exclusive rations of maple sugar and syrup over long periods.

70 Soldiers Massacred

Henry had business interests at Mackinac, and he found it necessary to go there in the spring of 1763. He passed unscathed through the massacre there in June of the English by the Indians. This was in the mainland fort on the south shore of the straits, on the site of which a Michigan State Park is now located. Under the leadership of the Saulteur Chief Minavavana, who acted in concert with Pontiac to wipe out if possible the English in New France, the Chippewas surprised and killed seventy soldiers, among them Lieutenant Jemette, and took the rest prisoners.

The casual dream of another Chippewa Chief, by name Wawatam, was the means of saving Henry's life on this occasion. Wawatam had dreamed long before of adopting an

Englishman as his brother. When he first beheld Henry, he knew the latter for the person whom the Great Spirit had been pleased to point out to him as his white kinsman. They had exchanged presents, and Henry had expressed pleasure and declared his willingness to have so good a man as Wawatam for his brother. It was a lucky dream for Henry. An Indian slave-woman secreted him in a garret on that terrible day, and his brother Wawatam spirited him away from the vicinity as soon as possible. When Henry fell into the hands of the vengeful Minavavana, Wawatam delivered him by an impassioned and eloquent speech in council.

Read his peroration:

The Power of a Dream

"Friends and brothers, what shall I say? You know how I feel. What would you experience if you beheld your dearest friend, your brother, in the condition of a slave, exposed to insult and the menace of death? Is he not my brother, and as I am your relative, is he not your relative also? Did not you, Minavavana, promise that you would protect him, although you sent me away, fearing I would reveal your secret? Here am I, Great Chief, to claim at your hands; coming not with empty hands myself, but with gifts to annul any possible claim you may have on my brother as your prisoner. I await your answer."

This speech appears the more remarkable when we consider the circumstances under which it was delivered. It was stated and believed in this council that all the Indians, the Ottawas alone excepted, were at war with the English. It was affirmed and accepted that Pontiac had taken Detroit, that the King of France had awakened, and that the English were meeting destruction, not only at Mackinac but in every other parts of the world. Wawatam proved what a realistic thing a dream may be to an Indian, when he stood up for his English brother on this occasion.

The unerring pipes were smoked, and Henry was delivered unharmed to Wawatam by the council. The latter took Henry to Mackinac Island and hid him in Skull Cave, and later they spent the winter in hunting on the shore of Lake Michigan. In the spring they returned to the Straits and the last object to greet the Englishman's eye as he sailed away for the Sault was the Indian Wawatam, standing on the beach with his arms uplifted to the sky, praying Gitchi Manito to spare and bless his friend and to bring them again to a happy meeting.

Wawatam a Cannibal

The day after Wawatam rescued Henry from his enemies by this effective speech, he ate the hand and a large piece of

flesh of a white man. "He did not appear to relish the repast," says Henry, "but told me that it was then and always had been the custom among all the Indian nations, when returning from war or on overcoming their enemies, to make a war-feast from among the slain. This, he said, inspired the warrior with courage in attack and bred him to meet death with fearlessness."

The memory of this remarkable, generous, savage, paradoxical and enigmatic Chippewa Indian has been kept green by the christening for him of the giant car-ferry Chief Wawatam, which plies the waters of the Straits of Mackinac so often traversed by his canoe.

Henry returned to the Sault and planned to settle down with the Cadottes. Hostilities were still lively, however, and a band of Indians from Mackinac, thirsting for his life, pursued him up the river. Again it was necessary for him to seek the seclusion of a garret, while Jean Cadotte enlisted the assurance of the Saulteurs that they would not permit Henry to be harmed. The incoming Indians agreed to let him alone, but insisted upon taking the warriors of the village with them to join the forces of Pontiac.

This called for a council, and while it was deliberating, an Indian embassy from Sir William Johnson arrived at the village, summoning the tribes to meet him at Niagara. The strangers seated themselves in the assembly and a long silence ensued. Then one of them, taking up a belt of wampun, addressed the council as follows:

An Invitation

"My friends and brothers, I am come with this belt from our great father, Sir William Johnson. He desired me to come to you as his ambassador, and to tell you that he is making a great feast at Fort Niagara; that his kettles are all ready and his fires lit. He invites you to partake of the feast in common with your friends the Six Nations, which have all made peace with the English. He advises you to seize this opportunity of doing the same, as otherwise you cannot fail of being destroyed. For the English are on the march with a great army, which will be joined by different nations of Indians. In a word, before the fall of the leaf, they will be at Michilimackinac and the Six Nations with them."

This invitation seemed to call for more than human decision. The Great Turtle of the Chippewas must be invoked. For the purpose a large birch-bark wigwam was constructed on the shore of the river, and in the center a tent was raised, its poles being of strong timber eight inches in diameter which were closely covered with moose-hides. The wigwam was big

enough to accommodate the population of the village, and nearly everybody in the Sault was there.

When night came the whites and Indians crowded in, and fires were built around the tent within the wigwam. Presently the jossakeed or midi, the Indian medicine-man, came and crawled into the tent. His head was scarcely inside when the tent heavy and solid as it was with its timbers deeply grounded, began to shake violently. The sounds of many voices were heard beneath the skins; some yelling, some barking like dogs and howling like wolves, and in this horrible concert were mingled screams and sobs, as of despair and anguish and the sharpest pain.

The Great Turtle Is Heard

These confused and frightful noises gave way to silence. Then a low and feeble voice was heard, and the Indians recognized with joy the tones of the Great Turtle. A succession of chants followed, in a diversity of voices, after which the midi announced that the Great Turtle was present and was ready to answer any questions.

The village Chief, placing some kinnikinnick within the tent, inquired whether the English were making war upon the Indians, and whether there were many English troops at Niagara. The midi put these questions to the Great Turtle, whereupon the tent heaved convulsively and a terrific cry announced the departure of the spirit. Across Lake Huron he flew to Fort Niagara at the Head of Lake Ontario. Here, he told the assemblage on his return, he saw no great numbers of soldiers, but on continuing down the waterway to Montreal, he found the river covered with boats, and the boats filled with soldiers in numbers like the leaves of the trees. They were coming, said the supernatural voice, to make war upon the Saulteur Indians. There was a great sensation, and the wigwam thrilled at this.

The Chief then asked if the Saulteur Indians would be received as friends if they visited Sir William.

"Yes," said the spirit, "he will fill your canoes with presents with blankets, kettles, guns, gun-powder and shot and large barrels of rum, such as the stoutest of the Indians will not be able to lift. And every man will return safely to his family."

The feeling of apprehension in the crowd gave way to transports of joy at this. Amid the clapping of hands a hundred Indians shouted, "I will go, too! I will go, too!"

At this exciting moment, the usually level-headed Henry lost his judgment: Says he:

"These questions of public interest being satisfactorily answered, individuals were now permitted to seize the opportunity of inquiring into the condition of their absent friends, and the fate of such as were sick. I observed that the answers

given to the questions allowed of much latitude of interpretation.

More Tobacco Is Given

"Amid the general inquisitiveness, I yielded to the solicitations of my own anxiety for the future; and having first, like the rest, made my offering of tobacco I inquired whether or not I should ever revisit my native country? The question being put by ever revisit my native country? The question being put by the priest, the tent shook as usual; after which I received this answer: That I should take courage and fear no danger, for nothing would happen to hurt me; and that I should in the end reach my friends and country in safety. These assurances wrought so strongly on my gratitude that I presented an additional offering of tobacco.

"The Great Turtle continued to be consulted till near midnight, when all the crowd dispersed to their lodges. Through the scene I have described, I was on the watch to detect the particular contrivances by which the fraud was carried on. But such was the skill displayed in the performance, or such my deficiency of penetration, that I made no discoveries, but came away as I went, with no more than those general surmises which will naturally be entertained by every reader."

Thus closes Henry's capital account of the Chippewa Indian magic practiced by their midis, jossakeeds and wabenos in the Sault of old. If the midi should come back and set his tent up again on its Water Street site, he would play of course to an empty house. No one in the Sault ever thinks of getting his or her fortune told now. For we are civilized. Yes, indeed.

The Saulteur Chippewas sent a delegation to Niagara and Henry went with them. They canoed across Georgian Bay and portaged to Lakes Simcoe and Ontario, thus avoiding the enemy country down Lake Huron. One day when landing for dinner on an island in the North Channel of Georgian Bay, Henry was about to kill a rattlesnake he found there, but the Indians, horrified, prevented him. Surrounding it, they addressed it with great respect. They filled their pipes and gently blew smoke upon the creature, which received it with evident pleasure. After enjoying the incense for half an hour, it crawled away in safety, while the Indians besought their "grandfather," as they called it, to take care of their families during their absence, and to open the heart of Sir William Johnson so that he might be good to them and fill their canoes with rum.

Henry Nearly Sacrificed

Next day a storm arose as they were crossing the Bay. The Indians, convinced that Henry had angered their Ginebig

Manito, or Snake Spirit, proposed that he be thrown overboard to appease the wrath of the diety. However, by dint of the sacrifice of two dogs and a quantity of kinnikinnick tossed into the lake, and through fervent prayers to the snake, the storm abated.

The Indians were cordially received at Fort Niagara by Johnson, as the Great Turtle had foretold, but we have no record of his filling their canoes with rum. Henry returned to Mackinac and found that his clerks and his goods had disappeared. Jean Baptiste Cadotte, however, at the Sault, was friendly, and the two became partners in the fur trade.

Explored Michipicoten Region

Henry secured exclusive trading rights in the Lake Superior territory, and wintered at the Sault for several years. He explored the Michipicoten region, prospected for copper in the Keweenaw Peninsula, and penetrated into the heart of Assiniboia. He described that enormous nugget of pure copper which lay from prehistoric times on the bank of the Ontonagon River, and which you may see now in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. He secured a mining charter from England and built an ore furnace above the Sault at Point aux Pins. He visited the grave of Manibosho at Thunder Bay Point. He built a barge at Point aux Pins large enough to navigate Lake Superior in safety, and thus was the owner of the first shipyard above the rapids.

Henry's account of his travels, now unfortunately all too rare, is written in a straightforward and lucid style that smacks of truthfulness. Parkman did not hesitate to draw freely on Henry for sections of his "Conspiracy of Pontiac." Years after his adventures in the North Country, Henry became a wealthy merchant in Montreal, and he died there at a ripe old age.

Jean Baptiste Cadotte was the son of that Cadieux who came with St. Luson to the Sault in 1671. He was a merchant voyageur, and at the time of his appointment by de Repentigny at the old French Fort he held almost a monopoly of the fur trade in the Chippewa villages of Lake Superior. He took to wife the daughter of a Saulteur Chief, being married first with the native ceremonies and afterward in the missionary chapel at the Sault. He died at the Sault in 1803 and was buried there. His two sons, Jean and Michel were notable characters in the fur trade in the days of the North West Company. Both married Indian wives and left many descendants who are scattered over the western states and Canada.

Fort Is Found Here

The stockade or fort on the south side of the Straits of

Mackinac, the site of which is marked by a handsome monument, was held and used by French traders for about a year after the massacre. Then it was taken over by the British troops. Captain Jonathan Carver of the British Army came up St. Mary's River in 1766 and found de Repentigny's fort, presumably repaired from the ravages of fire, at the foot of the rapids, with Jean Cadotte in charge. Cadotte had shown his friendliness to the English, and the latter evidently did not mean to disturb him. And besides, he was Henry's partner.

Carver's book is remembered for its famous Indian snake-story among other things, and this story may bear repeating here.

A northern Indian having captured a rattlesnake, found means to tame it. Thereafter he treated it as a Manito, calling it his Great Father and taking it with him in a box wherever he went. Once he was met by a Frenchman as he was setting off for his winter's hunt. The Frenchman was surprised to see the Indian place on the ground the box which contained his god, open the little door and give the snake its freedom; adminishing it to be sure and return the following May, as he would be there to welcome it.

The Snake Returns

This happened in October, and the Frenchman opined that the Indian would have to wait a long, long time for the arrival of his Great Father. However, the Indian was so confident of the creature's return that he offered to wager Monsieur two gallons of rum that the snake would come at the time appointed and crawl into the box. The Frenchman agreed to this, and in the second week in May both were there to see the outcome, or rather the income. The Indian placed the box on the ground and called loudly for his father, but the snake heard him not. He had lost the bet, and he acknowledged it.

But he was not discouraged, and he offered to double the forfeit if the missing god did not come within two days from that time. The offer was promptly taken up; but *sacre bleu!* at one o'clock on the second day the snake arrived and crawled into the box, cheerily wagging its tail in its joy at getting home again. And the Frenchman had to pay the poor, guileless Indian four gallons of rum.

Jonathan Carver was seeking the passage to China when he came to this region, that passage the discovery of which had eluded Champlain, Nicolet, and so many other Frenchmen. "Those who are so fortunate as to succeed in finding this passage," says Carver, "will reap emoluments beyond their most sanguine expectations. Perhaps they may bestow

some commendations and blessings on the person who first pointed out the way. These, though but a shadowy recompense for all my toil, I shall receive with pleasure."

Standing here by the rapids and wondering what became of all the mighty waters of Lake Superior, Carver made the following entry in his journal:

"Though Lake Superior is supplied by nearly three hundred rivers, many of which are considerable ones, yet it does not appear that one-tenth part of the waters which are conveyed into it by these rivers are carried off at its evacuations. How such a superabundance can be disposed of, as it must be by some means or other, without which the circumference of the lake would be constantly enlarging, I know not."

He concluded, as more than one geologist has since, that much of the water in Superior seeps away through subterranean caverns.

A Curious Deed

Sixty-seven years after it was given, the heirs of Carver filed in the Court House on Mackinac Island the following curious deed, which is evidence of the progress the British were making with the Northern Indians.

Naudowessie Chiefs

to

Record B, Folio 96

Jonathan Carver et al.

Received for record July 16, 1833.

To Jonathan Carver, a Chief under the most mighty and potent George the Third, King of the English and other Nations, the fame of whose courageous warriors has reached our ears and has been more fully told us by our good brother Jonathan aforesaid, whom we rejoice to see come among us and bring us good news from his country.

We, Chiefs of the Naudowessies (Sioux), who have hereto set our seals, do by these presents, for ourselves and our heirs forever, in return for the many presents and other good services done by the said Jonathan to ourselves and our allies, give, grant and convey to him, the said Jonathan, and to his heirs and assigns forever, the whole of a certain tract or territory of land, bounded as follows, viz.:

From the Falls of St. Anthony, running on the east bank of the Mississippi River nearly southward as far as the south-east of Lake Pepin, where the Chippewa River joins the Mississippi; and from thence eastward five days travel, accounting twenty English miles per day; and from thence north six days travel at twenty English miles per day; and from thence again to the Falls of St. Anthony in a direct straight line.

We do for ourselves, heirs and assigns forever, give unto

the said Jonathan, his heirs and assigns, all the said land, with all the trees, rocks and rivers therein, reserving for ourselves and heirs the sole liberty of hunting and fishing on lands not planted and improved by the said Jonathan Carver, his heirs and assigns.

To which we have affixed our respective seals at the Great Cave, May the First, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty-Seven.

(signed)

HAWNOPAWJATIN

his X mark

Chief, Of The Turtle Totem

OTCHTONGOOMLISHCAW

his X mark

Chief, Of The Rattlesnake Totem.

Part of the land conveyed in this deed is occupied now by the city of St. Paul.

Jonathan was the first great English-American explorer. He is forgotten now, but he was a great traveler in his day. He tramped and canoed over seven thousand miles in the Northwest in his longing to reach the Pacific, a distance scarcely exceeded by Stanley and Livingston in their African explorations. He returned to New York with invaluable charts and papers. He went to London, where he was refused permission to publish the book of his travels, and he died there, starved and heart-broken.

Less than ten years after the Mississippi River Sioux Chiefs had signed over to Carver a part of their domain,—a gift of no use to him, it appears,—the Sioux, Menominees, Ottawas, Chippewas and other northern tribes were fighting on the side of the British in the Revolutionary War. The conflict caused scarcely a ripple in far away Le Sault de Sainte Marie, but probably some of the Saulteur Chippewas joined the fray. For fighting was the natural way of life to the old Saulteurs: the war-path was a familiar and a shining avenue to them.

But British Held on in U. P.

The war being over, the Treaty of Paris in 1783 ceded all the lands in this vicinity south of the Great Lakes, to the United States. But the British did not immediately surrender possession of that part of the Upper Peninsula which they held, and their ascendancy continued for several years. They made annual presents to the Indians in this locality, and nursed and profited by the fur trade which was coming into its own again.

The British at Hudson's Bay and at New York, and the Americans after them at the latter place, probably always were hampered to some extent by the lack of skilled voyageurs. Not so with the Canadians trading out of Montreal and Quebec

through Le Sault de Sainte Marie. At their call were the French-Canadians, thoroughly Indian-wise, and the best canoe and woods-men in the world. Thomas Curry was the first Canadian trader to penetrate through this region to the Saskatchewan River and its furry paradise. James Finlay followed, and so did the Frobisher brothers and Alexander Henry. Henry had a specific license to traffic in these territories, the others were free-traders under the rapidly changing conditions of the times.

Established Regular Routes

These men established regular routes of travel converging on Le Sault de Sainte Marie, and thence via the Ottawa River to Montreal. Thousands of the peltries came from territory hitherto occupied solely by the Hudson's Bay Company. They found mutual advantage through informal co-operation for a time, and eventually with others they formed the famous North West Company, which became a formidable rival of the giant concern to the northward. Henry disposed of his trading privileges to this Company, but continued to be a member of the firm until nearly the close of the century. In his time as a fur-trader he had engaged dozens of young men as clerks and had advised and assisted dozens more. Among these was John Jacob Astor of New York..

The Hudson's Bay Company had prospered in the northern wilds. It never was the policy of the Company to write history, or to publish its transactions to the world. The yearly supply-ships slipped quietly into the Straits, and as quietly departed for the London market with fur cargoes of fabulous values. Dividends of twenty-five and fifty per cent were common, and stock dividends of three hundred per cent were not unknown. The Company had things all its own way until the organization of the North West Company, and the great success of the latter was largely due to its French-Canadian field personnel.

With the advent of the Northwest Company things began to hum along St. Mary's River. The main office of the Company was in Montreal, its assembling point in the north was at Grand Portage, near the present site of Fort William, and all its up-bound field supplies and down-bound peltries were portaged around the rapids here. The warehouses and offices of the Company were located on the south side of the river, and the portage as well was on the south bank of the rapids.

Lock Constructed in 1797

Afterward, when occupation by American troops seemed imminent, the Company moved over to the north side, into

British territory, and constructed a canal and lock, and a saw-mill. This was in 1797.

So there were a canal and a lock and a water-power mill at the Falls of Sainte Marie in the times of George Washington. This is rather a surprising statement to those of us who casually picture white men's commercial activities as having been confined to the Atlantic seaboard in the lifetime of our first President. Its correctness, however, is beyond all dispute.

The canal was about half a mile in length, the lock thirty-eight feet long and eight feet nine inches wide. Canoes and batteaux were raised or lowered nine feet in this lock, the south gate of which was single and windlass-operated, the north gates folding double. A storehouse sixty by sixty feet in size was erected at the head of the canal, another storehouse about forty feet in length was built below it, and a water-power saw-mill with two saws was built alongside the lock and parallel with it.

This canal, of course, enabled laden canoes and other small craft to ascend to or descend from Lake Superior without unloading or portaging. It is true the lift was only nine feet, but the difference between that and the twenty feet or more fall of the rapids was overcome by the ox-haul of the vessels from the lock to the head of the canal. There is little evidence that the canal was extensively used, and hardly any mention is made of it in the Canadian records after the end of the century.

John Johnston Gains Success

Deserted by the North West Company, the village of Le Sault de Sainte Marie made rather slow headway. De Repentigny's fort had disappeared, and while the Indian village was fairly populous in the summer whitefishing season, the winters found the red inhabitants scattered in the yearly hunt for furs and food. Of the few white traders residing there who did not affiliate with the North West Company or its offshoot, the X Y Company, one gained conspicuous success and the control of the fur trade along the southern shore of Lake Superior and vicinity. This was the celebrated John Johnston, commemorated by his son-in-law Schoolcraft in various works, and by Judge Charles H. Chapman in his monograph, "The Historic Johnston Family."

SAULT STE. MARIE—THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

In the year 1800 the value of beaver skins belonging to the North West Company alone, and brought out through the Sault, was over a million dollars. In that year the Company employed thirty-five guides, fifty clerks, seventy interpreters and eleven hundred canoe-men. This force collected and forwarded around the rapids here over one hundred thousand beaver skins, thirty thousand martin, seventeen thousand muskrat, six thousand fox, two thousand bear and the same number of deer-skins, six thousand lynx, nearly five thousand otter, two thousand mink, four thousand wolf, seven hundred elk and five hundred buffalo robes.

To this enormous total must be added the Company's smaller peltries, and those of the X Y Company and the independent traders. Truly, the fur trade in those days was everything. For several years the North West Company brought down more furs through the Sault than the Hudson's Bay Company exported directly through the Straits.

Wild fur-bearing animal life now in the vicinity of the Sault is fast going the way of the whitefish. The skins enumerated above would be worth at today's valuations over three million dollars. It is doubtful if the two Saults will handle this year much over one hundred thousand dollars worth of peltries. The killing of beaver is forbidden in Michigan, and unless some action is taken in Ontario, the beaver will soon be practically extinct there. Aside from the beaver-skins collected in Algoma, muskrat, fox, mink and skunk provide the bulk of the present limited receipts in this locality. Many of the fur-bearers are nearing extirpation, and recourse must be had to captive rearing if the supply of fur is to continue.

One hundred and twenty-five years ago, the North West Company was well-nigh supreme here. Its posts dotted the country around Lake Superior, each post had its quota of Indians, and each Indian's hunting-grounds were marked out for him. At the beginning of the season, his credit was allotted to him in Company currency or tokens. This was placed in his box at the Company store, and the Indian was given the key to the box. When he left for the hunt the key remained with his wife or relatives, and the tokens covering their purchases from time to time were taken from the box and counted by the clerk or factor in their presence.

Beaver Skins Were Cheap

On the hunter's return a yearly settlement was made. He turned in furs to the amount of his credit. If he wanted a gun,

he piled skins on the floor to the height of the upright weapon in exchange. The muskets in those days were made with very long barrels. If he poached on another hunter's territory or did business with one of the free-traders, he obtained no more credit and was listed at the other posts. Thereby he found his usefulness in that locality at an end. By the exercise of industry and strict honesty, he eked out a living, while his merchandise, won through winters of toil and privation, enriched its buyers in the markets of Europe. Beaver especially was wanted, for well-to-do folk in the old country would have hats of nothing else.

The prime requisites of the Indian hunter, in exchange for his furs, were guns, powder, bullets and traps. He might be without a coat to his back or shoes to his feet, but these were indispensable. Blankets, bright-colored clothing, knives and hatchets made close seconds. Cooking utensils and other articles of household hardware stood near the top of the Indian's want-list and comprised a large part of the Company store-keepers' stock. Many a canoeful of whisky was unloaded at the Sault and dispensed to the Indians at ruinous prices, and with ruinous results. If you know how many beaver-skins it takes, piled flat and pounded down, to level up to the muzzle of an extra long, five dollar musket standing upright, you can get some idea of the profits in the fur business here when Sault Ste. Marie was young.

The North West Company flourished and waxed great in the Lake Superior country. Many and bloody were the battles of its men with those of the Gregory-Mackenzie Company and the X Ys, rival concerns which it finally absorbed. We find the X Y Company warehousing its goods on the American side of the rapids in 1803, the North West Company having pre-empted every location suitable for that purpose on the north bank. Two years later the adversaries became one under the North West name. The best talent in both concerns pushed the business forward with spirit and enterprise, everywhere encouraging the trade of Canada with the great Northwest and opening posts at various places in the territory. The Hudson's Bay Company took over the Nor'westers on favorable terms to the latter in 1821, and the northern woods and streams ceased to be the battlegrounds of the rivals in Montreal and London.

Michigan Territory Is Formed

In the meantime Virginia and Massachusetts had relinquished whatever claims they had to the Northwest Territory of which we were part. Indiana Territory had been organized, including the eastern part of what is now the Michigan Upper Peninsula, and in 1805 Michigan Territory was formed.

John Johnston

It is hard to think of Sault Ste. Marie at the beginning of the last century without recalling the name of John Johnston. Johnston's romantic career, powers of intellect, and generous hospitality made him famous throughout a great stretch of country, and he has been featured by many writers in their accounts of this locality.

He was born near Coleraine, in Antrim County, Ireland, in 1763, and came to Canada in 1792. Being attracted by the possibilities of the fur trade, he soon joined a party bound for Lake Superior. Tarrying at the Sault for a space, he journeyed up the lake to La Pointe, where he established a trading post and made the acquaintance of Wab-ojeeg and his handsome daughter O-shah-gush-ko-do-no-quah, whom her children afterward knew as Neengai, the girl whom he was to marry the following year.

Waub-ojeeg was the most famed of the Chippewas in the north country and was the son of the celebrated Mongazid, in whose arms Montcalm died on the Plains of Abraham. In courage and craft he was the true exemplar of a warlike race. Once, when Mongazid was hunting with his men near an encampment of the Sioux, the latter attacked and surprised the sleeping Chippewas at early dawn. Mongazid rushed out, and shouting his name, asked if Wabash, his mother's son by a Sioux Chief was among the enemy. Thereupon the tall figure of his half-brother approached with hand outstretched in token of peace.

Was a Warrior at Eight

Hostilities were suspended and Wabash was invited into Mongazid's wigwam, but at the moment of entrance he was saluted with a lusty blow from the stout war club of young Waub-ojeeg, then a boy of eight. The uncle, delighted with this display of spirit, took Waub-ojeeg in his arms and prayed Gitchi Manito to make him a sturdy man and a great warrior. This prayer Waub-ojeeg fulfilled.

When he came to the chieftancy he made his home at La Pointe. His wigwam was sixty feet in length and it was surmounted by the carved figure of an owl, the insignia of his clan, his power, and his presence, the emblem being taken down when he was absent in war or during the hunting season.

War with the Sioux and the Ottawas employed his time so that he did not marry until he was thirty years of age. Then a widow became his wife and bore him two sons. Becoming tired of the widow, he exercised the prerogative of a Chippewa and a Chief and married a girl of fourteen who became the mother of six children, of whom Neengai was the eldest.

Here the young fur-trader Johnston met the Chief's daugh-

ter, and he promptly fell in love with her. When he asked Waub-ojeeg for her hand the Chief replied:

"White man, your customs are not our customs. You desire our women, you take them, and when they cease to please your fancy you say they are not your wives, and you forsake them. Go back to Montreal with your load of furs, and if the pale-face girls do not put my daughter out of your head, come here in the spring and we will talk further. You are both young, and she can wait."

But Johnston Came Back

The young Irishman was impetuous with his arguments, his presents, his entreaties. They were in vain, Waub-ojeeg was unswerving. Johnston went down to Montreal for a lonesome winter, returned in the spring and took the maid to wife. Waub-ojeeg made the bridegroom swear that he would marry her according to the law of the white man, until death.

Mrs. Jameson has recorded for us in her "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles" the story of this marriage. On being escorted by her people to the bridegroom's lodge, Neengai fled into a dark corner, rolled herself in a blanket and refused to speak or be spoken to, or even looked upon. Johnston was more than considerate, and during the ten days she remained in his lodge he sought by every gentle means to revive her confidence and affection. At the end of that time, however, she ran away to the woods in a sudden access of fear and terror, and reached her grandfather's wigwam after a four day fast.

Meanwhile Waub-ojeeg, at his distant hunting-ground, had a premonition that all was not well with his daughter. Returning home suddenly he found the truant, gave her a sound thrashing with a stick and threatened to cut off her ears. Then he took her back to her husband with a a thousand apologies, assuring Johnston of his fatherly disapproval of her actions. Johnston soon succeeded in taming this wild fawn of the woods, and brought her from La Pointe down to Sault Ste. Marie.

Lived 36 Years Happily Married

Even here she could not overcome at once her shyness with the white man, and her longing was strong to see her own people again. So her husband provided her with a schooner and a crew and sent her to her former home with Waub-ojeeg at La Pointe. A short stay there convinced her that the whites' mode of living was the better, and the intense desire came to rejoin her mate. She returned to the Sault and lived there happily thirty-six years with her white husband, becoming the mother of four boys and four girls.

Mr. Johnston has been described as a vigorous and handsome man before age and infirmities came upon him, lively

and jovial, and of excellent education. He acquired a comfortable fortune in the fur trade, and lost a good deal of it in the war of 1812. His talents, good nature, wide acquaintance, and his marriage with Chief Waub-ojeeg's daughter, brought him great influence in old Sault Ste. Marie and its vicinity.

His wife became a Christian, and her energy and strength of mind, as well as her descent from the ancient family of Waub-ojeeg, the White Fisher, endeared her to the northern Indians. Like her father she possessed poetical talent, and many of the Chippewa Indian legends and traditions which we now enjoy have come down to us through her, having been translated by her daughters.

Jane, the eldest daughter of this couple, married Henry R. Schoolcraft, noted author and historian. Her Indian name was O-bah-bahm-wah-wah-ge-zhe-go-quā, meaning "the sound the stars make, rushing through the sky." Before her marriage she visited Ireland and England with her father, and her beauty and accomplishments made a great impression there. Her sister Charlotte, described by Colonel McKenney in his "Tour to the Lakes," as a surpassingly beautiful woman, became the wife of the Reverend Mr. MacMurray, who came to the Sault as an Episcopal missionary in 1832. The youngest daughter, Anna, married James Schoolcraft, brother of Henry, at the Sault. Eliza, the remaining daughter, never married.

The oldest son, Louis, was aboard one of the British ships captured by Commodore Perry on Lake Erie in 1813. George became a soldier in the British army. William and John were interpreters in the United States Indian Service; the latter acting in that capacity for his brother-in-law, Henry R. Schoolcraft, Indian Agent at Sault Ste. Marie.

Many travelers have recorded the generous hospitality of the Johnston homestead in Sault Ste. Marie in the old days and the ability of its master as an entertainer. Part of the Johnston home, which was erected about 1815, is still standing, the most interesting landmark of the Sault of a century ago. At the time it was built, the house was one of the finest in the whole north country. The government road reaching westward to Fort Brady was afterward constructed directly in front of it. The house faced the river, and a short lane from the front door led to a dock, which extended some distance into the stream. Over this dock came General Cass in 1820, to haul down the British flag, and after him came the federal troops in 1822.

To the west of his home Johnston built his warehouse and a carpenter shop. A little to the northeastward, and closer to the river, there stood his store, another warehouse, and a bunk-house for his men. Behind his home there was a beautiful old-fashioned garden, luxuriant each summer with roses and lilacs. Alongside it was his fur press, a little to the westward his blacksmith shop, and near that was the home of Mrs.

Cadotte, on the site of the old French fort. In the rear of these stood the old Jesuit cemetery. The river bank to the west of the Johnston home was an Indian camping ground, while to the east it afforded pasture for his sheep. Directly east of his home Johnston built his wine cellar, milk and ice house and barns.

Back of his garden Johnston laid out in 1816 the first street in Sault Ste. Marie, which we know as Water Street or Park Place. This street extended but a few hundred feet west from the lot on which his home was built, and this extension was intersected a few years later by the palisade of Fort Brady. South of this street lay the unfenced commons.

Was Hospitable to All

Here Johnston lived with his family from about 1815 until 1828, dispensing a cheery hospitality to all who came, buying and selling furs and other merchandise, doctoring any ailing whites or Indians with simple remedies, often bleeding them after the fashion of the times. The kind and practical benevolence of the daughter of Waub-ojeeg matched his own. No tale of poverty or bad luck went unheeded. Johnston was the friend, confidant and patriarch of all in this broad demesne.

Though he lived on the frontier he maintained contact with the world outside. His house was filled with books and current publications. He brought from his former home in Ireland many of the comforts of civilization. Massive-framed portraits on the walls, and the many foreign articles about the rooms, aroused great wonder and admiration in the minds of the Indians who viewed them.

This was of course after the war of 1812, in which Johnston and the Sault Ste. Marie suffered some unpleasant experiences. The British, having lost Mackinac Island by treaty after the Revolutionary War, had established about 1796 a small military post on St. Joseph's Island, just below Lime Island on St. Mary's River. On the announcement of hostilities, John Johnston, although he appears to have been Collector of the port for the U. S. Government at the time, raised, equipped and provisioned a company of white and Indian militia here, and placed himself under the orders of the British commandant at Fort St. Joseph.

Americans Surrender

Captain Roberts was in charge at St. Joseph when he received orders from General Brock to attack the American position on Mackinac Island without delay. About one thousand whites and Indians, John Johnston among them, proceeded down the river in July, 1812, debarked at British Landing in the rear of the fort, and planted their cannon on the heights,

in a position to rake the block-houses and the town. The little garrison commanded by Lieutenant Hanks surrendered.

Two years later a fleet of seven American vessels with seven hundred soldiers came up Lake Huron to attack the British at Mackinac. The British commandant sent to Sault Ste. Marie for help, and Johnston and his Saulteurs again responded via the river route, taking the short cut through West Neebish.

Fort St. Joseph Destroyed

Meanwhile a detachment of American troops ascended the old channel east of Sugar Island, burned the North West Company's storehouses on the north side of the river, and in all probability destroyed the Company's canal and lock. When these were unearthed many years later, the remains were in a badly wrecked condition. The troops also grounded the schooner *Perseverance* in the rapids and confiscated a large quantity of merchandise of John Johnston on the south side of the river. Fort St. Joseph was destroyed about the same time.

Johnston afterward petitioned the British Government to reimburse him for his losses. He stated in this petition that he had been present at and had assisted in the capture of Michilimackinac, that he had commanded the fort there in the absence of its Lieutenant, and that he had sustained heavy damages at the Sault by the act of United States troops. His petition was denied, and a later memorial to the United States Government asking for restitution met with no better success.

The North West Company also made claim on the British treasury for its losses inflicted by Major Holmes' troops. Its petition does not specifically mention the destroyed canal and lock, but there is little doubt they were demolished in Holmes's raid. All trace of them was lost and later generations had forgotten their existence, until an old record of them came to the notice of Judge Joseph Steere of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. Together with Mr. E. S. Wheeler and Mr. Joseph Cozzens he searched out the location and discovered unmistakably the tiny lock, but a short distance from the great ship-lock built by the Canadian Government at Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario. The rubbish was removed from it and the lock-form reconstructed in stone, and many visitors now view it yearly.

Great Flotilla Bearing Furs

Had Holmes raided the Saults a few days later, it is likely he would have taken one of the richest prizes of the war. Shortly after he left the rapids to rejoin his command, a flotilla of canoes carrying a million dollars worth of furs came down from Superior and passed safely through to Montreal.

John Jacob Astor, who came to this country from Germany via England in 1783, was a leader in the northern fur trade. It is said that his first experience in the business was with Alexander Henry as a clerk, and he soon was out buying furs on his own account. The old stories tell us that it was his custom to entertain the Indians with his flute before talking business with them, and that the flute made many friends for him in his quest for merchandise. There has circulated recently in the country's periodicals a curious and circumstantial story that John Jacob Astor was the discoverer of a pirate hoard secreted by Captain Kidd on the coast of Maine, and that this find was the foundation of his fortune. At the beginning of the century he was worth several hundred thousand dollars and was the richest merchant in New York City.

Organized American Fur Co.

Astor organized the American Fur Company in New York in 1808. Its central assembling point for peltries and supplies was at Mackinac Island, and finding the Mackinaw Fur company in his way there, he purchased it from its English owners in 1811. The war of 1812 seriously hampered his operations, but after the Treaty of Ghent the Company prospered wonderfully, and many millions of dollars worth of furs from the Upper Peninsula, Wisconsin and Minnesota territory were assembled, sorted and shipped at Mackinac. About 1815 the American Fur Company and its subsidiaries employed four hundred clerks at Mackinac Island alone, besides two thousand trappers and voyageurs.

The wise and patriotic efforts of John Jacob Astor in bringing about a better understanding between the American Government and the Indian tribes of the Northwest, have never been fully appreciated. His trading post for the Lake Superior country was here at Sault Ste. Marie, and here as well as elsewhere his officials and employes endeavored to treat the red men with fairness and justice. Due largely to the friendly feelings engendered by the Company, it was not very long before whatever sympathy the Saulteur Indians retained for the British cause had disappeared. The potent influence of Astor at all times worked for the progress of desirable emigration into the Northwest, and the upholding of the flag and the government.

Astor's expedition to the mouth of the Columbia River in 1811 resulted in a loss to him, but it was of advantage to the United States in establishing later the Union's claim to Oregon and our present northern boundary.

Crooks Succeeds Astor

Ramsay Crooks, a wonderful Scotchman who penetrated to the Pacific coast with one of Astor's expeditions, was agent for the American Fur Company at Sault Ste. Marie, or St. Mary's Falls, as he called it, for many years. He succeeded to the presidency of the Company after Astor's retirement.

In the old records of the American Fur Company at the John Jacob Astor House on Mackinac Island, are many copies of letters written by Ramsay Crooks while he was agent of the Company here. Crooks often has been cited as an exemplar of the fine art of letter-writing as practiced a century ago. One instance may be given here, illustrative of approved business form in bygone times by a master of the pen, and which is reminiscent of the eternal liquor question:

St. Mary's Falls, 3rd August, 1819.

Mr. Goodrich Warner,
Ance.

Sir—It is with no ordinary surprise and pain I learn how very improperly you conducted yourself on the voyage from Mackinac to this place, and whilst here.

I had hoped your good sense would have told you to pursue a very different course, particularly as I had at Mackinac been reluctantly compelled to express to you in very plain terms my abhorrence of your propensity to drunkenness, and my determination not to retain in the employ of the Company any person who, lost to the true feelings of a gentleman, took every opportunity to degrade himself to the level of the brute creation. You have now attained too ripe an age for the follies and indiscretions of youth to be pleaded in extenuation of your shocking attachment to intemperance, and you must clearly understand that, added to the detestation I personally feel for such profligate practices, my duty to the Company as its Agent will not permit me to continue in its service any one whose habits disqualify him for executing with fidelity the trust reposed in him.

An Ultimatum

You have pledged the faith of an honest man to consult the interest of the Company at all times and under all circumstances, and to devote your whole time and attention to the faithful discharge of the duties of your station. How far or how well you have heretofore kept your engagements I will leave your own conscience to answer. Your conduct puts it in my power to refuse paying you a single dollar for the last year's services, yet I did not scruple to account for your salary as if you had been a good and upright servant.

-Your behavior more than once authorized my denying you

access to the Company's table, for you were not fit to be seen with gentlemen, yet I palliated and overlooked your deviation from strict propriety. The veil is, however, at last torn from my eyes, and you now stand before me in all the deformity of an ill spent life. I request you to understand distinctly that unless you give unquestionable proofs of a total reformation, and furnish proper grounds to believe you have altogether abandoned every improper habit, I cannot and most assuredly will not consent ever to meet you again as a gentleman and an honest man.

In fact, you must convince me beyond the possibility of a doubt that you possess sufficient firmness to resist the allurements of vice in any shape, and will for the future be exemplary in the practice of virtue, else you may rest assured that however painful it may be, it will nevertheless become an imperative duty to hold you up as an example to other young men who might be disposed to follow your devious course, and by discharging you with every mark of ignominy from the Company's service, leave you to the indulgence of your vicious propensities with the wicked and profligate, an outcast from society a dishonor to your family, and a disgrace to human nature. But if you will listen to my warning voice, give up your pernicious habits, and become in reality a gentleman, I will forgive and forget your past sins, meet you in the spirit of cordiality, and treat you according to your merits as a man and your ability as a trader.

Mr. Halliday will in all cases instruct you in your duty to the Company and you will govern yourself accordingly. He will I am sure impart to you with pleasure a knowledge of your calling, provided you behave as becomes you, and it will depend wholly on your future industry whether I shall henceforward consider you a valuable acquisition to the Company, or regret that I ever had the misfortune to meet you. I am, sir,

Yours, &c,

RAMSAY CROOKS,

Agent American Fur Co.

Some wag has written at the head of the copy of this letter the words "Nota bene," (Mark well!)

The Modern Way

No history of the Sault discloses whether the convivial Mr. Warner heeded this ponderous and solemn warning. Let us hope he did.

We do these things much better nowadays. The modern captain of industry would put it thus,—by wire:

"Cut out the booze or off goes your head!"

In the early days of the fur industry muskrat skins were

worth little or nothing. About the time of Mr. Crook's letter, however, we find Robert Stuart, another officer of the Company, offering John Johnston and Charles Ermatinger at the Sault thirty-five cents each for muskrat skins. He mentions that he has offered this high figure "not for any hope of getting but little advance on them, but merely for the purpose of having control over the market."

Charles Ermatinger was an independent trader in furs and other merchandise in the Canadian Sault at this time, occupying much the same position relatively that John Johnston did on the American side. He was the son of a Swiss merchant who had settled originally in New England, but who had taken up his residence in Canada after Wolfe's victory. Mr. Ermatinger built a substantial stone house on the north side of the river and accumulated a fortune in trade. He was the friend of Schoolcraft, who mentions him often, and was the father of two sons who located in the American Sault.

British Put Fort on Drummond

The government of Great Britain, having taken and lost Mackinac Island in the war of 1812, cast about for another vantage point in the vicinity whereon to erect a fort. The north shore of the rapids at the Sault was considered, and was found to be rocky, low and swampy, and under the possible domination of American artillery. It was deemed likely that the Americans would claim St. Joseph's Island, so in 1815 a British fort was established at the mouth of St. Mary's River on an island called by the Indians Pontanagannippi, or Pontanagannissi. It was renamed Drummond's Island by the British, in honor of General Sir Gordon Drummond, commander of the lake district, but the Indian name has been preserved in the adjacent and altogether lovely Potagannissing Bay. One meaning given to this name is "the place of beautiful islands." The stolid Saulteur Chippewas were given but little to the contemplation of the beautiful, but such is the loveliness of the region that even an Indian might be pardoned for growing ecstatic over it. The matter-of-fact British Army reports speak of the location as beautiful and picturesque, and Drummond Island has come to be known as "The Gem of the Huron."

Here the British remained until the Island was adjudicated American territory. Although they had long since relinquished possession of the American Sault and the Michigan Upper Peninsula, their standard was still raised by the Indians loyal to them on the south side of the rapids.

Brought Gov. Cass to Sault

It appears to have been overlooked by later chroniclers

that the establishment of this British fort on Drummond's Island was a direct cause for Governor Cass's famous visit to the Sault in 1820, and the erection of Fort Brady two years later. The case is stated plainly in a note to Schoolcraft's "Narrative of the Expedition to the Sources of the Mississippi:"

"We learn that the Indians are peaceable, but that the effect of the immense distribution of presents to them by the British authorities at Drummond's Island has been evident upon their wishes and feelings. Upon the establishment of our posts, and the judicious distribution of our small military force, must we rely, and not upon the disposition of the Indians. The important points of the country are now almost all occupied by our troops, and these points have been selected with great judgment. It is thought by the party, that the erection of a military work at the Saut is essential to our security in that quarter. It is the key of Lake Superior, and the Indians in its vicinity are more disaffected than any others upon the route. Their daily intercourse with Drummond's Island, leaves us no reason to doubt what are the means by which their feelings are excited and continued. The importance of this site, in a military point of view, has not escaped the observation of Mr. Calhoun and it was for this purpose that a treaty was directed to be held."

Secretary of War John C. Calhoun had approved in 1819 the plan of Governor Cass to effect a treaty with the Indians at Sault Ste. Marie, to arrange for a Government military post at this place and to carry the flag of the United States into these remote northern regions, where it had never been borne by officials of the country. Henry R. Schoolcraft, then twenty-six years of age, accompanied this expedition in 1820 as mineralogist and geologist.

Came Up River in Canoes

Schoolcraft came from Buffalo to Detroit on the steamer Walk-in-the-Water, the first vessel on the Great Lakes to use steam power, and which had been launched two years before. The Walk-in-the-Water had been as far north as Mackinac, but the Governor and his party preferred canoes for their trip up the lakes. In view of possible hostilities, a squad of soldiers accompanied the Governor.

The expedition reached the Sault June 15th, 1820, landing, as Schoolcraft says, in front of the old Nolan House, the ancient headquarters of the North West Company. This was probably the old home of Augustin Nolin, a French trapper and trader, friendly to the American cause, who had retired and settled down in Sault Ste. Marie before the War of 1812, afterward selling his property to Mr. C. O. Ermatinger or his sons.

The party went into camp on the green beside the river,

the hour being late, with soldiers on guard. The Indians, says Schoolcraft, occupied a high plateau in plain view several hundred yards west, with an intervening gully and a plain, well-beaten foot-path.

Pass Night in Tents

The visitors passed a quiet night in their tents, disturbed only by the sound of the falls and the distant monotonous thump of Indian drums. In the morning they explored the village and found it consisted of fifteen or twenty buildings occupied by the descendants of the original French settlers, all of whom drew their living from the fur trade. Most of the Frenchmen's houses stood inside picket fences. All trace of the missionaries' chapel had disappeared, but there was an old consecrated graveyard which was still used for interments.

The principal buildings of the village were those of John Johnston and the ones formerly occupied by the North West Company. Johnston was absent in Europe, but his family received the visitors hospitably and invited Governor Cass and his suite to take all their meals at the Johnston home. Schoolcraft was impressed especially with the eldest daughter, Jane.

"The Sault Falls of St. Mary," continues Schoolcraft, "is the head of navigation for vessels on the lakes and has been from early days a thoroughfare for the Indian trade. It is equally renowned for its white fish, which are taken in the rapids in a scoop-net. The abundance and excellence of these fish has been the praise of all travelers from the earliest date, and it constitutes a ready means of subsistence for the Indians who congregate here.

"The place was chiefly memorable on our tour, however, as the seat of the Chippewa power. To adjust the relations of the tribe with the United States, a council was convened with the Chiefs on the day following our arrival."

To this council the Chiefs came, clothed in their best and arrayed in feathers and British medals. Greeting the Governor with great dignity at his tent, they were seated and the pipes were smoked. Cass then explained to them through his interpreter the views of the Government. He told them that he had come to remind them of the cession of the country by their ancestors to the French, to whose national rights and prerogatives the Americans had succeeded, and to secure their assent to its reoccupancy.

Chiefs Split on Proposal

The Chiefs split on this proposition, some saying they knew nothing of such former grants, and others appearing to favor a settlement on the basis broached by the Governor, provided it was not intended to occupy the Sault with a garrison. These

said, in the symbolic language of the Indians, that they were afraid their young men might kill the cattle of the garrison.

The Governor, being fully aware of their meaning, replied that so sure as the sun then ascending would set, so sure would there be an American garrison at Sault Ste. Marie, whether they renewed the grant or not.

The principal Chief Shingabawossin was inclined to be moderate and said little. But Shingwauk, the Little Pine, who had conducted the last war party of Indians from the village in 1814, was openly hostile. So, too, was Sassaba, a tall Chief in scarlet, whose brother had been killed by the Americans in the Battle of the Thames. He furiously drove his spear into the ground before him and delivered an impassioned oration in dissent. At its close he kicked away the presents brought by the expedition for the Indians and strode from the tent, and the other Chiefs followed him.

The Indians went to their hill, and scarcely had the whites returned to their tents when it was announced that the Saulteurs had raised the British flag in their camp. Trouble seemed certain and Governor Cass ordered his men under arms. Calling his interpreter and ordering the others back, the Governor then did a most courageous thing. Proceeding up the path and across the little ravine, he reached the lodge of Sassaba, before whose door the flag had been raised, and immediately pulled down the banner. Then he entered the lodge with the interpreter and informed the Chief that he had been guilty of an indignity, and that if any other flag than the Stars and Stripes were raised there again, the United States would set a strong foot upon the Saulteurs' rock and crush them. Finally the Governor, unmolested, brought the captured flag to his tent.

Indians Were Amazed

The intrepid act of Cass struck the Indians with amazement and indecision. They sent their women and children across the river at once, but the whites waited in vain for the war-whoop. While the Chippewas doubtfully deliberated, Mrs. Johnston, the daughter of Waub-ojeeg, sought council with the Chiefs and told them their meditated scheme of resistance to the Americans was madness, that the day for such resistance had passed, that Cass was her guest, that he had the air of a great man, and could carry his flag through the country.

The advice prevailed, and she had the seconding of Shingabowassin and the Little Pine. Negotiations were renewed, and another council was convened in one of the Johnston buildings. Here the treaty desired by the Governor was amicably discussed and signed by all the Chiefs save Sassaba, June 16th,—a treaty by which the Chippewas ceded to the United States a piece of land four miles square, fronting the



Winter and Summer Near the Sault

rapids and lying within the present limits of Sault Ste. Marie. The Indians reserved the perpetual right to fish in the rapids. The consideration for this cession was paid on the spot in merchandise.

Such, in substance, is Schoolcraft's account of the lowering of the British flag by Governor Cass at the rapids in June, 1820, in all likelihood on the identical spot where St. Lusson had raised the French ensign in the same month one hundred forty nine years before. It is regrettable that the exact location of these historic occurrences is open to doubt. Many an argument has been waged on this point of location, the opinion being advanced by some, and not without reason, that Sassaba's flag stood on the high ground just south of the Weitzel lock.

Schoolcraft mentions a ravine which still exists near the foot of Bingham Avenue, and which in former times extended southward across the present line of Portage Avenue. But he does not say how far west of the ravine Sassaba's lodge and the Indian village were placed, or at what distance east of it the Governor's tent was pitched. He tells us the Indians "occupied a high plateau, in plain view, several hundred yards west of the expedition's tents, with an intervening gully, and a plain, well-beat foot-path."

Probably at Foot of Bingham

This is rather indefinite. If the visitors' tents were pitched in the immediate vicinity of the Johnston home, on the river bank marked as Indian camping ground on the Wheeler-Westcott map, or in the pasture, the Indian village might be located easily enough three hundred yards or so west on or about the present line of Water Street or Park Place, just across the ravine. The ground is a little higher there, and it has been mentioned that prints of the period do not show any particular elevation further west, except in the location of the Indian burying-ground. It is not likely that the Chippewas would camp on a spot sacred to the bones of their ancestors. Furthermore, the burying-ground was directly opposite the rapids, and the location of an encampment there would necessitate a considerable detour around the rapids in crossing the river. The logical place of living for the Indians was at the foot of the rapids, and this hardly could have been far above the little hill at the foot of Bingham Avenue.

A sketch of Water Street made in 1850 and now hanging in Le Saut de Sainte Marie club-rooms, shows the ground south of the location of the Weitzel lock to be rough and not at all suited to camping purposes.

Another statement of Schoolcraft deserves consideration. He says: "It has been stated that the encampment of the Indians was situated on an eminence a few hundred yards west

from our position on the shore, and separated from us by a small ravine In a few moments after the Governor's return from the Indian camp, that camp was cleared by the Indians of their women and children, who fled with precipitation in their canoes across the river."

Reversing this statement, and allowing that the Indians were on an eminence close to the present Weitzel lock, with the whites a few hundred yards east of them, say just to the eastward of the little historic ravine, it is difficult to see how the women and children could take to their canoes without passing directly by and very close to Governor Cass and his men. It is hardly conceivable that they would do this. As an alternative we have only the supposition that the Indians had two fleets of canoes, one below and one above the rapids, and that the women and children took refuge in the latter. This is equally unlikely.

A more reasonable explanation seems to be that the Americans were encamped some distance below the ravine and that the Indians had placed themselves just west of it on the high ground there, and from which point they could transfer their women and children to the canoes without contact with the whites.

Chief Helped Governor?

William Warren, the native historian of the Chippewas, has left us the account of another Chippewa Chief, Hole in the Day, who told Warren that he was present on this occasion. The Chief claimed that he had rushed to the defense of the Governor when the flag came down, and had called for his friends to join in backing the Governor. Also that the local Chippewas were very hostile, and this daring exploit prevented the massacre of Cass and all his men.

This story came to Dr. Alfred Brunson, Indian Agent at La Pointe years later, and through him to Mr. C. C. Trowbridge, assistant topographer of the expedition. Mr. Trowbridge made the following comments, afterward printed in the records of the Wisconsin Historical Society:

"Dr. Brunson's sketch is, in respect to Hole in the Day, one more proof that it is dangerous to trust tradition. Hole in the Day no doubt told the Doctor or his informant that in the little affair at Sault Ste. Marie in 1820 between Governor Cass and the Chippewas, he came to the Governor's aid. But there is an alibi,—Hole in the Day was not there.

"I recollect the circumstances as well as if they occurred but yesterday, and my journal of the events is now before me. I will mention that the Governor took from Detroit one canoe load of Indians under command of Kewakwishkum, an Ottawa Chief from Grand Rapids. At Mackinac, where we stopped

several days, a very handsome, athletic young Indian whom we called Buck, probably as a translation of his Indian name, was strongly recommended by Biddle and Drew, Indian traders, as likely to be serviceable, and the fellow pleaded so hard that the Governor took him.

"At the Sault Ste. Marie the conference with the Chippewas took place in the Governor's wall tent, the sides of which were rolled up, so that it was a tent *a l'abri*. The Chippewas had their lodges on the American side, some distance, say a third of a mile, above the Governor's camp. My impression is that when they came to the conference they had just come from the British side.

British Gave Presents

"You are aware that the British had, during the war of 1812-'15, been profuse in the distribution of presents, and our Government had not. The consequence was a settled hostility on the part of the Indians. The object of the Cass expedition was to carry our flag through the country, assert our rights, arrange for a military post at St. Marie, and look for the Ontonagon copper rock. Governor Cass informed this little squad of this design. He told them of the double purchase of their territory by the French and the English; read and explained to them the treaty of Greenville in 1795, of Spring Wells in 1815, and of Fort Harrison in 1816; and informed them that their Great American Father intended to place some troops at the Sault Ste. Marie, and wanted a small place to land, for which he was ready to pay a third time.

"I must describe the appearance of the Chippewa Chief. Beginning at the top, an eagle's feather, signifying that he was a killer, bear's grease, vermilion and indigo, a red British military coat with two enormous epaulets, a large British silver medal, breech-clout, leggings and moccasins. Thus decked off, he rose and said gruffly that they did not wish to sell their land. The Governor informed them that their fathers had twice sold it and been paid for it, but that to make things pleasant he would buy it again.

"He had a quantity of tobacco in the center of the tent for distribution. He offered through the interpreter the usual pipe after smoking—in his way, which was to wait until the interpreter had fixed the pipe, and then blow the smoke out instead of inhaling it himself. The chief rejected the pipe and rushed out of the tent—not through the door, but under the side. His men followed him. They went up to their camp. This was late in the afternoon. Soon after, the women of the camp were seen going toward the river with burdens on their backs; and then it was discovered that the British flag was hoisted in front of their lodges. As soon as the Governor saw this

he called William Riley, the interpreter, and walked hastily toward the Indian camp. He refused to allow anyone else to accompany him. He went unarmed.

Brought Flag Staff Back

"We watched with deep solicitude. We saw him pull down the flag, throw it to the ground, and point to it while he looked toward the Indians, who were then outside their lodges. Riley told us when they returned to camp that the Governor rebuked the Indians, and told them if they raised the flag there again he would fire on them. Riley by command of the Governor brought the staff of the flag to our camp.

"Early in the evening George Johnston came to the Governor at the request of his mother, to tell him that the Chippewas intended to attack the camp during the night. Immediately the camp was put in a state of defense. Sentinels were posted, muskets were rubbed up, and common guns and horsemen's pistols, with which the young gentlemen of the Governor's suite were armed, were loaded, and orders and countersigns given. We had a guard of soldiers who accompanied us thus far, under Lieut. John Pierce, brother of the late President of that name, besides eight who continued with us throughout the expedition, under Lieut. Mackay.

"It was now discovered that our Indians faltered. They came with their Chief to the Governor and said they would give up their arms and lie down, and take their chance of death; but they would not fire upon their brothers. Young Buck stood aloof. When the Chief had finished, Buck walked forward with a defiant air, and, addressing the Governor, alluded to his having been reluctantly received at Mackinaw, and now he was going to make good the pledge of Biddle and Drew. 'He wanted,' he said, 'a good rifle, and wanted no one to relieve him; and if those fellows dared to approach our camp they would pay dearly for their temerity.'

"We put out the fires and the lights and watched all night. It was very dark, but we were all in fine spirits and spoiling for a fight. Day broke and we found ourselves wearing our scalps.

Indians Repent

"In a short time we learned that Mrs. Johnston, who was a Chief's daughter, had spent the night with her friends and relatives at their camp, and that they heartily repented of their rashness. They were now desirous to see their Father and apologize, and would be glad to sell him a piece of land for a fort.

"Accordingly a conference was had, the Chippewas apologized, and the treaty of the cession was made. We afterwards

heard that the Chippewas on Lake Superior were greatly surprised to see us, after having been apprised by runners that we were all to be massacred at the Sault as we passed up.

"Here you see that we had no aid from any one but Mrs. Johnston, and from her only as a diplomat, and that the real hero of the scene, after Governor Cass, of course, was the Indian Buck. Whether Hole in the Day was there I do not know. I have no recollection of hearing anything from him till long after the event. So much for Buck."

This eliminates Hole in the Day, barring of course the possibility that he and Buck were one. We know that the Chippewas sometimes changed their names. Shingwakonce, for instance, signed his name as Lavoine on the above treaty.

Neither Trowbridge's story nor that of George Johnston in his "Reminiscences" throws much light on the now-debated location of the flag. Johnston says the Governor and his party formed their camp on the green near the shore, within gunshot of the Indian village. This would indicate a comparatively limited distance.

Location Remains in Doubt

In fine, the precise place of the Governor's famous coup remains in dispute. But since local civic bodies desired to mark the spot as nearly as possible, it was deemed well by those interested to designate the little hill at the foot of Bingham Avenue as the ground where the British flag was lowered in 1820, to float no more over Sault Ste. Marie, or Michigan, or the northwestern States.

Sassaba the implacable henceforth cherished a more bitter enmity than ever against all Americans. Two years after the above events he was drowned in the rapids.

The figure of the Indian wife and mother Mrs. Johnston, strong, self-reliant and tactful, mediating successfully between the whites and her infuriated people in the absence of her husband, is one of the pleasant pictures of old Sault Ste. Marie. Governor Cass wrote his appreciation of her to John Johnston, and although the latter's claims for war damages were disallowed, Mrs. Johnston and her children and grand-children each received by the Treaty of Fond du Lac in 1826 one section of land. Part of this land was the high ground on the western shore of Sugar Island near Sault Ste. Marie. The Island is so called from the great quantities of maple sugar produced there in times past. After the death of her husband, Mrs. Johnston turned her attention to maple sugar and syrup making, and she marketed several thousand pounds of maple sugar each year.

Detroit Cut Off From Civilization

Schoolcraft proceeded up Lake Superior after the affair at

the Sault, no doubt taking with him pleasant thoughts of the handsome Jane Johnston. He went back east by another route, and soon after his return the steamer Walk-in-the-Water was wrecked in Lake Erie. A friend in Detroit wrote Schoolcraft: "This accident is one of the greatest misfortunes that ever befell Michigan. It deprives us of all certain and speedy communication with the civilized world."

If Detroit was so remote from civilization, what must be said of the Sault of one hundred years ago?

Schoolcraft's nomination to the post of Indian Agent at the Sault was confirmed by the United States Senate in 1822, and he came up on the new steamer "Superior," the second steam-boat on the Great Lakes. Colonel Brady came also, with a battalion of the Second Regiment U. S. Infantry, from Sackett's Harbor. The Colonel, who was made a General the day he landed at the Sault, took quarters with some of his officers and their wives in the old Nolin house, which was in ruinous repair but the best available. Schoolcraft found a welcome haven in the Johnston home, the finest in the Sault, and was delighted with his new home. "I have stumbled, as it were," he says, "on the only family in North West America who could, in Indian lore, have acted as my guide, philosopher and friend."

Schoolcraft Becomes Famous

Schoolcraft was young and ambitious, and he appears to have taken the Agency at the Sault only because nothing better was offered him. He desired a higher post in Government work. He found himself, however, in a wonderful field for investigation and research, and his writings on the Indians, begun and completed here and elsewhere but founded on his experiences and researches in Sault Ste. Marie, have made him famous as an ethnologist and historian.

The first Agency building in the Sault belonged to John Johnston and had been used as his men's quarters. Schoolcraft soon had a new building thirty-six feet square and about a hundred yards west of the first one. In the rear was a blacksmith shop, probably Johnston's. The gate of the new fort was three hundred yards west of the new Agency.

Fixes on Correct Name

Since his official communications to and from the United States Government were likely to be frequent, one of the first things Schoolcraft did was to determine as nearly as might be the correct name of the village. His method of arrival at the form adopted by the Government at his suggestion, and used officially since, is interesting:

"Sault Ste. Marie and Lake Superior are destined to hold an

important rank in our future geography. When the French first came to these falls, they found the Chippewas, the falls signifying, descriptively, Shallow water pitching over rocks, or by a prepositional form of the term, at the place of shallow water, pitching over rocks. The terms cover more precisely the idea which we express by the word cascade. The French call a cascade a Leap or Sault; but Sault alone would not be distinctive, as they had already applied the term to some striking passes on the St. Lawrence and other places. They therefore, in conformity with their general usage, added the name of a patron saint to the term by calling it Sault de Sainte Marie, i. e., Leap of St. Mary, to distinguish it from other Leaps, or Saults. Now as the word Sainte, as here used, is feminine, it must in its abbreviated form, be written Ste. The preposition de (the) is usually dropped. Use has further now dropped the sound of the letter l from Sault. But as, in the reforms of the French dictionary, the ancient geographical names of places remain unaffected, the true phraseology is SAULT STE. MARIE."

Indians Called Saulteurs

Thus did the U. S. Government Indian Agent Henry Schoolcraft choose and fix for good the corporate name we bear, a variation of which was originally bestowed upon us by the French Jesuit missionary Jacques Marquette. In the records consulted in the compilation of this story, the name is spelled in thirty-four or thirty-five different ways, sometimes with two or three variations in the same document.

"Having named the falls a Sault," continues Schoolcraft, the French went a step further, and called the Ojibwa Indians who lived at it Saulteurs, or People of the Sault. Hence this has ever remained the French name for Chippewas."

Schoolcraft found the correct pronunciation of the word Sault to be "so." This is of course the French way of speaking the word, and there are many French here and but few other whites in Schoolcraft's day. General usage, however, in the English tongue, and the American passion for brevity in nomenclature, have crystallized in the name "Soo," and our purists cannot change this now. The accepted pronunciation of the full name is Soo St. Mary, the first word being emphasized, the second slurred just a little, and the third being accented on the first syllable.

Mr. J. W. Curran of the Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, Daily Star has suggested that the inhabitants of the sister cities at the rapids follow the old usage and call themselves Saulteurs, pronounced So-ters. The idea is a happy one, and it has romantic and historic usage back of it. But romance and history have a small part in the lives of modern folks. We are

creatures of habit, and probably shall continue to designate ourselves by the unlovely but easily remembered name "Sooites."

All of which calls to mind a certain limerick:

Said a youngster of Sault Ste. Marie,
To spell I will never agree,
Till they learn to spell Sault
Without any u,
Or an a or an l or a t.

Schoolcraft's fertile mind and poetic fancy conceived another name that is of interest to our Canadian friends. To quote:

"In the term Gitchegomee, the name for Superior, we have a specimen of the Indian mode of making compounds. Gitche signifies something great. Gomee is a compound phrase denoting a large body of water, a sea. I have cast about to find a sonorous form in which it may come into popular use, but find nothing more eligible than I-go-mee or Igoma. A more practical word in the shape of a new compound may be made in Algoma, a term in which the first syllable of the generic name of this tribe of the Algonquin stock harmonizes very well with the Indian idea of goma (sea), giving us Sea of the Algonquins. The term may be objected to, as the result of a grammatical abbreviation, but if not adopted practically it may do as a poetical synonym for this great lake."

The term was not objected to, but it has been taken by the people of Canada as the name of one of their most beautiful provinces.

Schoolcraft Marries Miss Johnston

About a year after his arrival Schoolcraft married Jane Johnston, the grand-daughter of Chief Waub-ojeeg. He devoted much time to the investigation of Indian languages, traditions and customs, took a friendly and personal interest in his red charges and procured the enactment of several laws beneficent to them. In 1827 he moved into a handsome residence on the bank of the river about half a mile east of the fort. This building contained fifteen rooms including the Agency office, and stood in a bower of elms, maples and mountain ash of his planting. Here, he tells us, he lived most happily, varying the duties of his office with his incursions into Indian lore. This house still stands, close to the Michigan Northern Power Company's power-house, and is now shut off from the river by it.

Schoolcraft became a member of the Michigan Territorial Legislature in 1828, and helped to organize the Michigan Historical Society in the same year. Four years later he headed

a scientific expedition to the head waters of the Mississippi River, and determined its source to be in Lake Itasca, which was named by him. He spent eleven busy and useful years in the Sault and its vicinity before the Indian Agency was moved to Mackinac Island.

Schoolcraft's writings and compilations here, many of them done with the assistance of his accomplished wife, were subsequently published. They include his "Alcic Researches," "Oneota, or the Indian in his Wigwam," "Thirty Years with the Indian Tribes," and most noted of all, the "History, Condition and Prospects of the Indian Tribes." This monumental work was published by the United States Government in 1851-57 at a cost of \$650,000.00. The six great quarto volumes under this title form the most extensive existing repository of information concerning the red race in America.

After his first coming to the Sault and previous to his incumbency as Indian Agent here, he published his "Travels in the Central Portion of the Mississippi Valley." This, his first work, laid the solid foundation of his fame, and was useful to the country in acquainting the east with the enormous and hitherto unknown possibilities of the lands beyond the Great Lakes.

Were Indians Misused?

It is still the fashion in some quarters to condemn the United States Government's treatment of the Indians within its boundaries. With these criticisms in mind, it is worth while to read the following from the foreword of Schoolcraft's "Thirty Years With the Indian Tribes." This foreword is written anonymously, probably by the brother of Schoolcraft but no doubt with the sanction of the latter, who probably knew the Indians as no other white man ever did:

"We have been reproached by foreign pens for our treatment of these tribes, and our policy, motives and justice impugned. If we are not mistaken the materials here collected (referring to Schoolcraft's "History, Condition and Prospects of the Indian Tribes") will show how gratuitous such imputations have been. It is believed that no stock of the aborigines found by civilized nations on the globe have received the same amount of considerate and benevolent and humane treatment, as denoted by the Government's laws, its treaties, and general administration of Indian affairs, from the establishment of the Constitution, and this too, in the face of the most hostile, wrongheaded and capricious conduct on their part, that ever signalized the history of a barbarous people."

We are indebted for the greater part of our knowledge of old Algonquin America to the Jesuit Relations and to Henry Schoolcraft, citizen of Sault Ste. Marie. The importance of

this information in the Relations cannot be over-estimated; still, it was incidental to the report by the writers of spiritual progress made by their savage congregations. Banished, as it were, to Sault Ste. Marie, Schoolcraft seized a psychological opportunity in the true spirit of enterprise, and made himself famous by recording his observations. It has been said that Schoolcraft was the man who gold-plated the northern Indians, but who shall blame him? They were the making of him. And they did not need his gilding, for they were and are one of the most interesting races in the world.

Were Inspiration of Longfellow

Longfellow found his inspiration for Hiawatha, the most famous of his poems, in the works of Schoolcraft compiled largely here in Sault Ste. Marie. His debt and ours to Schoolcraft is acknowledged in the opening lines:

Should you ask me whence these stories,
Whence these legends and traditions,
With the odors of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers,
I should answer, I should tell you,
From the forests and the prairies,
From the great lakes of the Northland,
From the land of the Ojibways.

Schoolcraft moved his agency to Mackinac Island in 1833, and assumed the Superintendency of Indian Affairs for Michigan at Detroit in 1836.

Is Buried Here

Johnston died in 1828 at Sault Ste. Marie, and was buried not far from where the Armory now stands. Years afterward his remains were transferred to Riverside Cemetery, where they repose in a family lot with those of members of his family, in the northwestern corner of the cemetery, a little distance back of the caretaker's house. The stone marking the spot is engraved with an epitaph by Schoolcraft.

In justice to Johnston, the following note of Schoolcraft's is inserted here:

John Johnston was a native of the north of Ireland, where his family possessed an estate named 'Craige,' near the celebrated Giant's Causeway. He came to this country during the first Presidential term of Washington, and settled at St. Mary's, about 1793. He was a gentleman of taste, reading, refined feeling and multivated manners, which enabled him to direct

the education of his children, an object to which he assiduously devoted himself; and his residence was long known as the seat of hospitality and refinement to all who visited the region. In 1814, his premises were visited, during his absence, by a part of the force who entered the St. Mary's under Colonel Croghan, and his private property subjected to pillage, from a misapprehension, created by some evil-minded persons, that he was an agent of the Northwest Company. Genial, social, kind, and benevolent, his society was much sought, and he was sometimes imposed on by those who had been received into his employments and trusts, as in the reports which carried the Americans to his domicile in 1814."

An Interesting Sketch

There is an interesting sketch of Johnston in Ross Cox's "Adventures on the Columbia River," from which the following is taken:

"Mr. Johnston has extensive plantations of corn and potatoes, with a beautifully arranged and well-stocked fruit and flower garden. During the late war with America he induced one thousand Indian warriors (of whom he took the command) to join the British forces, and rendered important services while so employed.

"He suffered severely for his loyalty, for during his absence with the army, a predatory party of Americans attacked his place in the hope of obtaining a large quantity of valuable furs, which they were informed he had in his stores, but which a short time before his departure he had fortunately removed. Disappointed in their hopes of plunder, they burned his house and out-offices. At the period, therefore, of our visit (1817) the buildings were quite new, and were constructed with much taste. The furniture was elegant and the library select and elegant.

Mr. Johnston possessed a highly cultivated mind, much improved by extensive reading. He had made many excursions round the shores of Lake Superior and along the banks of its tributary streams, in which scientific researches imparted a pleasing variety to the business of an Indian trader. His collection of specimens were varied and well selected, and if the result of his inquiries be published, they will, I have no doubt, prove a valuable addition to our geological knowledge of interior America.

"Two retired traders, named Nolin and Ermantinger, also resided on the same side with Mr. Johnston, a short distance below his house.

Ninety Pound Trout

"Mr. Johnston has plenty of cattle, hogs, sheep and domestic fowl, and has also a very good windmill close to his

dwelling-house. Fish is found in great abundance, particularly trout. They are of enormous size, sixty pounds is not uncommon; and Mr. Johnston assured me that he saw one caught in Lake Superior which weighed ninety pounds.

"He treated us to an excellent dinner, fine wine, and a few tumblers of Irish mountain dew which had never seen the face of an exciseman. We left Mr. Johnston's at dusk, but he crossed over with us to the north side, and we spent together another night of social and intellectual enjoyment."

In the days of Cox and Schoolcraft, the Saulteurs picnicked at Point aux Pins. The Shallows and Gros Cap as they do now, but the glorious sport of shooting the rapids is gone forever, barred by the compensating dam which stretches from the American to the Canadian ship canals. Modern Saulteurs make the picnic pilgrimage in cars or launches; the old Saulteurs had no other conveyance than canoes.

"I went with a pic-nic to Gross Cape, a romantic promontory at the foot of Lake Superior," says Schoolcraft. "This elevation stands on the north shore of the straits and consequently in Canada. It overlooks a noble expanse of waters and islands, constituting one of the most magnificent series of views of American scenery. Immediately opposite stands the scarcely less elevated and not less celebrated promontory of Point Iroquois, the Na-do-wa-we-gon-ing, or Place of Iroquois Bones, of the Chippewas. These two promontories stand like pillars of Hercules which guard the entrance into the Mediterranean, and their office is to mark the foot of the mighty Superior, a lake which may not inaptly, be deemed another Mediterranean Sea. The morning chosen to visit this scene was fine; the means of conveyance chosen was the novel and fairy-like barque of the Chippewas, which they denominate Che-maun, but which we, from a corruption of a Charib term as old as the days of Columbus, call a Canoe.

"Our party consisted of several ladies and gentlemen. We carried the elements of a picnic (a word derived from a root meaning, to eat). We moved rapidly. The views on all sides were novel and delightful. The water in which the men struck their paddles was pure as crystal. The air was perfectly exhilarating from its purity. The distance about three leagues.

Landed at Point Aux Pins

"We landed at Point aux Pines, to range along the clean sandy shore, and sandy plains now abounding in fine whortleberries.

"Directly on putting out from this, the broad view of the entrance into the lake burst upon us. It is magnificent. A line of blue water stretched like a thread upon the horizon, between cape and cape, say five miles. Beyond it is what the

Chippewas call Bub-eesh-ko-be, meaning the far-off, indistinct prospect of a water scene, till the reality, in the feeble power of human vision, loses itself in the clouds and sky.

Point Iroquois and Gross Cape

"The two prominences of Point Iroquois and Gross Cape are very different in character. The former is a bold eminence covered with trees, and having the appearance of youth and verdure. The latter is but the end, so to say, of a towering ridge of dark primary rocks with a few stunted cedars. The first exhibits on inspection a formation of sandstone and reproduced rocks, piled stratum super stratum, and covered with boulder drifts and alluvion. The second is a massive mountain ridge of the northern sienite, abounding in black crystalline hornblende, and flanked at lower altitudes in front, in some places, by a sort of trachyte. We clambered up and over the bold undulations of the latter till we were fatigued.

"We stood on the highest pinnacle and gazed on the 'blue profound' of Superior, the great water or Gitchegomee of the Indians. We looked down far below at the clean ridges of pebbles and the transparent water. After gazing, and looking, and reveling in the wild magnificence of views, we picked our way, crag by crag, to the shore, and sat down on the shining banks of black, white, and mottled pebbles, and did ample justice to the contents of our baskets of good things.

"This always restores one's spirits. We forget the toil in the present enjoyment. And having done this, and giving our last looks at what has been poetically called the Father of Lakes, we put out, with paddles and song, and every heart beating in unison with the scene, for our starting point, at Ba-wa-teeg, alias Sau't Ste. Marie.

Shooting the Rapids

"But the half of my story would not be told if I did not add that, as we gained the brink of the rapids, and began to feel the suction of the wide current that leaps, jump after jump, over that foaming bed, our inclinations and our courage rose together to go down the formidable pass; and having full faith in the long-tried pilotage of our guide, Tom Shaw, down we went, rushing at times like a thunderbolt, then turned by a dab of the pole of our guide, on a rock, shooting off in eschelon, and then careering down another schute or water bolt, till we thus dodged every rock, and came out below with a full roaring chorus of our Canadians, who, as they cleared the last danger, hoisted our starry flag at the same moment that they struck up one of their wild and joyous songs."

This is about the first detailed and personal description we have of the surpassing sport of rapids-shooting here by the

whites. It was a pastime enjoyed by the French from the time they came, and before that by the Indians for countless generations. The trip afforded entertainment and thrills for thousands of tourists before the compensating dam was erected.

With the coming of Cass and Schoolcraft, and the better treatment accorded the Indians by the American Fur Company, most of the old hostility of the Indians in this section to our Government faded away. Through the Indian agents the Government frequently made gifts to the Saulteur Chippewas, both in mass and individually as need arose, and the latter gradually discontinued their visits to and their affiliation with the British posts.

Indians Are Given Gifts.

It was Schoolcraft's custom to assemble the Saulteur Chippewas at intervals on the green in front of his office near the bank of the river and distribute various articles of merchandise among them. Whiskey is not mentioned, indeed Schoolcraft had a horror of its effects on the Indians, and continually bewailed its influence on particular Indian acquaintances of his. The gifts were received with appreciation and satisfaction, and helped to cement his influence and his friendship with the Saulteurs. Prominent among the recipients were Shingabawassin, the Stone Image; Shewabeketone, the Man of Jingling Metals; Kaugaosh, the Bird in Flight; and Wayishkee, the First Born Son. With them came the warriors and the young men, the matrons and the maids, and the children of all ages, and all were in their best attire.

Even in the receipt of the Governmental gifts the Indians were ceremonious. The functions began with the lighting of the pipes, which were passed to the chiefs and the warriors in due order. A pile of tobacco was placed before them for general use, which the chiefs with great care divided and distributed, not forgetting the lowest claimant.

Schoolcraft was careful to state the principles by which the agency was guided in its intercourse with them, the benevolence and justice of the views entertained by their great father, the President, and his wish to keep improper traders out of their country, to exclude ardent spirits, and to secure their peace and happiness in every practicable way. Each sentence, as it was rendered into Indian, was received with the response of Ho!—an exclamation of approbation, uttered feebly or loudly in proportion as the matter was warmly or coldly approved. The chiefs responded in formal words of thanks, all were pleased, the presents were divided, and each assembly broke up in harmony and good will.

This distribution was continued for many years in the field below the rapids. "It does seem," writes Schoolcraft, "that

according to the oriental maxim, a present is the readiest door to an Indian's heart."

Henry Schoolcraft died December 10, 1864, at Washington, D. C.

A part of the duties of Schoolcraft and his successors as Indian Agents was to search the boats and outfits of voyageurs and petty traders for contraband, and to grant licenses, passports and permits to those applying. This contraband consisted of course of liquors of various kinds.

British Traders Excluded

Congress had enacted in 1816 that British traders and capital should be excluded from the American lines west of St. Mary's River and along the boundary through Lake Superior to the Lake of the Woods. John Jacob Astor had bought from the North West Company all the posts and factories of that concern situated in the northwest, which were on the American side. These he incorporated with the American Fur Company, placing Ramsay Crooks and Robert Stuart in charge. The factors, clerks and field personnel remained about as they had been under the North West Company, and the very thin diffusion of American principles among both traders and Indians made it difficult for the United States Indian Agents to supervise this business and to locate and seize the contraband liquors constantly filtering through.

When the Treaty of Prairie du Chien was negotiated by the Government with various tribes in 1825, a number of Saulteur Chippewas were present. The Saulteurs and others had complained that the true reason for the Commissioners of the United States Government speaking against the use of ardent spirits by the Indians, and refusing to give them, was not a sense of its bad effects so much as the fear of the expense.

The Joke Didn't Take Well

To show the Indians that the government was above such petty principles, The Commissioners, General Clark and Governor Cass, placed on the grass a long row of tin camp kettles, each holding several gallons of whiskey. After suitable remarks each kettle was emptied on the ground in the Indians' presence. "The thing was evidently ill-relished by the Indians," says the narrator, "for they loved whisky better than the joke."

Robert Stuart, Agent of the American Fur Company at Mackinac and himself a teetotaler, regularly obtained permits at Washington to bring into this territory a certain quantity of liquors each year. His statements were that the clerks and fieldmen of the Company were not inclined to take out whisky under these permits, but that the attitude of their opponents made it necessary. Their opponents, of course, were the men

of the Hudson's Bay Company, who still dispensed whisky north and east of the boundary line, and probably smuggled a good deal of its across. The Government Indian Agents were constantly troubled with the liquor question, and when they resorted for relief to the early courts, they generally found the juries against them.

It appears the American Fur Company felt that there would be more efficient hunting and trapping if the Indians could be kept sober and if liquor could be rigidly excluded. But it was considered also that the trade of the Company would suffer if some whisky were not furnished. Thus the illicit traffic was condoned to some degree, to the disgust of the Indian Agents and the detriment of the Indians. The traders and citizens generally, on both sides of the frontier, were leagued apparently in their supposed interest to break down or to evade the Congressional and Territorial laws which excluded liquors and made it an offense to sell or to give them.

Fur Trade Mightily Important

No one can read the early records of Sault Ste. Marie without being impressed with the enormous importance of the fur trade. The trade gave the Indians a market for the products of the forest, and without it they would have wanted for many necessities. But while it stimulated hunting, and to a certain degree, industry in the Indian race, it tended directly to diminish the animals upon which they subsisted, and thus hastened the decline of their supremacy. And that supremacy was further neutralized of course by the trade in whisky.

With the coming of Colonel Brady and his troops to Sault Ste. Marie in 1822 the paramountcy of the Saulteur Chippewas in this vicinity ended, precisely two hundred years after Etienne Brule landed at the rapids. The French had had their long day here, and the British their short one. American civilization formally took up the work of developing the Sault and the north country.

The troops occupied the Nolin enclosure east of the Johnston home during the winter of 1822-3, and April 19th of the latter year they began to set up the pickets for a stockade or fort to which the name of Brady was given, in honor of the commanding officer. The pickets were cut in the vicinity of the fort, and timbers for block houses and the buildings within the stockade were brought from the Butte de Terre or hill south of the village. A road was cut by the soldiers from the cantonment to this hill, and the greater part of this road is now Ashmun Street. Old maps made about twenty years later show only Ashmun Street (then called Ashman) extending southward as far as the hill; Bingham Avenue, the nearest north-and-south road to the fort location, reaching

only as far as the present line of Spruce Street and being known then as Church Street.

The postoffice or federal building in the square bounded by Portage Avenue, Brady Street, Bingham Avenue and Water Street, stands upon ground once occupied by the Fort Brady enclosure. The Whelpley map of 1854 gives the dimensions of the stockade in chains and links, the walls on the east and west sides being approximately 600 feet in length, and on the north and south sides 500 feet. Block-houses of heavy timber were erected on the south-west and north-east corners, extending beyond the walls and placing the latter under cross-fire, half the stockade being commanded by each block.

The south face of the south-west block-house has been marked by two small quadrangular stones extending a few inches above the surface of the ground, and almost hidden by the barberry hedge in front of the postoffice. They are a few feet west of the Portage Avenue entrance to the west door of the building. The line of the south wall may be discerned a few feet north of Portage Avenue, the same being marked "LINE OF STOCKADE" in the cement walk which leads from Portage Avenue to the employes' entrance to the postoffice. It is not known that any other extensions of the stockade have been marked.

The south line reached from the above block-house markers along the indicated line of stockade across Brady Street to a point in the present Baraga School yard; thence the wall extended in a northerly direction to and a little beyond the brow of the hill abutting on Brady Field, the latter of course having been under water at that time; thence west to a point a little east of the semi-centennial monument; thence south across Water Street to the place of beginning.

Stockade Made of Cedar Posts

The stockade was made of cedar posts about eight inches in diameter and eight feet in the clear, placed close together and set firmly into the ground. The top of each post was sharpened to a point, and at convenient distances in the walls and block-houses loopholes were cut for observation and firing purposes.

Within the stockade log and hewn timber buildings were erected for the garrison, a headquarters building, officers' and men's quarters, sick bay, bakery, and others, and there was a fairly commodious parade ground. South of the stockade was the fort garden, and beyond that the cemetery of the post. The foundation of the north-east block-house was at the river's edge of not in the river, and water could be procured without going outside the palisade. When Commissioner Thomas L.

McKenney came in July, 1826, he found the north pickets of the stockade awash in the stream.

If, as nearly as can be determined, the Jesuit missionaries' chapel was on the present site of Dr. F. J. Moloney's home, the west line of the stockade extended a hundred feet or so east of that location, and the fort walls probably included the plot of ground which was once the missionaries' garden. The eastern palisade of old Fort Brady crossed the grounds of the old French Fort of de Repentigny at Water Street.

Before the fort buildings were erected, Henry Schoolcraft acted as librarian for the post, keeping the books at the Indian Agency. He relinquished this office to Lieut. S. B. Griswold on the erection of the fort. The coming of so many whites necessitated the establishment of a post office, and upon Schoolcraft's recommendation to the Postmaster General, Lieut. Griswold was appointed and served as the first postmaster of Sault Ste. Marie.

Officials Cordial to Townspeople

The most cordial social relations were maintained by the Government officials of the time with the townspeople and the traders and the North West House officials on the north bank of the river. Some of the army officers were Colonel Lawrence, Captains Clark, Thompson and Beal, Lieuts. Barnum, Brant, Waite, Griswold and Folger. The first Post Surgeon was Dr. Wheaton. Lieutenant Brant was the first Quartermaster.

Among the townspeople of old Sault Ste. Marie about the time of the establishment of the fort were Mr. E. B. Allen, an independent trader, and Mr. John Agnew, Collector of Customs. In the Canadian Sault there were Dr. Foote and Mr. Siveright, surgeon and factor respectively of the North West or Hudson's Bay House, and Mr. C. O. Ermatinger and his son, independent traders. A favorite diversion of the winter months was a caribou dinner and a dance at the Ermatinger stone house on the Canadian side, and the officers and their wives often crossed on the ice in the evening to dine at the Ermatinger or the Siveright homes. Occasionally when coming home in their sleighs they missed the blazes or evergreen boughs stuck in the ice to mark the path, and were pitched into the snow, for all the world like the convivial Michigan Saulteurs of now-a-days who tarry too long with the liquid delights of the Dominion.

New Years Celebrated Hilariously

New Year's Day was then, and continued to be long after, a day of hilarity in Sault Ste. Marie. Gayety and good humor

appeared everywhere, and visiting from house to house was in order. Dining-room tables and sideboards were crowded with refreshments, and the humblest individual was welcome and expected to make his appearance. The French custom of salutation prevailed, a kiss on the cheek and a warm embrace.

Governor Cass visited us again in 1826, on his way to Fond du Lac to negotiate a treaty with the Chippewas and other tribes. With him were Colonel Croghan and Thomas L. McKenney. The latter's record of the journey, "Tour to the Lakes," contains copious references to Sault Ste. Marie.

Mr. McKenney made a careful tabulation of the buildings in the village. Most of them were one story structures, and some were covered with bark. The list is as follows:

Occupied Buildings	24
Unoccupied Buildings	33
Cooper Shop	1
Warehouses	4
Storehouses	4
Bake House	1
Tailor Shop	1
Blacksmith Shop	1
Retail Stores	3
Grocery Stores	2

At the time of Mr. McKenney's visit there were in the village forty-seven men, thirty women, and seventy-five children, a total of one hundred fifty-two. This probably includes whites and Indians.

Most Buildings on Water Front

Most of these buildings were on the river shore, a street about ninety feet wide dividing them from it. Some of them were on the north or river side, of this street, and at the head of wharves or landing-places. A few of the buildings were scattered upon the elevation above the bank and upon the level plain, which ran back for some distance. The plain was covered with undergrowth to the distance of half a mile southward. Beyond that the growth was larger, and was composed of pines, maples, mountain ash and some elms.

Most of the building were occupied by voyageurs, Indian families, and, says McKenney, "their dogs." The fort occupied a part of this level ground and stood between the village and the Johnston home. It was garrisoned by about two hundred troops, commanded by Colonel Lawrence. Potatoes of the finest quality were growing on all sides, and some oat fields were doing well. Peas were in blossom, and the strawberries were just turning. Having read of the barrenness of the north

country, McKenney was amazed at the productiveness of the gardens.

On the Canadian side, Mr. McKenney saw the old North West Fur Company's establishment, and counted about eighty houses strung for two miles below it on the north bank. The principal one, a large and commodious home, was owned by Mr. Ermatinger. It was almost directly opposite the Johnston family home, which was the finest in the Michigan Sault at that time.

Charlotte Johnston Beautiful

Mr. McKenney dwells at length on the grace and beauty of Charlotte Johnston, who charmed him with her vivacity, her singing and her loveliness. He was delighted when she presented him on leaving with the skin of a waub-ojeeg, or white fisher, saying,—“This is my grand-father, at least in name.” “If this beauty lived in Washington or New York,” says McKenney in his book, “she would be without doubt the belle of the town.”

He found within the walls of Fort Brady a school for white children, the first in Sault Ste. Marie, the school-master being Sergeant McCleary. There were twenty-four scholars, only two of them over ten years of age. There were two drawings by the Sergeant in the school-room. One of them represented a soldier of the United States Army, embracing a Chippewa Chief in Indian costume. In the center of the picture was an eagle with a scroll in his beak. On the scroll were the words “Washington and Lafayette,” and beneath it this motto:

We are a firm and solid brotherhood,
Which neither treachery from within,
Nor assaults from without can dissolve.

The other picture was of the Goddess of Liberty, with the words:

NATIONAL JUBILEE

Fiftieth Anniversary of American Independence.

From a feeble infancy she has grown to a
giant's size and a giant's strength.
Here may the oppressed of every country
find a refuge, and the industrious a home.
Our agriculture has reduced the wilderness
to submission.

Go back one hundred years and picture if you can this scene

of McKenney's, staged in the vicinity of Bingham Avenue and Water Street:

"The Indians who live about here in summer, and who subsist on the fish taken by them in the rapids, but who go in winter into the interior to hunt, assembled to witness the inspection and the manoeuvrings of the military. It was easy to see that they had yielded the contest for supremacy. They looked as if they believed the white man had got the ascendancy. They sat in groups upon the green, upon their hams, as is their custom, their bodies naked, with a blanket around their hips, smoking their pipes—silent, but watchful

Smoking Seemed an Essential

"The pipe of an Indian is generally from two and a half to three feet long. This, and the pouch made of the skin of some animal, in which he carries his kinnikanic, a kind of fragrant weed that has a leaf like our box-wood, and is gathered from a vine, or his tobacco, or both, are his constant companions.

"The first thing he does on sitting down, is to take out of this pouch some of these leaves, and if he has it, some tobacco. The tobacco he holds between his finger and his thumb, and cuts it slowly with his knife into small particles, which drop into the palm of his hand, then rubbing them there with his fingers into powder, he presses it into the bowl of his pipe. By means of a steel and flint, he strikes fire into a bit of punk, and lights his pipe. He then rests the bowl on the ground, or the stem on his knee, and putting the other end in his mouth, smokes until he envelopes himself with these fumes, which, if the wind should happen not to blow, is soon done.

"Thus seated, and thus smoking, the Indians of this post watch the movements of the military. The little naked Indian boys, and hardly better clad girls, were meanwhile sporting over the green, playing ball,—bag-gat-iway, caring no more about the military than the military cared about them.

This ball-playing is not unlike our game of bandy. We strike the ball, you know, with a little stick, curved at the end; they catch it up with a dexterity which for my life I could not imitate, with a stick having a little pocket at one end, about twice the size of the ball and made of net-work.

"With this, and when in full run, they strike the ball, and dexteriously take it up; flourish it over their heads, and run and throw it as they think proper, when the whole group give chase to overtake it and change its direction. These boys and girls are as nimble as fawns, and fleet as the wind."

\$1,000 Appropriated Annually

Perhaps the memory of those merry little Saulteurs, untutored as they were, went up the lake with Commissioner McKen-

ney. Article VI. of the treaty of Fond du Lac, concluded by him and Governor Cass with the Chippewas, reads as follows:

"With a view to the improvement of the Indian youths, it is also agreed that an annual sum of one thousand dollars shall be appropriated to the support of an establishment for their education, to be located on some part of the St. Mary's River, and the money to be expended under the direction of the President; and for the accommodation of such school a section of land is hereby granted."

This treaty in its entirety was signed by the Saulteur Chiefs Shingauba-Wossin, Shewaubekeetoan, Wayishkee, and Sheegud.

On their return to the Sault, the party came ashore by way of the race or canal which had been cut by the soldiers to let in the water for a saw-mill. The mill had been destroyed by fire a short time before.

A census of the Lake Superior Indians, under the circumstances very incomplete and uncertain, was taken by Governor Cass on this journey. From Mackinac and the Sault to the Fond du Lac, or head of the lake at the St. Louis River, the Chippewa Indians were estimated to number about eight thousand. The fur business was at a low ebb, the receipts at the Sault for a twelve months period having been only a thousand dollars in value, being principally beaver and otter skins.

"Doomed to Barrenness"

As for agricultural prospects,—*"I consider,"* says McKenney, *"this whole region doomed to perpetual barrenness."*

He was wrong. He might have known better after his glimpse of the gardens at the Sault. A thousand fertile farms in Chippewa County alone laugh yearly at the foolish predictions of McKenney and La Hontan. In this regard at least they were superficial observers.

The Commissioner's eyes and his heart were sound, if his prophecies were not. On leaving for Detroit, he bade farewell to Charlotte with the deepest regret, and grieved exceedingly because he could not take her with him. Some years later she became the bride of the Reverend Mr MacMurray, Protestant Episcopal missionary in Sault Ste. Marie, Canada.

Late in the autumn of 1823, or exactly a century ago, the Reverend Robert McMurtrie Laird, of Princess Anne, Maryland, an unheralded stranger, came to Sault Ste. Marie as its first Protestant clergyman. The annals of Schoolcraft do not mention his denomination. *"No power but God's,"* writes that author in his *Memoirs* for the year, *"could have directed his footsteps here.* The Indian wabeno drum, proclaiming the forest tribes to be under the influence of their native diviners and jossakeeds, was nightly sending forth its monotonous sounds. But he did not come to them. His object was the soldiery and settlement, to whom he could utter truths in the English tongue.

Enough "to Try a Saint"

"He was assigned quarters in the cantonment, where an entire battalion of infantry was then stationed. To all these, but one single family, it may be said that his preaching was received as "sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." Certainly there were the elements of almost everything else but religion. And while occupying a room in the fort, his fervent and holy spirit was often tried

'By most unseemly mirth and wassail rife.'

"He came to see me, at my office at my lodgings, frequently during the season, and never came when he did not appear to me to be one of the purest and most devoted, yet gentle and unostentatious, of human beings. It is hoped his labors were not without some witness to the truths which he so faithfully taught. But as soon as the straits were relieved from the icy fetters of winter, he went away, never perhaps to see us more."

Such was the left-handed welcome accorded the first clergyman of any branch of the Christian faith to visit Sault Ste. Marie in one hundred twenty-seven years. If any other community on earth needed religion more than Sault Ste. Marie did at that time, no one knows its location.

The Reverend Alvin Coe, Congregationalist, was the next Protestant clergyman to visit the Sault, apparently on behalf of the U. S. Indian Bureau. In 1828 the latter was expending considerable time and effort in an endeavor to enlarge and improve its methods of instructing the Indians along various practical lines, and Mr. Coe spent several months at the Sault in that year, probably in a secular capacity.

Baptist Preacher Arrives

He was here when the Reverend Abel Bingham came to make his home in the village by the rapids. Mr. Bingham was sent here as a missionary by the American Baptist Missionary Society. He found himself in a small community of Americans, Frenchmen, Indians and half-breeds, and four companies of soldiers. There was a card table in every cabin, and fifteen thousand gallons of whisky were in dealers' and in private hands, which it was hoped would be sufficient, with care, to supply the needs of the inhabitants until spring. This was in October.

Mr. Bingham at once proceeded to organize a temperance society and a school. The sessions of the latter were held in a building which stood within the square whereon the Chippewa County Court House now stands, close to the road first named Church Street, probably because of the old mission church at its

foot, and afterward Bingham Avenue. He soon had over fifty scholars, most of them learned the alphabet from him.

Shocked at the almost universal local intemperance, Mr. Bingham set out resolutely to procure signatures to a teetotaler pledge. He asked the Saulteur Chief Kabanodin to sign, and the chief replied: "If my mouth were sewed up and my legs tied together, possibly I might keep from drinking." But he scrawled his signature to the pledge and became a very temperate man.

The Sault Goes Dry

Whisky was part of the daily ration of the soldiers, and they were permitted to buy additional drinks at the fort canteen. The Sault traders sold whisky as commonly as they sold flour and sugar. The Indians who had the price could get all they wanted, and they wanted a great deal. Drunkenness was common and was taken as a matter of course.

Mr. Bingham induced the Fort Commandant to head a community pledge, and after two years' hard work the wettest spot on the continent was dry as a bone, for a time at least. The local traders cleaned up their stocks and kept out of the business, no doubt with considerable sacrifices, the fort canteen was closed to liquor sales, and the Indian Agent and his sub-agent ceased to dispense the stuff to the Indians.

Mr. Bingham lived in the ground floor rooms of his house, and held school and church services on the second floor. Afterward he built a separate school building which stood on what are now the Junior High School grounds, and which was placed nearly at the corner of the present Maple Street and Bingham Avenue. He held regular meetings at Fort Brady, and many soldiers united with the Mission Church. Afterward when the command was ordered to Chicago, these soldiers participated in the organization of the first Baptist Church in that city.

Mr. Bingham Adopts Indian Lad

Mr. Bingham, Dr. James, post surgeon, and Indian Interpreter John Tanner translated into the Chippewa language a portion of the Bible in the winter of 1831-2, and the translation was published under Baptist auspices. These Indian Bibles Mr. Bingham carried with him in his ministrations to the natives, and he dispensed as well some simple remedies for their ailments. Once, in the winter, he found nearly all the Indians at Goulais Bay dead or dying of smallpox. Of one family there was none left but a boy four years old. He had no clothing but a few rags, so Mr. Bingham wrapped the naked little body in his great-coat and brought the orphan on his dog-train down to Sault Ste. Marie. The little fellow was uncommonly bright, learned quickly, and lived several years with Mr. Bingham. Years after he enlisted in the United States Army and

made an excellent record as a soldier, serving throughout the War of the Rebellion in the field.

The Rev. Jeremiah Porter

The Reverend Jeremiah Porter, a Presbyterian clergyman, came to Sault Ste. Marie in 1831 direct from his seminary, this being his first charge. He accepted the hospitality of Henry Schoolcraft on his arrival, was cordially received by Mr. Bingham, and preached his first sermon in the latter's pulpit. He soon organized the first Presbyterian church in Sault Ste. Marie, of which Mr. and Mrs. Schoolcraft, Mrs. John Johnston, John Hulbert, sutler at the post canteen, and Mr. Bela Chapman were charter members.

This congregation met in an old store building close to the Johnston home, the same being loaned by Mrs. Johnston for that purpose. In the fall of 1832, Mrs. Johnston, daughter of the Indian Chief Waub-ojeeg and a full-blooded Indian woman, built a church edifice, small but substantial, and presented it to Mr. Porter and his flock. This is believed to have been the first instance in America where a man or woman, Indian by father and mother, constructed and devoted a building to the cause of Christianity, a really remarkable occurrence. The building has disappeared long since, but the memory of that gift should not be allowed to perish.

Hither came also the Reverend William Boutwell about this time to study the Chippewa tongue, and to prepare himself for a mission at La Pointe. Accessions to the two little churches were numerous, when, in 1833, Major Fowle, then commandant at Fort Brady, removed his troops to Fort Dearborn at Chicago. Mr. Porter went with them to the scraggly village at the head of Lake Michigan, and in the same year he organized the first Presbyterian congregation in Chicago. The town at that time had three hundred inhabitants, a fewer number indeed than the population of Sault Ste. Marie, if the latter's usual quota of soldiers were counted. So it came about that Sault Ste. Marie mothered the Baptist and Presbyterian denominations in Chicago, since become mighty. And through these out-going missionaries and their labors here, the little village by the rapids redeemed itself from the reproach of godlessness.

Nor were the Protestant sects alone in good works of the period. The Roman Catholic Church re-established itself here after the lapse intervening from the death of the Reverend Father Alpanel, and in 1834 Bishop Rese confirmed a class of about one hundred at Sault Ste. Marie. Two years later the Reverend Father Pierz came as a resident priest, and in the following year a handsome church edifice was erected very nearly on the site of the present church building.

M. E. Pastor Comes in 1834

To these early activities must be added those of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which established a mission about 1834 at the Little Rapids, near the present site of the Country Club. The best remembered of its clergymen here in that early day is the Reverend John H. Pitezel, who has left the narrative of his labors in a volume entitled "Lights and Shadows of a Missionary's Life."

The buildings of the first Methodist mission were erected on Government Reserve land near the Little Rapids, and included the missionary's home, a chapel, and some farm quarters. There was a day school in connection with the mission. Mr. Pitezel became superintendent of Methodist Missions in the north country and left Sault Ste. Marie. At the event of the war with Mexico in 1846, the troops at Fort Brady were ordered to the Mexican frontier, and the mission appears to have been discontinued shortly afterward.

The Government Reserve mentioned was of course the land transferred to the United States by the Chippewas in their treaty of 1820 with Governor Cass. This tract was described as the territory within a boundary beginning at the Big Rock (since known as the Treaty Rock, at the head of the water-power canal) on the shore of the River St. Mary, running thence down the middle of the river to the Little Rapids, the line extending back from the river a sufficient distance to set off in all sixteen square miles. By the terms of the treaty the Chippewas reserved perpetual fishing and camping rights within this reserve.

Bishop Frederick Baraga

The Reverend Father Frederic Baraga was stationed at Sault Ste. Marie for a short time in 1846. This celebrated churchman was born in Austria in 1797, was destined for the law, but entered the priesthood and came to America in 1830. He labored for many years among the Chippewas at La Pointe, bringing many of them from paganism to Christianity. In 1853 he was made vicar-apostolic of Upper Michigan, and a few years later, when the diocese of Sault Ste. Marie was erected, he was appointed first bishop of the new see.

Bishop Baraga made his episcopal residence in Sault Ste. Marie during the years 1859-65. After becoming bishop he continued his former life of activity and exposure, often walking forty miles a day on snow-shoes while making his visitations. He was a prolific writer, and some of his works compiled here or in this vicinity are "The Otchipwe Grammar and Dictionary," "History of the Indians," "Bible History," and "Catechisms in the Otchipwe Language."

When the episcopal see was transferred to Marquette in

1865, Bishop Baraga was named bishop of the combined diocese of Marquette and Sault Ste. Marie. He died at Marquette in 1868.

When the Reverend Mr. Pitezel went to L'Anse to take charge of the Methodist Mission, he found Father Baraga there, and the two became good friends. There is a pleasing reference to the Catholic missionary in Mr. Pitezel's book:

"Reverend Father Frederick Baraga was the resident priest at L'Anse at our arrival. He spoke readily six or seven living languages, including German, French, English and Ojibway. He spent years on the shores of Superior, building a church and making extensive improvements. He traveled extensively on foot and by all methods then in use. Temperate in his habits, devout and dignified in his private and ministerial bearing, he was universally respected by the Indians and mining community, and affectionately loved by those in closer fellowship."

Chippewa Is Made a County

Meanwhile, years before Michigan was made a state, the County of Chippewa was organized, the Act taking effect Feb. 1st, 1826. And what a county it was! Beginning at Isle St. Vital on the north shore of Lake Huron, running due north until it strikes the river (unnamed then, now the Munoskong) which falls into the northwest part of Muddy Lake, of the River St. Mary; thence up that river (the Munoskong) to its source; thence west to Meristic River of Lake Michigan; thence up that river to latitude 46 degrees 31 minutes; thence west to the Mississippi River; thence up that river to its source; thence north to the boundary line of the United States, and with that line returning through Lake Superior to the mouth of the St. Mary's River, and thence southwest to the place of beginning; these are the one time limits of Chippewa County.

Thus the Mesaba iron range of Minnesota, the sites of Duluth, Superior, Marquette, Houghton, and all the famous Copper Country were once a part of Chippewa County. The county seat was established at Sault Ste. Marie. The county court was empowered to try all suits arising in this district save those pending before the United States district court at Mackinac, Chippewa having been set off from the latter county.

This tremendous and unwieldy empire of a county was reduced by the Act of March 9, 1843, to the following limits:

Beginning at a point on a line between Ranges 12 and 13 to the intersection of that line by the north boundary of Town 45; thence north to Lake Superior; thence east and south along the margin of the lake and the west bank of St. Mary's River to Lake Huron; thence west to a point on Lake Huron south of the line between Ranges 2 and 3 east, thence north and west along the boundary line of Michilimackinac County to the place

of beginning; together with Drummond's Island, Sugar Island, Neebish Island, and smaller contiguous islands in St. Mary's River.

Have Been Part of Indiana.

The Michigan Upper Peninsula of which we are a part was a "Nobody's Baby" of a land for many decades. Kicked about from pillar to post, it was despised and considered worthless. Originally the domain of prehistoric workers in copper who left no records but their tools and utensils, it became the domain of the Chippewas and the Sioux. Then the French came, and were ousted by the English. Our government succeeded, and the hazy and obscure claims upon us of Massachusetts and Connecticut, New York and Virginia. We found peace for a time but no consideration as a part of North-West Territory. When Ohio was carved from this vast region, what was left became known as Indiana Territory, so we have been a part of Indiana. In 1805, that part of the pper Peninsula east of a line through the middle of Lake Michigan became part of the Michigan Territory. Then the Territory of Illinois was created, extending north to the national boundary, but the east line of Illinois was drawn north from Fort Vincennes, leaving the central part of the Peninsula isolated and belonging nominally to Indiana. In some quarters it was proposed to give this back to the Indians in perpetuity, but the lost block finally came into the Michigan fold.

The way of its coming was this. When Michigan was a Territory, in the first decade of the last century, her southern boundary was a line drawn eastward from the southernmost point of Lake Michigan. Thus the Territory included the mouth of the Maumee River and the village of Toledo, and its boundary touched upon the western confines of Pennsylvania.

Given to Michigan as a Compromise.

At the time we applied for statehood Ohio claimed Toledo and the Maumee Strip, fifteen miles wide and at our southern border. The Attorney General of the United States awarded this strip to Michigan, but the young and feeble Territory lacked the necessary pull in congress to hold it. Ohio and Indiana exerted influence enough in our legislative halls to prevent the admission of Michigan to the Union. The matter was finally compromised by the confirmation to Michigan of the Upper Peninsula as it now stands. The compromise did not please all the people of the Lower Peninsula. We were derided, belittled, ridiculed, and called not worth a dollar. We have been vindicated, however, and the world has paid many millions of dollars for the Upper Peninsula's iron and copper, lumber, agricultural products and fish.

Chippewa County and the Upper Peninsula seem destined to become one of the greatest playgrounds of the nation. Increasing thousand of tourists throng here yearly, to enjoy this glorious summer land of lakes and leisure.

A State of Superior Predicted.

Geographically, we form an entity of our own in the Upper Peninsula. Once we had at Lansing a Great Father who was one of us, and who loved and listened to his white Saulteurs, Sioux, Ottawas and Menominees of the Northland. But Lansing is far away, with the wide Straits between, and generally our Great Father is busy with other things, discerning but feebly the voices of his distant northern children. Out of this political isolation it is likely there will come in time the erection of the great State of Superior, with Sault Ste. Marie, of course, as its capital.

Of the fifteen counties in the Upper Peninsula, Chippewa, Mackinac, Menominee, Gogebic, Ontonagon and Keweenaw derive their names from Indian sources; Baraga, Schoolcraft and Marquette are named for former residents of Sault Ste. Marie; Dickinson, Luce and Alger commemorate prominent citizens of the Lower Peninsula; Houghton keeps the memory of Dr. Douglass Houghton, geologist; the name of Iron County is self-explanatory, and Delta was so named by early settlers who fancied they saw in its shore lines a resemblance to the mouths of the Nile.

Never have the Saulteurs entertained a more charming and appreciative visitor than Mrs. Jameson, who visited this region in 1837, while Chippewa county still stretched its gigantic length to the Mississippi. Steamers were already making regular trips from Detroit to Chicago, and she came up to Mackinac on the "Thomas Jefferson" and was there the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schoolcraft. She visited the Sault with Mrs. Schoolcraft, and embodied her observations in the now very rare but always delightful English edition of her "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles."

Mrs. Jameson was impelled to take the trip into the wild and remote country of Lake Huron and Superior, after reading "The Travels and Adventures of Alexander Henry." Even then, she writes, "his book has long been out of print. I had the greatest difficulty in procuring the loan of a copy after sending to Montreal, Quebec, and New York in vain. Mr. Henry is the Ulysses of these parts; and to cruise among the shores, rocks and islands of Lake Huron without Henry's Travels, were like coasting Ca'abria and Sicily without the Odyssey in your head or hand."

Indian Cuts Off Own Leg

Mrs. Schoolcraft regaled the newcomer with some fascinat-

ing stories of Indian fortitude. A Saulteur Chippewa was hunting, when by chance a blighted pine tree fell upon him and fractured his leg, pinning him to the earth. He was in a lonely place, without the probability of passing aid; and to lie there and starve in agony seemed all that was left to him. In his dilemma he took out his knife, and with all the contempt of pain of the thorough-bred Indian, he cut off his leg at the point of fracture, and bound up the stump. Then he dragged himself along the ground to his canoe and paddled home to his wigwam, where in time the cure of his wound was accomplished.

The arm of another young Chippewa hunter was shattered by the bursting of his rifle. No one would venture the amputation, and the arm was bound up with herbs and dressings and the usual incantations of the jossakeeds. Biding his time until he was alone, the sufferer with difficulty hacked one of his knives into a saw. With this he amputated his arm. When his relatives returned they found the severed member lying at one end of the wigwam and the patient sitting at the other, smoking tranquilly and with his wound bound up.

Mrs. Jameson explains the reason for the naming of Detour, the pretty village and point at the mouth of St. Mary's River, opposite Drummond Island.

Detour Gets Its Name

"Soon after sunrise we passed around that very conspicuous cape, famous in the history of northwest adventure, and called the Grand Detour, half-way between Mackinac and the Sault. Now, if you look at the map you will see that our course was henceforth quite altered; we had been running down the coast of the mainland towards the east; we had now to turn short round the point, and steer almost due west; hence its most fitting name, the Grand Detour."

This name of Detour, bestowed by the French in the old days of canoe travel, looks uncommonly like that of Detroit when hastily written. The resemblance caused so much confusion in the mails that Postmaster Roderick Munro of the village asked and obtained the consent of the Postoffice Department to designate officially the name of the village as De Tour. He thus restored the exact and original French term, for the place before usage compressed the two words into one,—meaning "The Turning."

One of the Graces Possessed by a Fury

"The rapids of Niagara," continued Mrs. Jameson on her arrival at the Sault, "reminded me of a monstrous tiger at play, and threw me into a sort of ecstatic terror. But these rapids of St. Mary suggest quite another idea. As they come fretting

and fuming down, curling up their light foam and wreathing their glancing billows around the opposing rocks with a sort of passionate self-will, they remind me of an exquisitely beautiful woman in a fit of rage, or of Walter Scott's simile—'one of the Graces possessed of a Fury.' There is no terror in their anger, only the sense of excitement and loveliness; when it has spent this sudden, transient fit of impatience, the beautiful river resumes all its placid dignity, and holds on its course, deep and wide enough to float a squadron of seventy-fours, and rapid and pellucid as a mountain trout stream.

"Here, as everywhere else, I am struck by the difference between the two shores. On the American side there is a settlement of whites, as well as a large village of Chippewas; there is also a mission (I believe of the Methodists), for the conversion of the Indians. The fort, which has been lately strengthened, is merely a strong and high enclosure surrounded with pickets of cedar-wood; within the stockade are the barracks and the principal trading store. This fortress is called Fort Brady.

"The garrison may be very effective for aught I know, but I never beheld such an unmilitary-looking set. When I was there today, the sentinels were lounging up and down in their flannel jackets and shirt sleeves, with muskets thrown over their shoulders—just for all the world like ploughboys going to shoot sparrows; however, they are in keeping with the fortress of cedar-posts, and no doubt both answer their purpose very well. The village is increasing into a town, and the commercial advantages of its situation must raise it ere long to a place of importance.

"On the Canada side we have not even these demonstrations of power or prosperity. Nearly opposite the American fort there is a small factory belonging to the North-West Fur Company; below this a few log huts occupied by some French Canadians and voyageurs in the service of the company, a set of lawless mauvais sujets, from all I can learn.

"Lower down stands the house of Mr. and Mrs. MacMurray, with the Chippewa village under their care and tuition; but most of the wigwams of their inhabitants are now on their way down the lake, to join the congress at the Manitoulin Islands. A lofty eminence, partly cleared and partly clothed with forest, rises behind the house, on which stands the little mission church and school-house for the use of the Indian converts.

The Whitefish of St. Marys

"The whitefish of St. Mary's is a most luxurious delicacy. It is said that the people never tire of them. The enormous quantities caught here and in the bays and creeks round Lake Superior, remind me of herrings in the lochs of Scotland. Be-

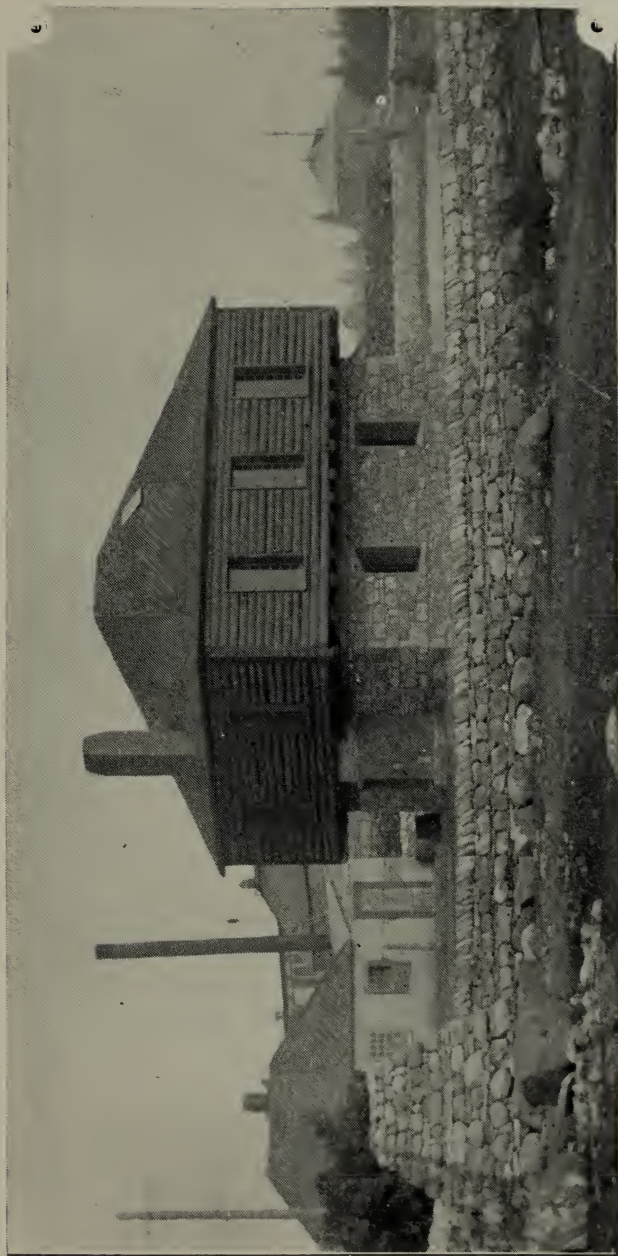
sides subsisting the inhabitants, whites and Indians, during the greater part of the year, vast quantities are cured and barrelled every fall and sent down to the eastern states. Not less than eight thousand barrels were shipped last year.

"These enterprising Yankees have seized upon another profitable speculation here. There is a fish found in great quantities in Lake Superior called the skevat, so exceedingly rich, luscious and oily, when fresh, as to be quite uneatable. It has lately been discovered that this fish makes a most luxurious pickle. It is becoming a fashionable luxury, and in one of the stores here I saw three hundred barrels ready for embarkation. The Americans have several schooners on the lakes employed in these fisheries; we have not one. They have besides planned a ship canal through the portage here, which will open a communication for large vessels between Lake Huron and Lake Superior, as our Welland Canal has united Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. The ground has already been surveyed for this purpose. When this canal has been completed, a vessel may load in the Thames, and discharge her burthen at the upper end of Lake Superior. I hope you have a map before you, that you may take in at a glance this wonderful extent of inland navigation. Ought a country possessing it, and all the means of life beside, to remain poor, oppressed, uncultivated, unknown? . .

Tanner, the Interpreter

"On the American side, further down the river, is the house of Tanner, the Indian interpreter, of whose story you may have heard—as I remember, it excited some interest in England. He is a European of mixed blood, with the language, manners and habits of a Red-skin. He had been kidnapped somewhere on the American frontiers when a mere boy, and brought up among the Chippewas. He afterwards returned to civilized life, and having re-learned his own language, drew up a very entertaining and valuable account of his adopted tribe. He is now in the American service here, having an Indian wife, and is still attached to his Indian mode of life.

"Just above the fort is the ancient burial-place of the Chippewas. I need not tell you of the profound veneration with which all the Indian tribes regard the place of their dead. In all their treaties for the session of their lands, they stipulate with the white man for the inviolability of their sepulchers. They did the same with regard to this place, but I am sorry to say that it has not been attended to, for in enlarging one side of the fort, they have considerable encroached on the cemetery. The outrage excited both the sorrow and indignation of some of my friends here, but there is no redress. Perhaps it was this circumstance that gave rise to the allusion of the Indian chief here,



Historic Fur Post

when in speaking of the French here, he said 'they never molested the places of our dead!'

"We took a walk to visit Mrs. Johnston's brother Wayishky, whose wigwam is at a little distance, on the verge of the burial-ground. The lodge is of the genuine Chippewa form, like an egg cut in half lengthways. It is formed of poles stuck in the ground, and bent over at top, strengthened with a few wattles and boards; the whole is covered over with mats, birch-bark and skins; a large blanket formed the door or curtain, which was not ungracefully looped aside. Wayishky, being a great man, has also a smaller lodge hard by, which serves as a store house and kitchen.

An Elegant Indian Hut

"Rude as was the exterior of Wayishky's hut, the interior presented every appearance of comfort and even elegance, according to the Indian notions of both. It formed a good-sized room; a raised couch ran all around like a Turkish divan, serving both for seats and beds, and covered with very soft and beautiful matting of various colours and patterns. The chests and baskets of birch-bark, the rifles, the hunting and fishing tackle, were stowed away all around very tidily. The floor was trodden down hard and perfectly clean, and there was a place for a fire in the middle.

"There was no window, but quite sufficient light and air were admitted through the door, and through an apperture in the roof.

"Mrs. Wayishky must have been a very beautiful woman. Though no longer young, and the mother of twelve children, she is one of the handsomest Indian women I have ever seen. The number of her children is remarkable, for in general there are few large families among the Indians. Her daughter Zah-gahseegaquay is a very beautiful girl, with eyes that are a warrant for her poetical name—the sunbeams breaking through a cloud—she is about sixteen. Wayishky himself is a grave, dignified man about fifty.

"I asked George Johnston how it was that in their wars the Indians made no distinction between the warriors opposed to them and helpless women and children. He replied: 'It is a constant subject of reproach against the Indians—this barbarism of their desultory warfare; But I should think more women and children have perished in one of your civilized sieges than during the whole war between the Chippewas and the Sioux, and that has lasted a century.'

"I was silent, for there is a sensible proverb about taking care of our own glass windows.

The Lure of the Rapids

"The more I looked upon these glancing, dancing rapids, the

more resolute I grew to venture myself in the midst of them. George Johnston went to seek a fit canoe and a dexterous steersman.

"The canoe being ready, I went up to the top of the portage and we launched into the river. It was a small fishing canoe about ten feet long, quite new, and light and elegant and buoyant as a bird on the waters. I reclined on a mat at the bottom Indian fashion (there are no seats in a genuine Indian canoe); in a minute we were within the verge of the rapids, and down we went, with a whirl and a splash!—the white surge leaping around me—over me. The Indians with astonishing dexterity kept the head of the canoe to the breakers, and somehow or other we danced through them. I could see, as I looked over the edge of the canoe, that the passage between the rocks was sometimes not more than two feet in width, and we had to turn sharp angles—a touch of which would have sent us to destruction—all this I could see through the transparent eddying waters, but I can truly say, I had not even a momentary sensation of fear, but rather of giddy, breathless, delicious excitement. I could even admire the beautiful attitude of the Indian fishermen past whom we swept as we came to the bottom. The whole affair, from the moment I entered the canoe till I reached the landing place, occupied seven minutes, and the distance about three-quarters of a mile.

"My Indians were enchanted, and when I reached home my good friends were not less delighted at my exploit: they told me I was the first European woman who had ever performed it. I was declared duly initiated, and adopted into the family by the name of Wahsahgewahnoqua, The Woman of the Bright Foam; and by this name I am henceforth to be known among the Chippewas."

John Tanner, the interpreter mentioned in Mrs. Jameson's letters, was one of the most peculiar characters ever identified with the history of Michigan. Kidnapped when a child in Kentucky by a wandering band of Saulteur Chippewas, he was brought to and grew up at Sault Ste. Marie, where he was for many years interpreter at Mr. Bingham's Mission, translating the latter's sermons to the Indians. The son of white parents, he married a white and afterward an Indian woman at Sault Ste. Marie, abusing the white wife so terribly that she left him and the country. He wrangled with the local authorities over the disposition of his young daughter Martha, and she was finally placed in a missionary establishment. Such was his reputation for ferocity and vindictiveness that he was honored by what is probably the only law ever passed by a legislative council in America attaching criminal consequences to a single private person. The law authorized the Sheriff of Chippewa County to remove Martha Tanner to such place of safety as he might deem expedient, provided said Martha should consent;

and it also provided that any threats of the said John Tanner to injure Martha or any person or persons with whom she might be placed, should be deemed a misdemeanor, punishable by fine and imprisonment, at the discretion of the court.

Thought Tanner Killed Schoolcraft

Tanner gained the local reputation of being a thoroughly bad man, and when James Schoolcraft, brother of the historian, was murdered from ambush near his home in Sault Ste. Marie in July, 1846, Tanner was immediately suspected. He had been threatening openly the lives of the Schoolcraft brothers. He was a strange, mysterious, unsocial character, speaking the Indian tongue and excelling the Indians in their own pursuits, without, however, associating with them.

He disappeared, and although it was reported that he was seen lurking near the village, he was never apprehended. Where, how, or when he died, no man knows. Many years later a human skeleton was found in the woods above the town, with two gun-barrels, some coins, a flint and steel and other trinkets near it. Fire had passed over the spot, and it was assumed but not positively determined that the remains were Tanner's. He was deemed a murderer and a suicide by most of the inhabitants of the village.

But strange to say, Lieutenant Tilden of the local post, ordered to the southwest in the Mexican War, confessed upon his death-bed that it was he who had assassinated Schoolcraft, impelled thereto by a quarrel over a woman.

Tanner has been the subject of many a controversy in print, there having been a great difference of opinion as to his character. His detractors regarded him as a treacherous, dishonest, dangerous savage; his defenders clothed him with every noble and generous quality. Judge Steere's 'Sketch of John Tanner' in the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections is an interesting and impartial presentation of Tanner's reputation and doings in old Sault Ste. Marie.

John and Andrew Waishkey of Bay Mills and Sam Waishkey of Racoon are lineal descendants of the Chief Wayishky visited by Mrs. Jameson at the Sault. The Saulteur Chippewas have exchanged their tribal organization for United States citizenship, and their Chiefs remain so by sentiment only. Other prominent men among them are Charles Shawano, of Bay Mills, descendant of Chief Shawano who owned and lived upon the island in St. Mary's River where the third lock now stands; William Halfaday of Racoon, who recently undertook a mission of the Chippewas to Washington; and Joseph Gurnoe, leader of the Sugar Island Indian community. The name of Wayishky is perpetuated in that of Waishka Bay and River southwest of Sault Ste. Marie, and Shawano's Island was a familiar sight to

modern Saulteurs until it was wiped out by the demands of lake commerce.

Perhaps there was just a touch of spite in the otherwise amiable Mrs. Jameson's criticisms of our soldiers at Fort Brady. She was an Englishwoman, and they were the sons and grandsons of those Americans who had been victors over her nation in two wars.

Predicts Deep Sea Canal

"They have besides planned a ship canal here. When this canal is completed, a vessel may load in the Thames, and discharge her burthen at the upper end of Lake Superior." This prophecy made nearly one hundred years ago is already reality in a small way. There is a special obligation upon us in the north country to help develop this small beginning to a gigantic materialization. The Great-Lakes-to-the-Sea Waterway is bound to come in its fullness.

No one knows who first conceived an American ship canal around the rapids here. Perhaps the honor should belong to Samuel Hawkins, a special agent of the Government who came here in 1817 with reference to the disputed boundary line between the United States and Great Britain. He reported, apparently incidentally, that immediately above the falls on the American side of the river there was a cove which might serve as the head of a canal; and that a strip of low and marshy land curved from it to a point below the falls. He thought that a canal for vessels drawing ten feet of water might be cut through this cove and strip at an inconsiderable expense.

Ship Canal Authorized

Twenty years later, Michigan having become a State, the Legislature, in line with the recommendation of Governor Mason, passed an act authorizing the loan of not to exceed five million dollars to be expended for internal improvements. At the same time another act was passed authorizing the construction of a ship canal around St. Mary's Falls, and arranging for a survey. John Almy was the surveying engineer appointed by Governor Mason, and his report was filed in December, 1837. He estimated the cost of a canal and three locks to be \$112,544.80, the proposed width of the canal to be 75 feet, the depth 10 feet, and the width of the locks 32 feet. Mr. Almy proposed to divide the locks into three lifts of six feet each, to avoid great hydraulic pressure on the side walls and gates. He stated that the canal would be large enough to accommodate the larger class of sailing vessels then used.

Other internal improvements contemplated by the Legislature were the building of three railroad trunk lines across the lower part of the Lower Peninsula, and the construction of a

canal from Lake St. Clair to the Kalamazoo River. None of the projects materialized at the time, although the Michigan Saulteurs were so sure of their canal that maps were drawn and are still in existence, showing the canal with its three locks, intersecting the line of the old-water power canal which was dug by soldiers from Fort Brady in the twenties. This canal or race-way came down through what is now Upper Canal Park, about one hundred feet north of the location of the Weather Bureau on West Portage Avenue and Douglas Street. Here the old saw-mill was constructed, possibly two hundred feet from where the Park Hotel now stands. After the water had turned the mill-wheel, it returned to the river through a tail-race or sluice which ran north where Douglas Street now is, and somewhere near the fountain site in Lock Park.

This race-way was the means of delaying our first ship canal for many years. Smith & Driggs of Buffalo contracted with the State for the construction of the upper level of the canal, and assigned a third interest in their contract to Aaron Weeks, of Mount Clemens.

Government Soldiers Interfere

Mr. Weeks, in active charge of operations, began his excavations with a crew of men at the point where the proposed canal crossed the mill-race, stating that he could not allow water to flow through the race where the line of the canal crossed the same. He immediately found himself and men in conflict with Captain Johnson and about thirty armed regulars from Fort Brady, the Captain acting under orders from the U. S. War Department forbidding interference with the race, which was of course Government property. The workmen were driven from the ground by the soldiers. This was in May, 1839.

After much negotiating between State and Government officials, an agreement was reached in August whereby the contractors could proceed, but Tracy McCracken, canal engineer, reported in December that no further work had been done by the contractors. John H. Goff, in his excellent "History of the St. Mary's Falls Canal," asks whether the contractors did not wish to legally abandon the work. The contract was taken at what appear to have been absurdly low figures.

The canal project remained in limbo until December, 1839, when United States Senator Norvell introduced in the Senate a bill donating 100,000 acres of land to aid in the construction of a canal. The following year the Michigan Legislature asked Congress for a grant of lands. Henry Clay, Senator from Kentucky and others opposed the bill on the grounds that the population of the country surrounding the rapids was sparse, that the State of Michigan had comparatively few inhabitants, and that it was "in reality a work beyond the remotest settlement

in the United States, if not in the moon." It hardly seems possible, but Henry was considered a great statesman in his day.

Local Sentiment Opposed Canal

Local sentiment in Sault Ste. Marie did not favor a canal. Its operation apparently meant a loss of work and wages to many dwellers in the village.

An amended land grant bill passed the Senate in 1850, expedited by the Michigan Senators Cass and Felch, but it failed in the House.

The two Senators renewed their efforts in 1851, and this time they were aided by Senators and Congressmen from many other States. The need of the canal was becoming more and more apparent. The desired bill was finally passed by the House and Senate and approved by President Fillmore August 26th, 1852. It granted to the State of Michigan the right of locating a canal at St. Mary's Falls through the public lands known as the military reservation. It granted 750,000 acres of land to the State to enable it to construct the canal. It provided that the canal should be at least one hundred feet wide, twelve feet in depth, and that the locks should be at least two hundred and fifty feet long and sixty feet wide. It was considered a mighty poor bill in Sault Ste. Marie, and blue ruin loomed before a large number of the village inhabitants.

Meanwhile the transportation of merchandise around the rapids was continued by the slow, laborious and costly means of portaging. After the construction of the mill-race the portage was not so lengthy as before, of course, for the voyageurs used this race above the dam. The American Fur Company built a log warehouse at the head of the rapids in 1835, and in the same year they built and launched near by the schooner John Jacob Astor, of 112 tons, the first American vessel of any size to sail on Lake Superior. Her first captain was Charles Stannard, her second his brother, Benjamin Stannard.

The Steamer Independence

The Independence, first steamer on Lake Superior, was a stern-wheel propeller built of wood, and was about 150 feet in length. She was hauled over the portage in 1845. There is a story that she was intended when building to carry grain from Chicago to Europe. But her speed did not exceed five miles per hour, and her coal carrying capacity was not sufficient for half the voyage across the Atlantic, so she was transferred to Lake Superior. She was a success as a lake carrier, but in November, 1854, her boiler exploded and she sank a short distance above Sault Ste. Marie. Her antique propellers or wheels may be seen in the park near the Poe lock.

The Julia Palmer was the second steamer on Lake Superior,

a side-wheeler about one hundred feet in length. In 1857 she was made a permanent part of a wood dock at Sault Ste. Marie. Schooners on the lake at this time included the Napoleon, the Algonquin, the Swallow, the Chippewa, the Fur Trader and the Merchant. The Fur Trader tried to shoot the rapids in 1847 and turned over on the rocks. A little later the Merchant, with Captain Brown and fourteen passengers and crew, cleared the Sault for Grand Portage. She disappeared, the forerunner of many another larger and finer Lake Superior craft. Months later, a battered door from her cabin was picked up on the north shore.

The First Railway

The American Fur Company's Agent at the Sault in the early thirties was Gabriel Franchere, an early employe of John Jacob Astor. He had grown up in the business and knew every angle of it. He was succeeded in 1838 by John Livingstone. Under the latter's incumbency in 1839 the large warehouse was built which still stands, appropriately inscribed, on Water Street near the Bingham Avenue slip. In the same year the first railway in the Upper Peninsula was constructed by the Fur Company from the above warehouse up Water Street to the present Douglas Street, where it curved over to Portage avenue and extended up to the head of the rapids, where the Company built another warehouse for merchandise transferred from the schooner Astor and other boats. This railway was an iron strap affair on wooden supports, and the motive power was oxen, horses and mules.

The Company's retail store at that date still stands on the south side of Water Street and is known as the Hursley home. This store, the warehouses above and below the rapids, and the strap railway passed into the hands of McKnight Bros & Tinker about the year 1846. They improved the railway and organized the Chippewa Portage Company, which handled in 1850 six thousand tons of foodstuffs and wearables, machinery, copper and bloom iron, at a transportation charge of about one dollar per ton. They were in competition with Spalding & Bacon from 1851 to 1853, the latter firm constructing warehouses with a connecting plank road. The advent of the canal of course put the portaging firms out of business.

When Peter White Arrived

When Peter White came north in 1849, bound for the iron country and unsuspected fame, he found Fort Brady, called old by that time, at the water's edge, with a few houses below it but the principal part of the town above. Water Street, the one wide roadway, extended west from the Fort grounds, with a few very narrow little streets reaching out from it a

short distance southward. He estimated the population of the Sault to be about 500, many of them French, some half-breeds, a few Americans, and a number of resident Indians. The post Commander was Captain Clark, and the garrison numbered about 50. There were three or four stores and two hotels, the Van Anden and the Chippewa. Landlord Smith of the Chippewa lost his hotel by fire after Peter White's visit. He afterward bought the Van Anden House and rechristened it the Chippewa.

The inhabitants of Sault Ste. Marie had forgotten apparently the origin of the name of the village. One of the party asked Peter Barbeau, a prominent man of the town, how it came to be so curiously named. "That, sir," said Mr. Barbeau, "is a corruption. This town was originally named after a lady called Susan Maria, and by mispronunciation it has become 'Soo Ste. Mary.' "

The State Commissioners contracted in April, 1853, with the St. Mary's Falls Ship Canal Company to construct the canal and locks, the Company being headed by Mr. J. P. Fairbanks of St. Johnsbury, Vermont. The company received as pay 750,000 acres of land granted by Congress. Superintendent Charles T. Harvey turned the first spadeful of earth in June. Work was interrupted in 1854 by the cholera epidemic which swept the country, many of the sixteen hundred workmen dying on the job. June 18, 1855, the first boat, the steamer Illinois, Captain Jack Wilson, locked through, bound west. Aboard her were General Cass and Father Bingham. The same day the steamer Baltimore passed eastward with a cargo of copper. The Baltimore had voyaged up Water Street some years before on rollers.

Sooites Refused to Give Help

The establishment of the canal did not meet with local approval. A breach in the embankment occurred in 1857, and Superintendent Calkins' appeal for help to the townspeople met with no response. Had it not been for the crew of the Government steamer Michigan, who volunteered for work, serious consequences to the canal might have resulted.

This canal was a little over a mile long, 100 feet wide at the water line, and was twelve feet in depth. There were two locks end to end, which were on the present site of the Poe lock. They were 350 feet long and 70 feet wide, and each had a lift of nine feet. The total cost was practically one million dollars.

The tremendous size of these locks, for that day, met with vigorous disapproval from the vessel interests. Lake captains wrote to newspapers protesting their too great dimensions, and fearing they never would be finished, or needed if they were

completed. It is hard to say who were the more short-sighted, the Saulteurs or the ship owners.

The canal tonnage of 100,000 in 1855 increased in 1870 to 700,000. Officials were recommending an additional lock and the deepening of the canal. The 49ers of Lake Superior had uncovered more mineral wealth in the region than ever was found in California, and the canal was constantly crowded during the navigation season. The narrow and crooked channels of St. Mary's were being straightened and deepened.

Weitzel Lock is Opened

A new lock having been decided on, the first stone was laid with appropriate ceremonies July 25, 1876. Peter Barbeau presided at this meeting, and the principal address was made by General Godfrey Weitzel, for whom the lock was named afterward. The canal depth was increased to sixteen feet, the chamber of the Weitzel lock was made 515 feet long, and its depth at the miter sills seventeen feet. The lock was opened to navigation in September, 1881, when the steamer City of Cleveland passed through. The new lock and canal improvements cost about one million dollars each. Engineer Alfred Noble had charge of the work.

June 9, 1881, by Act of Congress, title to St. Mary's Falls Ship Canal passed to the United States, the transfer having been authorized by the Michigan Legislature some years before. The State had charged four cents on every ton of a vessel's enrolled tonnage, the same to be collected before the boat passed the canal. This was reduced later to three cents per ton. John Spaulding was the last State Superintendent of the canal, and William Chandler the last Collector. The Government takes no tolls, and the smallest launch, American or foreign, is locked through with all the courteous consideration accorded the greatest vessel on the lakes.

Gates Operated by Capstans

The gates of the old locks were operated by manual labor applied through capstans. Each lock could be filled or emptied in seven minutes, and each was large enough to admit a tug and a tow of three vessels or "hookers."

Formerly the canal was lighted with kerosene lamps. In 1884 these were replaced by electricity and the beautiful park south of the Weitzel lock was graded and adorned with five hundred shade trees. The last home of the Indians between the locks and St. Mary's River was given up at the same time.

John Spaulding was continued as the first Government Superintendent. Under his direction the spoil banks resulting from the excavation of the canal were removed in large part in 1887-

89 to the shallows north of Fort Brady, where they now form the land known as Brady Field.

The Poe Lock

The Poe lock, 800 feet long, 100 feet wide, and with 22 feet of water on the sills, was built by the United States in the years 1887-96. General O. M. Poe was the engineer officer in charge of the district from 1883 to 1895, and Mr. E. S. Wheeler was the assistant engineer in local charge of construction work from 1882 to 1897. Hughes Bros. & Bangs were the principal contractors, and their superintendent was Mr. Thos. Carroll, who afterward became assistant superintendent of the canal and who is still a resident of Sault Ste. Marie.

Contrary to local expectations, when the State canal and lock were opened, the village experienced a small boom. This came about no doubt through the comparatively great influx of construction labor. These men gone, the village settled down and grew very slowly until the advent of the Weitzel lock, and the time of the arrival of the railroads.

After the building of the first canal, the little town was as much isolated in the winter as ever. The mail still came overland from Saginaw, five or six times during the winter season, and everybody looked forward to the going out of the ice and the up-coming of the first flotilla of Montreal canoes, bound via Sault Ste. Marie for the great Northwest, or the first steamer from Detroit. More than once the village was entirely out of pork, lard and flour before the spring supplies could get there.

There is an unflattering picture of the Soo of 1850 in Agassiz's "Lake Superior."

A Picture of the Soo in 1850

"The Sault de St. Marie," he says, "is a long straggling village, extending in all some two or three miles, if we reckon from the outposts of scattered log-huts. The main part of it is concentrated on a street running from the Fort, which stands on a slight eminence over the river, about a quarter of a mile along the water, with some back lanes leading up the gradual slope, rising perhaps half a mile from the river.

"The population is so floating in its character that it is difficult to estimate; some stated it at about three hundred on the average, consisting of half-breed voyageurs, miners waiting for employment, traders, and Indians. The chaplain at the Fort, however, estimated the number of the inhabitants on both sides of the river at one thousand, of whom the majority belong to the American side.

"The most striking feature of the place is the number of dramshops and bowling alleys. Standing in front of the hotels I counted seven buildings where liquor was sold, besides the

larger stores, where this was only one article among others. The roar of the bowling alleys and the click of the billiard balls are heard from morning till late at night. The whole aspect is that of a western village on a Fourth of July afternoon. Nobody seems to be at home, but all out on a spree, or going a-fishing or bowling. There are no symptoms of agriculture or manufactures; traders enough, but they are chatting at their doors or walking about from one shop to another. The wide platforms in front of the two large taverns are occupied by leisurely people, with their chairs tilted back and cigars in their mouths. Nobody is busy but the barkeepers, and no one seems to know what he is going to do next.

Chief's Son Carried Home

"Whilst we were here a number of Indians arrived with the son of a chief from Fort William. After parading about the town with an American flag, speechifying and offering the pipe at all the grogshops to beg for liquor, they devoted themselves to drinking and playing at bowls. In the evening, when passing one of the bowling alleys, we saw in front of it on a heap of shavings, a dark object which proved to be the Chief's son, extended at full length and dead drunk, with several Indians endeavoring to get him home. The only sign of life he gave was a feeble muttering in Indian, interspersed with a certain English curse; another instance of the naturalization of John Bull's imprecation in a foreign tongue. My companions by signs explained to the Indians that they should take up the drunken man by the legs and arms and carry him home. The idea struck them as a good one, for they immediately 'how, howed,' set about it and bore him off, one to each leg and arm."

Agassiz found fresh fish still very cheap at the Sault. He bought a fifteen pound trout for a small fish-hook from a half-breed voyageur, who was careful to explain that he was 'Francais,' not 'Sauvege.'

John McDougall Johnston, son of John Johnston and a famous raconteur, has left us the story of an old table still to be seen in this city.

The First Saw Mill

"The first saw-mill, if I mistake not, in the peninsula, was erected at the foot of the mill-race at Portage and River Streets. It had an up and down saw, and we thought it a wonderful thing in those days. The logs were floated down the raceway. The first wood sawed by this mill was a maple log, and the lumber made material for a table which was used by Henry Schoolcraft, the Indian Agent and historian, and by all the interpreters since. As I was the last interpreter, the table fell to me and I still have it. Great amounts of silver and gold were

counted out on that table when we paid the Indian annuities."

This table, which Schoolcraft no doubt used in the writing of many of his works, afterwards came into the hands of Judge Joseph Steere. He presented to the Sault Ste. Marie Carnegie Library, where it stands with one of the ship-knees of the famous old propeller Independence.

"In my boyhood days," continues John McD. in his Memoirs, "my father had near our home a fish house twenty-five or thirty feet square. Each season he would have forty pork barrels of salted whitefish and from five to six thousand fresh fish. These were strung in pairs by their tails and hung over rows of poles. They were allowed to freeze and would keep all winter. It was nothing strange to take 500 or 1,000 whitefish at the foot of the rapids in a single night, and sometimes 1,500."

Thus the old Saulteurs, even long after John Johnston's time, had two gardens, one behind their homes and the other out in the rapids, the latter affording them without cultivation or trouble other than going after it, an unending crop of the finest food that ever passed the lips of man.

The First Newspaper

The first newspaper published in Chippewa County was The Lake Superior News and Mining Journal, a weekly brought out by John N. Ingersoll in the spring of 1848. This paper featured mining news, and moved later to Marquette, in the heart of the iron country, where it has continued to this day under the caption of the Marquette Mining Journal.

The Chippewa County News was the next local paper, originated by Dr. Williams in 1878, and purchased the following year by J. H. Steere & Co. Mr. Steere edited the News until his election as Circuit Judge in 1881, when it passed into the hands of Wm. Chandler & Co. Two years later Mr. Charles H. Chapman became its editor and publisher, Mr. Chandler retaining an interest. In 1887 the paper, rechristened the Sault Ste. Marie News, became the property of Messrs. Chase S. Osborn, M. A. Hoyt, and A. W. Dingwall. This paper, since continued as an evening daily, is now owned by George Osborn, Emma Osborn, Chase S. Osborn, Jr., Norman H. Hill, J. P. Chandler and Charles Zylstra as the principal stockholders, and dominates the daily field in the eastern part of the Upper Peninsula. A weekly edition is issued also, sharing the territory with The Soo Times, a thriving Saturday-issue weekly under the able management of Mr. Loring Chittenden.

Another weekly, the Sault Ste. Marie Democrat, had been started in 1882 by Mr. W. K. Gardner. The paper was printed on a home-made wooden press. The Democrat suspended issue after a few months, but in the following year Mr. Charles

R. Stuart bought the printing plant and revived the publication. In 1887, the year of the first water-power boom, Mr. John E. Burchard and Mr. D. W. Brownell became interested in the Democrat, and in 1891 Mr. Burchard became sole owner. In the same year Mr. M. J. Magee acquired an interest in the paper, and three years later he took over Mr. Burchard's title. In 1901 the Democrat became a daily morning paper under the name of The Record, dividing the field with the Daily News, then as now issued in the afternoon.

The field being too small for two dailies, negotiations resulted in the combining of the two papers by Mr. Magee's purchase from Mr. Chase S. Osborn—by that time sole owner of The News—of his ownership in the latter paper. Mr. Osborn had many other interests which required his attention, and he relinquished with honor a field in which he had been singularly successful. Thus Mr. Magee became general manager of the Sault News-Record. The paper was issued every week day morning until November, 1901, when it became an afternoon daily of four pages.

After Mr. Charles H. Chapman had sold the Sault Ste. Marie News to Mr. Osborn, he published several weekly papers in this city, The Soo Herald, The Sault Ste. Marie Tribune, and The Church Herald. In August, 1901, he launched The Lake Superior Journal. The Journal was a weekly, but it announced in the initial issue its intention of becoming a daily. Mr. E. W. Kibby was associate editor with Mr. Chapman, and at the time of its purchase by Messrs. Knox and Muehling it was published semi-weekly.

Mr. Frank Knox and Mr. John Muehling were Grand Rapids newspaper men, and when they bought The Journal they converted it into a daily evening rival of The News-Record. In April, 1903, the two papers merged under the caption of The Evening News and the editorship of Mr. Knox. Mr. Muehling was business manager, and continued in that capacity until 1912, when he and Mr. Knox established The Manchester, N. H., Leader and moved to that city. Later the Leader was consolidated with The Union. At that time the Sault News Printing Company was acquired by its present owners, Mr. Norman Hill having bought an interest in the Company in 1915, and having succeeded Mr. Chase S. Osborn, Jr., as managing editor. Mr. Osborn is now associated with his brother Mr. George A. Osborn in the publication of The Herald in Fresno, California.

Sent 21 Men to Union Army.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, practically the entire population of Chippewa County was living in the village of Sault Ste. Marie, and a large part of that population was transient

in character. The people of the Upper Peninsula were clustered in the mining centers, and Chippewa furnished but twenty-one men to the Union Armies, as against 254 who went from Ontonagon and 460 from Houghton. Among the soldiers from the village was a grandson of John Johnston, Benjamin Johnston, who was killed at the second battle of Bull Run.

When the Reverend Thomas R. Easterday came here in 1864, the inhabitants of Sault Ste Marie numbered about 400. The local Presbyterian Church Society had been re-organized by the Reverend William McCullough in 1854, but after him there was no regular pastoral incumbent until Mr. Easterday took charge. The only other religious organization here was the Roman Catholic Church, with the Reverend Father Menet as parish priest and the Right Reverend Frederick Baraga as bishop of the diocese. The three general stores of the village were conducted by L. P. Trempe, Thomas Ryan and M. W. Scranton.

Among the first members of Mr. Easterday's church were County Clerk Guy H. Carleton, who had his office in the old warehouse of the American Fur Company on Water Street, and J. W. McMath, Collector of Customs. Judge Goodwin, of Detroit, came up once a year to hold court, in the second story of an old store building on Water Street, opposite the Chippewa House. Peter Barbeau had retired as early as 1864, and on the organization of the village in 1874, he became its first president. He lived at the corner of Barbeau Alley and Water Street. Mr. Barbeau bought the old Indian Agency building after its tenancy by Agent James Ord, who succeeded Schoolcraft, and lived there for a time. Barbeau Street, which once passed through his grounds, is named for him, and so is Barbeau Postoffice, in Bruce Township.

Among Mr. Barbeau's neighbors on Water Street in the sixties were Mr. M. W. Scranton, who also afterward lived in the Indian Agency building, and Mr. George W. Brown, Superintendent of the State Ship Canal. The outlines of the old race-way and the foundations of the water-power mill were still visible near by.

Church History.

Mr. Easterday's church, so small in its beginnings, grew nicely. A Sunday School was organized, with Mrs. Edward Ashmun in charge of fourteen children. When Mr. Easterday was forced by ill health to resign his pastorate in 1880, he turned over to the Reverend Alexander Danskin a membership of one hundred in the church and nearly as many in the Sunday School. A good church building, commodious for the times and costing nearly \$3,000.00, had been erected and presented to the congregation by Mr. Charles T. Harvey. This building

stood on the lot just east of the site of the Murray Hill Hotel, and was a familiar landmark to many now residing here.

His health recruited in the West, Mr. Easterday returned to this city and has made it his home. Always prominent in the religious and social life of the city and the county, he has held various public offices, and he has had a particular interest in the schools of the community. He was Commissioner of Schools for Chippewa County for many years, and he conducted the old village school which stood at the northwest corner of Ridge and Maple Streets. Many old citizens of Sault Ste. Marie and Chippewa County have gone to Mr. Easterday's school or enjoyed his paternal interest in the welfare of the country schools.

Mr. Easterday, who has been honored by his alma mater with D. D. and M. A. degrees, is now marrying young people whose parents and grand-parents were united in marriage by him up to fifty years ago. His remarkable record of far over three thousand marriages is believed to be unequaled in the country if not in the world. He has thus been responsible probably for more happiness—some will say misery, of course—than any other known living man.

Universally Beloved

Many decades of service to mankind have but served to confirm Mr. Easterday's faith in his fellows, and the regard of his friends for him. He has been the guide, counsellor and friend of thousands. There is no other man in Michigan more esteemed in his own community. No other resident of Chippewa County is better known or respected than this venerable and universally beloved citizen of Sault Ste. Marie.

About the time of Mr. Easterday's coming, the cemetery of old Fort Brady was located on what was known as Fort Street, since renamed Armory Place. Graves occupied the ground where the Armory now stands. The village cemetery was in the space now bounded by Ashmun, Ridge and Spruce Streets and City Hall Alley, and it included of course the grounds and the site of the present City Hall. The garrison cemetery was in the same locality as an ancient burial-ground of the Chippewa Indians.

Tangled Land Titles

A United States Land Office was doing business on Water Street, with Ebenezer Warner and H. R. Pratt in charge. Land titles in Sault Ste. Marie were in a somewhat confused state. Thomas Whelpley had made a survey and a complete plat of the village, but the de Repentigny claims had not been settled, and squatter tenures conflicted with private land claims and Indian treaty rights, especially on the shore lands which were becoming valuable. When Peter Barbeau took over the

Indian Agency and grounds in the vicinity of the present Michigan Northern Power building, he claimed and took possession of an entire street, not graded then but known on the maps of the period as Chippewa Street. When it was completed in after years it took the name of the former owner of the ground.

Other streets and avenues of modern Sault Ste. Marie, named for pioneers, are Easterday Avenue, Bingham Avenue, Ashmun, Peck, Ord, Johnston, Dawson, Brady, Seymour, Brown, and Ferris Streets.

The Mystery Man

James Ord, United States Indian Agent at Sault Ste. Marie after the departure of Henry Schoolcraft, was the Mystery Man of the village in former days. He and his beautiful wife lived in seclusion at the Agency, aloof from people of the town, but constantly receiving visits from unknown people of apparent quality, who came and went oftentimes in the night. Ord was said to be the son of the King of England, of the King of France, or of a German nobleman. Letters with great seals came to him from abroad. The day came when he disappeared, upon the receipt of a particularly gorgeous missive, and travelers from the north country in after years fancied they saw him in high circles at the court of St. James.

Street Names

Bingham Avenue, on or near which old pathway the first Roman Catholic and Protestant Missions were erected, was known for many years as Church Street.

Portage Avenue, Portage Road, or The Portage, as it was called in the old days, served as an ancient portage for the transportation of merchandise around the rapids, only on that part of it west of Douglas Street and east of the present Alto Hotel. Eastbound goods were unloaded at a point west of the railroad bridge about on the northern line of the ship-canal, the canal of course having wiped out the western section of the old portage road. The goods were hauled down the present line of Portage avenue as far as Douglas Street, where the portage curved to the north. It then took the present line of Water Street to and a trifle east of the still existing warehouse of the American Fur Company.

When Mr. Fred W. Roach came to Sault Ste. Marie with his father Mr. Ashbell B. Roach in 1865, the woods were thick where Magazine Street now is. Spalding & Childs were in business here about that time, and they dealt among other merchandise in blasting powder, which for safety's sake was stored in a small building in the woods to the west of the village. This building was known as the powder-house or magazine. It was nearly on the line of Magazine Street, and the



Torii and Lanterns in Government Park
Gifts of Hon. Chase S. Osborn

latter took its name from that circumstance, and not from any connection with Fort Brady as is generally supposed.

John Newton Adams Is Honored

When Mr. R. N. Adams platted his additions to Sault Ste. Marie in 1887, he named three streets in these additions John, Newton, and Adams, for his son, who is now a City Commissioner. Two other streets, Ann and Augusta, take their names from that of Mr. Adam's daughter, Mrs. W. F. Ferguson.

The southward leg of Douglas Street, from Ridge to Spruce, was shown on the old plats as Sobraro Street, from Mr. Frank Sobraro, the former owner of considerable property in the vicinity. Mission Road takes its name from the fact that the first Methodist Episcopal Mission was a little to the eastward of it.

The Roach Homestead

The Roach homestead, built by Mr. Ashbell B. Roach in 1872, is familiarly remembered by most Saulteurs, standing prominently as it did on Ashmun street at the water-power canal. This house was removed to make room for the Soo Ford Auto Company, and with it went the magnificent elm treet planted by Mr. Roach in the centennial year 1876. The Republic having reached its one hundredth birthday, President Grant called upon the people of the country to commemorate the event by the planting of trees, and there are a few trees still standing in Sault Ste. Marie which recall that happy occasion.

The Ashbell Roach home was at the time of its construction the first house south of the Hotel Superior, which is also remembered by many of the residents of the city. The community's banking was done at Detroit, and Mr. Easterday was for some years the local representative of the People's Savings Bank of Detroit.

Navigation on St. Mary's

There were no light-houses on St. Mary's River or Lake Superior then, and navigation usually came to a stop at sundown. Bulk and package freight on the upper lakes was handled to a great extent in schooners of three to four hundred tons burden, which were pulled by tugs through the river channels and the ship canal. Mr. L. P. Trempe owned a fleet of tugs which towed these schooners up from DeTour or down from Whitefish or Bay Mills. Outside the river the diminutive freighters cast off and sailed away.

The Eber Ward liners were the best known boats on the lakes in 1870. About 1875 the Anchor Line brought out the iron steamers China, Japan, and India, massive and wonderful in their time, but tiny now. Other steamers of the period,

still remembered by old time vessel men, were the Arctic, Atlantic, Pacific, Empire State, Badger State and Winslow; the Canadian liners Asia, Africa and Sovereign; the Cuyahoga and the Norman; the City of Traverse, Jay Gould, the City of Duluth; and most celebrated of all, the Peerless, the finest boat on the Great Lakes in 1870.

The approach to the State Locks from the village was over a small bridge, with running water and a pool beneath, so deep that drownings have happened there. The village circus grounds were just southeast of the fountain in Lock Park, and the circus came to Sault Ste. Marie by boat. The stores were on the north side of Water Street, and each store had its private dock. Peter Barbeau owned the first store west of Ashmun Street on Water Street, and was afterward succeeded by his son-in-law M. W. Scranton.

Early Financing

There was no great need of a local bank at that time, as there was but little currency in the village. In the winter season the Fort Brady soldiers' pay checks were the largest medium of exchange. The three or four stores issued tokens or printed cardboard checks of various colors according to denominations. A token reading "Good for 50 cents, Thomas Ryan," or signed by Trempe & Bros., or M. W. Scranton, might pass from hand to hand as currency all winter long, and would be accepted as currency at any store. In the spring the merchants held a clearing house and liquidated their outstanding obligations in tokens. So universal was the use of this local currency that the churches took considerable amounts of it in their Sunday collections.

A Rainy Night at the Show

The first theatre in the Sault was originally an old Government warehouse which stood where now is the north-west corner of Brady Field. The building stood over the river on a pile dock, and the first play shown there was "East Lynne," back in the seventies. Afterward local talent and companies from below used a skating rink as a theatre, which stood in Ashmun Alley where Belanger's livery is now. This building was in rather dilapidated condition, and old residents recall their visits to the theatre on rainy nights, when they sat with raised umbrellas while the show proceeded.

Smith's Hall

Smith's Hall was a noted place of amusement in the Sault in the late seventies. It was owned and operated by "Gassey" Smith, locally famous as an actor and comedian, and it stood on the present site of Charles Beckingham's store. Pete Rivers

owned and managed another theater on Water Street. Both these show houses were successful until the boom times in the eighties brought out the old Opera House on Arlington Street, which did an excellent business under the management of Mr. Percy Jordan up to the time of its destruction by fire in 1917.

The Grand Opera House was constructed in 1886-87 on Court Street, by outside capital. This structure was afterward remodeled and enlarged and is now the First Baptist Church building.

When Gage and Whait erected a hardware store on the present site of the Soo Hardware retail building, it was about the first business place standing in the village south of Water Street. Their advertisement in the Chippewa County News mentioned their location as the Mackinac Road near the Court House. This Mackinac Road, of course, became Ashmun Street, named for Mr. Samuel Ashmun, father of Mr. Edward Ashmun, former Justice of the Peace and Postmaster of the village.

A Most Unusual Case

It was Judge Ashmun who tried in the township court the classic case of Jerry Brennan. Here is the record, taken verbatim from the minutes of the court clerk:

People of The State of Michigan	}	ss
vs.		
Jerry Brennan		

January 7, 1873.

Sault Ste. Marie Township Justice Court
before Edward Ashmun, Esquire,
Justice of the Peace.

Warrant issued Jan. 7, 1873, against Jerry Brennan, on complaint of Lester McKnight, on a charge of intoxication. Warrant made returnable forthwith, same being personally served.

Defendant duly appeared in court and plead not guilty. Geo. W. Brown appeared as prosecuting attorney for the people.

Lester McKnight, sworn, says he saw Jerry Brennan drunk on the 6th inst., about 4 o'clock p. m. Says he was staggering.

Jerry Brennan, sworn, says he took two small drinks at his home on the 6th January, 1873, and that he got his liquor from his sister-in-law in Detroit last fall in a jug.

Dr. A. P. Heichhold, sworn, says that he saw defendant on the 6th inst., and that he was unsteady on his feet. Saw him, the defendant on the street, and he appeared to be drunk. Saw him that day with Parr, the butcher, getting some beef. Asked Parr if Jerry was drunk, and he said, as drunk as a lord.

Thomas Parr, sworn, says that he saw Jerry Brennan on the 6th inst., that Jerry came to his place to look at some beef. He thought from defendant's appearance that he was drunk, but not drunk enough but what he could make a good bargain. From his tongue, he appeared to be drunk, or in liquor.

Bridget Brennan, sworn, says that Jerry Brennan had been drinking beer on the 6th January, 1873.

George Kemp, sworn, saw Jerry Brennan on the 6th inst., about 1 o'clock p. m., he appeared to have taken a drink or two.

Pat Murphy, sworn, I board at Jerry Brennan's. Was there yesterday the 6th January. I know James Sullivan.

Question: Did he give you any money to buy spirituous or intoxicating liquors?

Answer: He gave me no money to get any liquor, only to get medicine.

Question: Do you know if Jerry Brennan drank any intoxicating liquors yesterday?

Witness would not answer.

Question repeated: To your knowledge, did Jerry Brennan drink any intoxicating liquors yesterday, and did you furnish him with the same?

Witness reply: I'll be damned if I'll tell you.

Thereupon the said witness Pat Murphy was committed to jail for contempt of court, and court adjourned until 5 p. m.

Court re-opened at 5 p. m. Present Edward Ashmun, Justice of the Peace, for the people Prosecuting Attorney Geo. W. Brown. Defendant Jerry Brennan in court. Witness Pat Murphy brought into court by Sheriff Francis Lessard.

Question by Prosecuting Attorney Brown: Pat Murphy, where did you get the spirituous or intoxicating liquors that you took to Jerry Brennan yesterday, the 6th January?

Answer: It's none of your business where I got it and damned if I'll tell you.

Question: Did you, or did you not take spirituous or intoxicating liquors to Jerry Brennan yesterday, Jan. 6th, 1873?

Answer: I'll rot in jail before I'll tell you.

Whereupon said witness Patrick Murphy was remanded to jail and court adjourned until Thursday, Jan. 9th, at 10 a. m.

Court opened Jan. 9th, 1873, at 10 a. m., Justice of the Peace Ashmun present, Prosecuting Attorney Brown appearing for the people. Pat Murphy was brought into court by Sheriff Francis Lessard.

Question by Prosecutor: Witness Pat Murphy, are you prepared to tell the court where you got the liquor that you procured for Jerry Brennan Jan. 6th?

Answer: Do you remember what I told ye?

Whereupon, and after further refusal to answer, the said Justice did commit the said witness Pat Murphy to the safe

keeping of the keeper of the jail of said County, until the said Pat Murphy would so testify, or until he was discharged therefrom by due process of law. And the court stood open till such time as the said Pat Murphy was willing to testify and answer the above questions.

And on the 13th day of January, 1873, the said Pat Murphy manifested a disposition to testify and answer the above questions as above required. And the said Pat Murphy did, on the said 13th day of January, 1873, make the following affidavit, to wit:

State of Michigan }
Chippewa County } ss

Pat Murphy, being duly sworn, deposes and says that Jerry Brennan, the defendant in the above case, did drink spirituous and intoxicating liquors on the 6th January, 1873, and that he, the said deponent, Pat Murphy, did obtain the said spirituous or intoxicating liquors that the said Jerry Brennan so drank of one Tom Ready in the Township of Sault Ste. Marie in said County, on the 6th day of January, 1873.

signed, Pat Murphy.

Thereupon the Justice ordered the keeper of the jail to discharge Pat Murphy from custody, and also Jerry Brennan, previously committed.

Thus was even-handed justice dispensed in the old days, justice tempered with mercy. Jerry had a good time, Tom got the money, and the loyal Pat suffered for his friend.

"Soo law" was famous in the seventies and the eighties for its rough and ready justice. The local justices were impatient with the Gordian knots of legal technicalities. They hadn't the time to untie these knots, so they cut them with the sword of expedition. They scorned the law books and made their law to order, and often it was very fair law, too.

Fined "For Not Killing the Cuss"

A case involving the misrepresentation of some good came up in the village justice court. The buyer had winged the seller with a pistol in the endeavor to get restitution. The latter brought action for assault. The justice heard the case with great gravity and found the defendant not guilty, but he fined him five dollars anyway "for not killing the cuss."

In 1879, Mr. Thomas Ryan, who owned several hundred acres of land on and in the vicinity of old Butte de Terre, afterwards known as Chandler Heights, sold one hundred and fifty acres of land to Mr. Robert N. Adams. Mr. Adams, who came here from Huron County, Ontario, in that year, cleared the land, and as the community grew, he subdivided the

property into city lots. Now practically all of it is within the corporate limits of Sault Ste. Marie.

Mr. Adams has seen the little village of his adoption grow into a thriving city. From his office on the sixth floor of the Adams Building, erected in 1903 and one of the finest in the Upper Peninsula, he can look out over his former farm, since become one of the most attractive sections of the city. The community and the district have honored him with many public offices, and it is likely that no one has contributed more to its civic and material development.

A Trip of Inspection

In the year of Mr. Adams' coming to the Sault, he made a journey of inspection southward through the Peninsula as far as Stirlingville. The first day he was able to get as far as the William Welsh homestead on the Mackinaw Road, there being barely a path through the woods on the Pickford Meridian at that time. The next day he proceeded out the Mackinaw Road a distance of eighteen miles from the Soo, turned on a trail to the left, and by hard work he managed to get through the woods and swamps that night to Stirlingville, four miles from the present village of Pickford. He came home by boat.

The principal stores in Sault Ste. Marie at the time of Mr. Adams' arrival were all on Water Street and were owned by Mr. William Given, Mr. L. P. Trempe, Prenzlauer Brothers, and Mr. M. W. Scranton. Mr. Scranton was postmaster, and the postoffice occupied a corner of his hardware store. The churches had increased to three, the Rev. Father Chartier being pastor of the Roman Catholic Church, the Reverend Mr. Brown of the Methodist, and the Reverend Mr. Easterday of the Presbyterian. Mr. Henry Seymour operated a saw-mill near the present location of the ferry dock, and lived in Mrs. George Kemp's present home, which was then on Portage Avenue.

Road to Sault Was Only a Path

When Mr. Neil McInnis came north from Canada in 1882 with Mrs. McInnis and their family of six, he was also bound for Stirlingville. The land in what is now Pickford Township was recognized as having excellent farming possibilities, and the practical way to get there was by boat down the St. Mary's and up the Munoskong to the limit of its navigable waters at Stirlingville. The trip by sailboat took three days, and the fare for the family was twenty dollars. The Reverend Mr. Davidson had a small Presbyterian church at Stirlingville, and Mr. Henry Pickford owned a still smaller store at Pickford. Bear and deer were everywhere. Often the settlers were without flour or sugar for some time, and the road to the Sault was

nothing but a winding and at times impassable trail through the bush.

Among the other families first in the Pickford and Stirlingville region were the Campbells, the Rouses, Cleggs, Taylors, Stirlings, Roes, Hills and Christies. Most of the settlers there came from Canada, and it is estimated by competent authorities that sixty per cent of the residents of Sault Ste. Marie, and seventy-five per cent of the people in Chippewa County, are of Canadian descent.

Bankers Look Town Over

With the construction of the Weitzel lock and the looming of three railroads on the Sault horizon, the town began to present good banking possibilities. Mr. Otto Fowle and Mr. Homer Mead of Hillsdale County, Michigan, came up to look the town over in February, 1883. The Michigan Central tracks then as now extended to Mackinaw City, and the overland trip from St. Ignace to the Sault consumed two days.

The sleigh pulled up for a moment on the brow of Ashmun Hill, and the newcomers crawled out from under their furs and blankets and surveyed the snowy village with interest. On their right as they came down the hill were the farm-house and buildings of Mr. R. N. Adams. The next house, on the left, was Mr. Ashbell Roach's home. From there the houses grew thicker toward Spruce Street, and from the latter, Ashmun Street narrowed considerably, so that from Ridge Street to Portage Avenue it was but a lane twenty-eight feet in width, ending at Portage Avenue.

The travelers proceeded westward on Portage Avenue to Plank Alley, west of the present Conway & Hall's drug-store, thence to Water Street. There were some saloons and one-story buildings on the east side of Plank Alley, but most of the business places were still on Water Street. The latter extended from Douglas Street or Canal Park on the west to a picket fence and gate which stood on a line with the eastern boundary of the Hursley home lot. The Fort Brady grounds had been extended westward somewhat, the stockade had been removed, and this fence was the western limit of the fort grounds.

There were but three brick buildings in the village—the Catholic Church, the school which now forms part of the Junior High School building, and Mr. Andrew Blank's residence on West Portage Avenue.

There were three stone buildings—the front part of the present court-house, a stone building just east of the Catholic school, known as Alderman's Delight, and the power building of the old lock. The census of 1880 had enumerated 1,947 inhabitants in the village.

Village Prospered

Mr. Fowle was impressed with the natural advantages of the place and its possibilities, and in 1883, with his brother-in-law Mr. E. H. Mead, he opened the Chippewa County Bank on Water Street. Prospective stockholders were scarce and the business was hazardous. The nearest railroad, express and telegraph were sixty-five miles away, and the winter road there-to led through swamps and forests. There was no way to transfer funds in the winter season other than to take them in person.

But the village prospered and so did the bank. Capitalized at \$10,000.00, it continued as a private bank until 1886, when it was re-organized as the First National Bank of Sault Ste. Marie. Under this name it has continued to the present, having grown under the guidance of Mr. Fowle and Mr. Mead and their successors until at the time of Mr. Fowle's death its resources were about two million dollars.

On the night of August 9th, 1886, fire broke out in a saloon on Plank Alley, and consumed nearly all the buildings on the south side of Water Street, and a number of others on Portage. Over half the business buildings of the village were burned. The bank premises were destroyed, but the bank safe's contents were found to be uninjured, including some \$25,000.00 in currency. Business was resumed in the former office of Attorney H. M. Oren, but the safe had been warped by heat, and its doors had to be opened daily with a pickaxe and closed with a cedar post battering-ram. This safe was in use as the bank's depository during the boom of 1887, and it frequently held as much as \$100,000.00 in currency.

The fire of '86 and another in '96 were a blessing in disguise to Sault Ste. Marie. They forced the business center over to Portage Avenue and to Ashmun Street, and brought much new and better construction in that district. The first fire was followed by a short lived but whirlwind boom in 1887. Water-power canal projects were under way, the D. S. S. & A. Railway reached the village that fall, the C. P. R. bridge was building, and work on the Poe lock was commenced the same year. The village was situated on one of the world's greatest waterways, there was a potentially splendid farming country behind it, with great supplies of timber, its shipping facilities were excellent, and it appeared to be due for a boom. When Mr. H. M. Oren wired from St. Ignace that fourteen boomers were there, in mink-skin coats and plug hats, trying to get conveyances to the Soo, local property owners resolved to maintain stiff prices and require payments of at least one half in cash.

Real Estate Boomed

Practically all the property in the village changed hands

within ninety days after the arrival of the plug hats, and at prices never reached before or since. For instance, there was the old White House, which stood on Portage Avenue opposite the Park Hotel. The oldest inhabitant cannot remember when this building was erected. It must have been built prior to 1845. We know that the building and the lot on which it stood sold in 1867 for \$350.00. This did not include the piece of land behind it, extending through to Water Street. This was formerly owned by Mr. Jack Riley, who once offered to sell it for a pair of boots. The proposition was refused. But later Mr. Henry La Londe paid Mr. Riley \$26.00 for it. In 1887 Mr. La Londe sold the combined properties for \$31,500.00.

In a few weeks the boom was over and the boomers disappeared, while the townspeople endeavored with more or less success to return to normalcy. The community, which had organized as a village in 1874, with Peter Barbeau as its first president, now felt strong enough to assume a city's status, and a city charter was applied for and received from the State Legislature. The first city election was held in 1887, and Otto Fowle, Republican, contested the mayor's office with Geo. W. Brown, Democrat. The latter won, but two years later Mr. Fowle was the victor.

The First City Council

The following gentlemen composed the first city council of Sault Ste. Marie: W. B. Cady, H. L. Newton, A. E. Bacon, E. J. Pink, George Blank, S. F. Howie, Malcolm Blue, Jos. S. Burchill, H. M. Oren, J. E. La Montagne, A. F. Hursley, and E. J. Penny.

Mr. Fowle took a leading part in the public affairs of city and county, and was one of the best citizens Sault Ste. Marie ever had. In 1890 he was active in promoting the issuance of city paving bonds for \$25,000.00. In the advertisement for the sale of these bonds, the population of the city in that year was stated to be approximately 9,000. In the same year the Board of County Supervisors voted to bond the county for \$25,000 for the purpose of constructing a gravel road from Sault Ste. Marie to Pickford.

As far back as 1850 the harnessing of the enormous water-power in St. Mary's River had been mooted. In the fifties Samuel Whitney of New York had taken title to the old Methodist Mission property, and had acquired an interest as well in the Bendrie Claim above the falls. These, the proposed terminals of a water-power canal, were approximately three miles apart, and they constituted the ends of a depression where the water had passed around the falls in ages gone by.

In the seventies Henry Seymour, lumberman, interested Detroit parties in a water-power project. They took over the Whitney interest, but their titles were defective, and could be

perfected only by legal means. Pending these, they engaged Colonel Duffield, a Detroit engineer, to make surveys, plans and estimates for a power canal. The State Legislature passed a bill clearing the way for the organization of a water-power company.

Company Is Formed

Local agitation for water-power development continued until 1885, when the village voted \$40,000.00 to construct a water-works system, the same to be operated by water power. A construction company was organized by Otto Fowle and William Chandler, and they were joined by Frank Perry, Louis Trempe, P. M. Church, George Kemp, Joshua Greene, Geo. W. Brown, Henry Seymour and R. N. Alams.

Availing themselves of the legislative act above mentioned, they took over the locations held by Mr. Seymour and the Detroiters and acquired some intermediate right-of-way property. They soon spent the \$40,000 appropriation, and \$20,000 more with it. They had set out to establish a water-power canal, and not to make money out of the project; and having used up their cash resources, they cast about for further help and succeeded in interesting a syndicate of western capitalists. Certain rights were transferred, granting to St. Mary's Falls Water Power Company a franchise to construct and maintain a canal and penstocks for water-power purposes across and through the streets, highways, lanes and alleys of the village of Sault Ste. Marie, and setting aside certain lands within the village for the purpose of establishing the canal.

The new owners agreed to spend \$50,000 in construction work within twelve months from March, 1887, and an additional \$50,000 within eighteen months from that date. If they failed to do this they bound themselves to return a majority of the stock to the three trustees of the selling company. It was proposed to increase the width of the canal to 150 feet, and more land was purchased for that purpose. The boom of 1887 was on, owners held their property at fabulous prices, and a perfected title to the mission farm alone, at the lower end of the proposed canal, cost the promoters \$60,000.

The syndicate failed to fulfill the terms of its contract and matters again came to a standstill. Then it proposed to find \$100,000 more to be used in actual construction, provided the citizens of Sault Ste. Marie would do the same. This was done, and work was started once more. The \$200,000 partially completed the canal and operations ceased. A country-wide financial depression ensued, the company could not bond, and the outlook appeared black indeed.

Fowle Didn't Lose Heart

Mr. Fowle, chairman of the negotiating committee acting

for local citizens, did not lose heart however, nor did his associates. A period of fruitless bargaining with various promoters and capitalists followed, during which the local company reacquired title to the canal through foreclosure of the right-of-way bonds. Some wealthy New York and Chicago men proposed to complete the canal and construct big pulp and paper mills, but nothing came of it.

The climax of this story of alternate hopes and discouragements is told by Mr. Alvah L. Sawyer in his "History of the Northern Peninsula of Michigan:" "In 1893 there came to the two Soos a man of whom little was known. He had the appearance of a man filled with confidence and was inclined to say little. Little attention was paid to him, although it was known that he had been looking over a ditch in the Michigan Soo in which had been buried the hopes, money, and ambition of engineers, financiers and the people of the two cities for nearly half a century. This was the water-power canal, and the man was Francis H. Clergue.

"It was not long before those who held the mortgages and the right of way of the canal were approached by Mr. Clergue with an offer to buy the rights and begin once more the development of this great water power, which had for centuries been running to waste over the rapids of the river. They were ready enough to sell, for they had lost all the money they cared to in the ditch, and they had no idea but that the newcomer was to do the same. Some laughed at him, while few ever dreamed of his success. But Clergue bought the ditch and went to work seemed more and more unsurmountable, so much more determined seemed that master mind which was planning.

Canal is Completed

"Day after day the work was prosecuted, and year after year, until at last the people, even the most skeptical, began to see that they had now a man backed with plenty of money and filled with an energy which never knew the meaning of the word failure. At last they saw the canal completed, and on October 25, 1902, the water was let in and the power turned on in the great house at the lower end of the canal. Then it was that the whistle cords were tied down on every whistle in the Soo, and the people of the two cities gave way to rejoicing, for they saw a new era of prosperity opened for them." Thus the vision of the people of the Soo, and of the ten citizens of '85 who set out to build a water-power canal, materialized in a gigantic way, greater by far perhaps than they had pictured originally. Most of the ten lived to see their dream come true, and to participate in its benefits, even though the project had passed from their hands. It was a mighty struggle, and at times an apparently hopeless one, but their faith conquered in the end, and the final outcome meant much to the city and to them.

Through the initiative of Otto Fowle and other progressive citizens, Sault Ste. Marie enjoyed the benefits of city water long before the power canal was completed. The community's first water-works system was a two-wheeled cart loaded with barrels and drawn by a pony. The water merchant drove into the shallows of the river on the present site of Brady Field and filled and delivered his customer's barrel for a quarter. The place was a favorite resort for the village cows, who came there to drink in the summer and to bury their flanks in the water, thus avoiding the flies. Frequently the carrier filled his barrels when surrounded by cattle. It is recorded that many old inhabitants vigorously protested against a change in the method of supply, saying that barrel delivery was good enough for them.

First Pumping Station

The first pumping station was erected a short distance west of the C. P. R. bridge, and water was taken a little way out in the stream. As the city grew, a change became inevitable and the present station was built at the west end of Fourth Avenue, far away from any possible sewage contamination. With Lake Superior above, the greatest natural filter in the world, and the rapids below, forever drawing down fresh supplies and foiling all hazard of back-wash, Sault Ste. Marie enjoys perpetual reserves of the finest drinking water to be obtained anywhere, always cool and sparkling clear.

Local Bank History

Mr. Fowle was one of the organizers of the Sault Savings Bank in 1886. Its first location was on the west side of Ashmun Street, near where Bacon's drug store now stands. The bank occupied its present beautiful quarters in 1888. The present officers are: Mr. M. J. Magee, president; Mr. Henry Hickler, vice-president; Mr. Herbert Fletcher, cashier; Mr. Herman Taylor and Miss May Turner, assistant cashiers. Mr. Magee succeeds Mr. George Kemp, recently deceased, who was born and bred in Sault Ste. Marie. Mr. Kemp, an exemplary citizen and always loyal to his home town, bequeathed to his city one of the most valuable dock properties on the Great Lakes.

The Central Savings Bank received its charter in 1902, Mr. R. N. Adams being its first president. In the same year Mr. J. L. Lipsett, Mr. E. S. B. Sutton and others organized the Chippewa County Savings Bank, which opened for business in the Brown Block on South Ashmun Street. Thus the city had four banks at one period. Three years later these banks consolidated in the Central's location. Mr. J. L. Lipsett assumed the presidency of the combined institutions and has held that office since. The other officers are: Mr. C. E. Ainsworth, vice-

president; Mr. A. Wesley Clarke, cashier; Mr. C. W. Swart and Mr. P. T. Wines, assistant cashiers.

The present officers of the First National Bank, originally organized by the private banking firm of Mead & Fowle in 1886, are: Mr. R. G. Ferguson, president; Mr. E. H. Mead, vice-president; Mr. Fred S. Case, vice-president and cashier; Mr. Otto McNaughton and Mr. Donald Finlayson, assistant cashiers.

These three strong banks have played a vital part in the upbuilding of Sault Ste. Marie and Chippewa County.

The Edison-Sault Company

The beginnings of the electric lighting industry of Sault Ste. Marie were made in 1887, nine years after electric lights were installed in the capital building at Washington. The Edison Sault Electric Light Company's power-house at that time was at the rapid's edge near the present third lock. There was considerable shortage of power at first, owing to the narrowness of the forebay and its frequent clogging with needle ice. The Edison Sault Electric Company succeeded the old concern in 1891, and in 1905 a new power-house was constructed well out in the river, thus insuring power in adequate supply.

The teeth of the laughing tumbling rapids so admired by thousands have been drawn, and their countenance has been veiled by a compensating dam. Once a terror to the portaging voyageur, they work now, docilely and efficiently, for the modern Saulteur. They flood his streets and his home with light. They print his newspapers, propel his street-cars, and cancel the stamps on his out-going mail. They sharpen the butcher's knives and grind his sausage; they push up the elevators in our office buildings, and push down the dentist's filling in our aching teeth. They furnish us grateful warmth in the evening, hot waffles in the morning, and ice-cream for dessert. They curl milady's hair and sew her gowns. They melt limestone at 2,600 degrees Fahrenheit, and freeze poultry at 20 below zero. They spin a fragile electric fan or raise the ponderous leaf of a jack-knife bridge with equal facility. They reach far out through Chippewa County and perform their wonders there. Truly times have changed since the days of the ancient Chippewas who shot the rapids or their enemies with equal gusto.

Fort Brady Is Moved

As Sault Ste. Marie grew and buildings crowded around old Fort Brady, it was deemed advisable to find another location for the post. By Act of Congress, July 8, 1886, the Secretary of War was authorized to sell the old military reservation, purchase a new site and erect proper buildings upon it. In the early nineties General Sheridan selected the present location on the

hill. The garrison occupied the new post in October, 1893.

A part of the old reservation was sold in 1894, the present federal building lot being reserved and placed in charge of the commanding officer at Fort Brady. For years it was a common, much as it had been in days of old. When Secretary of War Taft proposed to sell it, a vigorous protest on the part of public spirited citizens resulted, and a second Act of Congress set it aside definitely for public building purposes. In 1908 Congress appropriated \$150,000 for the present building, and two years later it was completed and occupied by the Sault Ste. Marie postoffice force and other governmental departments.

Three complete postoffices are maintained in Sault Ste. Marie, in the federal building on Portage Avenue, at Fort Brady, and at the ship canal. The latter is unique in that it was established for the benefit of the craft passing through the locks. It is open twenty-four hours a day during navigation, and tourists often avail themselves of its facilities.

The second great fire in August, 1896, finished Water Street as the business highway of the city. The costliest building in the city, the Sault National Bank block, the Prenzlauer, Metzger, Perry and many other buildings were destroyed. The historic Chippewa House went with the rest, part of it having been built sixty years before. Many present day Saulteurs lost their business or office quarters in this fire, including Mr. Chase S. Osborn, Mr. Otto Supe, Mr. E. S. B. Sutton, Mr. J. W. Shine, Judge Charles H. Chapman, Mr. T. E. Foard, and Mr. M. J. Magee. Ashmun Street and Portage Avenue succeeded Water Street as business centers, and their strategic location seems likely to maintain themselves in that position indefinitely.

Company G Organized

In the fall of the same year Company G, Fifth Michigan Infantry, was organized in Sault Ste. Marie, and many of the city's finest young men enlisted in this volunteer militia company. The Armory was constructed in 1897 and weekly drills were held there. When war with Spain was declared in 1898, and President McKinley called for volunteer troops, Company G responded, and evolved as a unit into Company G, Thirty-fourth Michigan Volunteer Infantry.

The Company marched away to the war under the following officers: Robert S. Welch, captain; Henry F. Hughart, first lieutenant; Gilmore G. Scranton, second lieutenant; Wilfred T. Raines, first sergeant; Alford H. Colwell, quartermaster sergeant; Edgar C. Lemon, Edward M. Lacey, Fred. H. Smith and John K. Dawson, sergeants; Albert H. Passmore, John A. Gowan, Wm. A. Goulding, Robert C. Sweatt, Leo P. Cook and George Stanley, corporals; Clement C. Wheeler and Eugene J. O'Neill, musicians; Thomas E. Roberts, wagoner, and Peter Murray, artificer.

Company G sailed in June, 1898, from Newport News for

Cuba, and was in service in the field until Santiago surrendered and after. Its members suffered severely with typhoid fever, malaria and yellow fever, and several of them died of the effects of these diseases in Cuba and after their return. They were given a great home-coming welcome, but the rejoicing was mingled with sorrow over the ravages of disease and death. After peace was declared, Henry F. Hughart Camp No. 34, Spanish-American War Veterans, was organized here, its membership being composed of comrades who served in the naval as well as the land forces of that war.

At the close of the century the tiny village of Le Saut de Sainte Marie had progressed to city stature. It had passed from French to British domination, and thence to the freedom of American government. The descendants of the ancient fighting Chippewa, once all powerful here, saw the seat of their dominion transferred into a community eagerly striving to advance the arts of peace. Broad-visioned and history-making men had come and were at work, and with them came the assurance of prosperity and the realization of greater things.

"THE SOO"—THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

When Mr. Francis H. Clergue first came to Sault Ste. Marie he was about thirty-five years old. He had been sent as an expert engineer by a syndicate of eastern capitalists to examine and report upon the water-power possibilities of St. Mary's River. Here he found Lake Superior, the globe's greatest mill-pond, a narrow outlet with a fall of twenty feet or so, and raw materials abundant in quantity and variety.

Upon his recommendation a company was formed which obtained from the Canadian Government a grant of nearly two million acres of land in Ontario. A large part of this acreage was covered with forests of pine, spruce, birch, maple and oak, and there were good prospects for iron, nickel, copper and gold. It was the largest single tract of spruce timber in the world.

Gets Control of Sault Waterpower

Mr. Clergue secured control of the Canadian Sault water-power, then dormant, and began a career of construction well-nigh unequalled on the continent. Besides the rapids on the Canadian shore a pulp-mill arose, one of the largest in the world and using fourteen thousand horse-power. Two railroads were built, the Algoma Central, extending northward from Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, and the Manitoulin & North Shore, afterward the Algoma Eastern. More land was granted the Company, which under Mr. Clergue's direction uncovered great deposits of iron ore in the Michipicoten district; mined them, drained a lake and built a railroad to Michipicoten Harbor; constructed ore docks there and began the shipment of ore. Blast furnaces followed at Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, and in logical succession machine shops and foundries, a rail mill and car shops. Ships were brought to transport the Company's ore and coal, docks were built in Sault Ste. Marie, and a limestone quarry developed in Mackinac County for fluxing purposes. The first rails made in Canada from Canadian ore were produced. A list of Mr. Clergue's constructive activities in this region would fill a volume. Twenty-five million dollars were invested in the system created on both sides of the river and all the units of that city dovetailed as it were into each other.

Canal Completed in 1902.

The Michigan Northern water power canal and power house were completed under Mr. Clergue's direction in 1902. Fifty seven thousand horsepower were developed, and the canal created an island on which the main business section of Sault Ste. Marie stands. The original project of extending the canal to a point below the little rapids was abandoned, and its course



Lock Park in Winter

was shortened a mile or more without loss of efficiency. Ownership passed into other hands, and the power developed is now used largely in the manufacture of calcium carbide by the Union Carbide Company. Its blue and gray drums are familiar throughout the earth, and its products are used by practically every railroad in the country for one or more purposes, by oxy-acetylene welders and foundry men, miners, fire departments, physicians and lighthouse tenders. Union Carbide affords a favorite means of lighting rural and suburban homes, schools, churches and stores. It is uniquely used in coast guard life-saving equipment. Projectiles charged with Union Carbide are so equipped that gas forms and ignites when they strike the water. A brilliant and steady light ensues whereby rescues can be effected more easily and quickly than would otherwise be possible.

The power-house of the Michigan Northern Power Company is one of the most massive buildings in the United States, being nearly a quarter of a mile long, and constructed of stone blasted out in building the canal. On the occasion of its opening in 1902, a banquet was spread in the enormous building and the city gave itself over to a holiday, while congratulations were showered upon Mr. Clergue.

Clergue Welcomed Back

Time has vindicated the visions of Francis Clergue, though the industries he founded have passed from his control. The financial crisis of 1893 was the principal factor in robbing him of complete victory; nevertheless he has lived to see the children of his brain grow to maturity and prosperity. In the summer of 1923 Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, enjoyed a Community Week, when Mr. Clergue was the city's guest of honor. No man ever received a more hearty or unanimous welcome than did he, on the occasion of his return after many years to the scenes of his reverses and his conquests.

The year 1905 marked the completion of half a century of service of the ship canal around St. Mary's Falls. The canal was a prime factor in the development of the greatest marine tonnage concentration in the world. It had been of inestimable advantage to the country. It had enabled the iron and steel industry of the states bordering on the Great Lakes to attain the front rank they now occupy. It had afforded the most ample and economical outlet for the vast products of the trans-Mississippi grain regions. It had made possible the distribution of coal and package freight at rates undreamed of by the railroads. In immediate results it has been the best investment ever made by our Government.

The occasion could not be permitted to pass without a fitting celebration. The initiative was taken by Mr. Peter White of Marquette, one of the '49ers in the north country, and Mr.

Charles Harvey, engineer in charge of construction of the first canal and locks. Joint action was taken by the Congress of the United States and the Legislature of the State of Michigan, whereby the National Government appropriated \$10,000.00 and the State \$15,000.00 to defray the cost of a semi-centennial celebration.

Event Is Most Notable

The event was one of the most notable in the history of the Great Lakes region. The Governor of Michigan appointed a Semi-Centennial Celebration Commission, consisting of Mr. Peter White, Mr. Charles Moore of Detroit, and Mr. Horace M. Oren of Sault Ste. Marie, to be in full charge of all proceedings. The Commission nominated Mr. Charles T. Harvey as chief marshal of the celebration, and arranged a program covering August 2nd and 3rd, 1905, at Sault Ste. Marie. The States of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota were invited to participate, as well as the Vice-President of the United States and representatives of the Dominion of Canada.

The weather was perfect and the schedule for two days was carried out without a mishap or variation. Local arrangements were happily administered by a number of committees under the general chairmanship of Mr. Otto Fowle, while 40,000 visitors enjoyed the city's hospitality. A naval parade ascended the river through the Poe lock and descended through the Canadian lock, and Vice-President Fairbanks, Governor Warner and other notables were greeted with uproarious cheering by the crowds on both sides of the river.

In the afternoon of the first day of the celebration Mr. Peter White and Mr. Charles T. Harvey, from the speakers' stand in Brady Field, related many thrilling experiences of former days. Recalling ancient times, a group of half a hundred Chippewa Indians camped beside the reviewing stand. Many of their fathers had lived as warriors in the old Indian village near the site of their tepees. The sons mingled with the white throngs around them, recalling without resentment the old days when navigation on St. Mary's was a matter of canoes, and the incidents which presaged the decline of their race.

Many thousands of spectators viewed the parade in the afternoon of August 2nd. Mr. Charles T. Harvey, Chief Marshal, led the marchers, and the participants included battalions from the First Regiment, United States Infantry, under Major Robert N. Getty; Third Infantry, Michigan National Guard, under Colonel Robert J. Bates; the crew of U. S. S. Wolverine, Commander H. Morrell; and a battalion from the Michigan State Naval Brigade, under Commander Frederick D. Standish. Government officials and other distinguished guests, American and Canadian, occupied many carriages in the parade,

which passed in review before the Vice-President and the Governor in Brady Field.

In the evening all the vessels in the river were illuminated, and the twin cities vied with each other in gorgeous displays of fireworks.

Great Array of Talent

The third day of August the representatives of the National Government, the State, the marine interests and the Dominion of Canada spoke from the rostrum. Hon. Chase S. Osborn delivered in happy vein the formal address of welcome in the morning, and addresses followed by the Vice-President, Mr. White, Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Solicitor-General of Canada, Congressman Theodore Burton, Chairman of the Rivers and Harbors Committee, President William Livingstone of the Lake Carriers' Association, United States Senator Burrows, Senator Dandurand, Speaker of the Canadian Senate, and Mr. Francis J. Clergue. No such aggregation of talent and celebrity had ever graced the north country, nor has any occasion ever been more felicitous.

"The celebration of 1905," says Mr. J. P. Nimmo, "was conceived and consummated as an expression of the scientific and marine achievements of half a century. Popular rejoicing and profitable reflection were its keynotes; education and inspiration were its fruits. The people of Canada and the United States rejoiced over a lasting conquest; in friendly rivalry they bodied forth their national sentiments and their international unity. In reflection on past events they were reminded that there is still much to do, that progress has not done its last work. The passing generation let the bright light in on cloudy memories and saw the Indian and the canoe and the wooden craft dropping out of their lives. They saw steel leviathans growing and multiplying, and told their sons of what had happened in their day. They pointed to the military and naval power of their continent and told their sons of the sudden strength of the white man and the white man's government, and that the wilderness and the raging river had become an everlasting heritage. Charles Moore, in "The Northwest Under Three Flags," says: 'The capitalists are realizing the dreams of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The trade with Cathway that eluded Nicolet is now maintained by the daily shipments of wood pulp to Japan; the copper that Joliet was unable to discover has at last been found, and with it nickel and iron; Radisson's overland path to Hudson Bay is being traversed by the Algoma Central Railroad, now building; and the waters of St. Mary's River are being harnessed to build up a great manufacturing center. Meanwhile the largest tonnage known to any waterway in the world annually passes to and from Lakes Superior and Huron.'"

A permanent memorial of Connecticut granite, forty-four feet in height, was erected at the foot of Bingham avenue in Sault Ste. Marie by the United States, the State of Michigan, and the mining and transportation interests of the Great Lakes, commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of St. Mary's Falls Canal and the celebration of 1905. In form and material the monument follows the most enduring of Egyptian obelisks. This design was chosen because it was deemed best suited to commemorate works of engineering. Bronze tablets affixed to the four faces of the shaft bear the following inscriptions of historic interest:

(North Tablet)

BESIDE THESE RAPIDS, JUNE 14, 1671, DAUMONT DE LUSSON, NICOLAS PERROT, LOUIS JOLIET AND FATHERS DABLON, DRUILLETES, ALLOUEZ AND ANDRE CLAIMED POSSESSION OF ALL THE LANDS FROM THE SEAS OF THE NORTH AND WEST TO THE SOUTH SEAS, FOR LOUIS XIV. OF FRANCE. IN 1763 THE LAKE REGION WAS CEDED TO ENGLAND AS A PORTION OF CANADA, AND AT THE CLOSE OF THE REVOLUTION, SAINT MARYS RIVER BECAME PART OF THE NATIONAL BOUNDARIES. IN 1797, THE NORTH-WEST FUR COMPANY BUILT A BATEAU CANAL AND LOCK ON THE CANADIAN BANK. IN 1820, LEWIS CASS, GOVERNOR OF MICHIGAN TERRITORY, HERE ESTABLISHED THE AUTHORITY OF THE UNITED STATES FROM THE GREAT LAKES TO THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

(East Tablet)

THE XXXII. CONGRESS HAVING MADE A GRANT OF PUBLIC LANDS TO AID THE CONSTRUCTION OF A SHIP CANAL AROUND SAINT MARYS FALLS, THE STATE OF MICHIGAN CONTRACTED WITH JOSEPH P. FAIRBANKS, JOHN W. BROOKS, ERASTUS CORNING, AUGUST BELMONT, HENRY DWIGHT, JR., AND THOMAS DWYER, PRINCIPALS; AND FRANKLIN MOORE, GEORGE F. PORTER, JOHN OWEN, JAMES F. JOY, AND HENRY P. BALDWIN, SURETIES, TO BUILD A CANAL ACCORDING TO THE PLANS OF CAPT: AUGUSTUS CANFIELD, U. S. A. THE WORK OF CONSTRUCTION WAS ACCOMPLISHED BY CHARLES T. HARVEY, C. E., WHO OVERCAME MANY SERIOUS OBSTACLES INCIDENT TO THE REMOTE SITUATION. THE CANAL, OPENED JUNE 18, 1855, WAS OPERATED BY THE STATE UNTIL JUNE 9, 1881, WHEN IT WAS TRANSFERRED TO THE UNITED STATES AND MADE FREE TO ALL VESSELS. SUPERINTENDENTS UNDER THE STATE:

JOHN BURT, ELISHA CALKINS, SAMUEL P. MEAD,
GEORGE W. BROWN, GUY H. CARLETON, FRANK
GORTON, JOHN SPALDING.

(West Tablet)

IN 1856, CONGRESS FIRST MADE APPROPRIATIONS TO IMPROVE SAINT MARYS RIVER UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE CORPS OF ENGINEERS, U. S. A. CAPT. JOHN NAVARRE MACOMB AND CAPT. AMIEL WEEKS WHIPPLE HAD CHARGE OF THE WORK UNTIL 1861; AND COL. THOMAS JEFFERSON CRAM, MAJ. WALTER MACFARLANE AND MAJ. ORLANDO METCALFE POE, FROM 1866 TO 1873. THE WEITZEL LOCK WAS BUILT BETWEEN 1876 AND 1881 BY MAJ. GODFREY WEITZEL, ASSISTED BY CAPT. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE. MAJ. FRANCIS ULRIC FARQUHAR AND CAPT. DAVID WRIGHT LOCKWOOD WERE IN CHARGE, 1882-3. FROM 1883 TO 1896, THE CANAL WAS ENLARGED AND THE POE LOCK BUILT BY COL. POE, ON THE SITE OF THE STATE LOCKS. FROM 1895 TO 1905 THE OFFICERS IN CHARGE SUCCESSIVELY WERE LIEUT. JAMES BATES CAVANAUGH, COL. GARRETT J. LYDECKER, COL. WILLIAM H. BIXBY, MAJ. WALTER LESLIE FISK, AND COL. CHARLES E. L. B. DAVIS, GENERAL SUPERINTENDENTS UNDER THE UNITED STATES: ALFFRED NOBLE, EBEN S. WHEELER, JOSEPH RIPLEY. SUPERINTENDENTS: JOHN SPALDING, WILLIAM CHANDLER, MARTIN LYNCH, DONALD M. MACKENZIE.

(South Tablet)

THIS MONUMENT, ERECTED BY THE UNITED STATES, THE STATE OF MICHIGAN, AND THE MINING AND TRANSPORTATION INTERESTS OF THE GREAT LAKES COMMEMORATES THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE OPENING OF SAINT MARYS FALLS CANAL, CELEBRATED AUGUST 2 AND 3, 1905; THEODORE ROOSEVELT BEING PRESIDENT; FRED M. WARNER, GOVERNOR. CELEBRATION COMMISSIONERS: PETER WHITE, HORACE MANN OREN, CHARLES MOORE. CHIEF MARSHAL: CHARLES T. HARVEY.

Chase S. Osborn

Sault Ste. Marie closed the first decade of the twentieth century by providing Michigan with a Governor, the first from the Upper Peninsula to grace that illustrious line.

Born in a log house in Huntington County, Indiana, January 22, 1860, Chase S. Osborn spent his boyhood days in the city

of Lafayette. At the age of fourteen he entered Purdue University, then just opening. Leaving the University after three years, he went to Chicago, walking most of the way. Without means or friends, he had some trying experiences in the big city before landing a job with the Tribune at five dollars a week. In 1879, a year of panicky conditions and country-wide depression, he was laid off with many other employes of the paper.

He walked the ties to Hermansville, and found employment for a time with a construction gang of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway, then building its Menominee Range extension. Returning to Milwaukee, he got a job soliciting subscriptions for The Milwaukee Signal, the city's first two-cent paper. Soon he was reporting for The Evening Wisconsin, and a little later he was offered and accepted charge of The Chicago Tribune's Milwaukee Bureau.

One day Hiram D. Fisher, discoverer of the Florence Mine at Florence, Wisconsin, wired Colonel J. A. Watrous of Milwaukee, a friend of Mr. Osborn, asking him to send up a young fellow not afraid to run a newspaper. The town was wild and woolly, and dominated by a gang that was against all newspapers, especially those opposing it in any way. The owner and editor of the Florence paper, a weekly, had been made away with by the roughs.

Two hours after Colonel Watrous received the message, Mr. Osborn was on his way to Florence. The night he arrived the gang shot out his windows and shot a leg off one of the job presses, just to show him what would be done to him if he wasn't good. The threat failed to scare the new editor, and he fought the roughs to a finish. Four years later when he sold The Mining News and returned to Milwaukee his adversaries were dead or scattered, the abominable stockades were burned or abandoned, and Florence was a fairly decent town to live in.

Came to Sault Ste. Marie

The Gogebic range was booming, and Milwaukee was iron mad. Mr. Osborn, with Melvin Hoyt and Alexander Dingwall—afterward associated with him in the Sault Ste. Marie News—and others, started a trade paper, The Miner and Manufacturer. He had been deeply interested in and had studied carefully the formations of the Menominee Range, and had written a good deal about them. A syndicate of Milwaukee and Chicago men asked him to make some examinations of the Echo Lake region, in the vicinity of Sault Ste. Marie. Charmed by the beauty of the little town and its environs, he made it his home for life.

The three bought the Sault Ste. Marie News from Mr. C. H. Chapman. The boom of '87 came and went, and Mr. Osborn drew lots with his partners to determine which one of the

trio would stay and carry the burden of the weekly in a badly flattened field. Mr. Osborn was the unlucky one, as it seemed at the time; in reality he won a rich reward.

The town recovered, and before long the weekly became a prosperous daily, the first to be established in Sault Ste. Marie. Its owner fought for a better and cleaner community. He made some whole-souled enemies and many faithful friends. Political life was inevitable; he became postmaster of Sault Ste. Marie, State Game Warden, Railroad Commissioner. Association with Governor Pingree plunged him deeper into politics than ever. He was one of six Republican candidates to succeed Pingree. Aaron T. Bliss of Saginaw won.

Meanwhile Mr. Osborn, as interested in iron ore as ever, was prospecting in the mountains of Canada, and visiting when time permitted the iron regions of the world. Following up reports of lean iron ore in the Vermilion River district north of Sudbury, he located, staked and purchased, with Chicago men, the mineral lands known as the Moose Mountain properties, which were profitably sold shortly after to McKenzie and Mann, Canadian railway magnates.

Is Elected Governor

In 1908, Mr. Osborn succeeded the Hon. Peter White as Regent of the University of Michigan. In 1910 he became a candidate for governor at the Republican primaries, defeating Patrick H. Kelley and Amos Musselman. In the election he won over Lawton T. Hemans by a plurality of 43,000 votes.

Two years followed of strenuous fighting for what the Governor believed to be right. At his instigation a workmen's compensation measure was introduced and passed. He saw to it that a bill was introduced making it illegal for brewers and distillers to own or encourage saloons in Michigan. The bill became a law. A woman suffrage bill carrying the Governor's hearty endorsement was defeated. Woman suffrage was not adopted by the State until 1918, two years after state-wide prohibition carried. The Governor had been ahead of his times.

When Chase S. Osborn became Governor there was a deficit of about one million dollars in the state treasury. At the conclusion of his administration the State was out of debt and the treasury held a surplus exceeding two million dollars. He awakened the people of Michigan to a finer and stronger conception of government. The ideals he inspired and exemplified have created in many ways a better State. Success did not spoil him, and his political enemies conceded him their admiration when they denied and defeated his plans for the betterment of Michigan.

Returning from a foreign trip with Mrs. Osborn of almost two years, Mr. Osborn was importuned by friends to be again a candidate for the governorship nomination. He won the nom-

ination but was defeated for election. In 1918 he contested with Henry Ford and Truman H. Newberry the Republican primary nomination for United States Senator from Michigan. Mr. Newberry won the nomination and the election. While they are both sympathetic and kindly men, it isn't likely that either Mr. Osborn or Mr. Ford shed any tears over what happened to Mr. Newberry afterward.

Most Widely Traveled Man

A Detroit newspaper calls Mr. Osborn the most widely traveled man on earth. No country worth visiting has been missed by him or Mrs. Osborn, and they are intimately acquainted with many lands. The story of his life is told in his autobiography, "The Iron Hunter," written as autobiographies should be written,—plainly, sincerely, palliating nothing, excusing nothing. It is free from embroidery and puts on no dog. ("Putting on dog" is the Saulteur expression for snobbery; uppishness; false fronts; trying to make people believe you are better or wiser or richer or holier than you really are or ever will be. The Chippewa Indians originated the term, and the meaning is the same in their language).

You should read "The Iron Hunter," as it is a book that will class with the autobiographies of Rousseau, Cellini and Trudeau. If you have a young man in the family, start him on "The Iron Hunter," and watch him devour it. It is a stirring tale of pioneering, of a career possible only in a new and free country like America. It has all the freshness and the vigor of a northern spring morning.

"My home town, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan," says Mr. Osborn in "The Iron Hunter," "has always shown me a sympathy and a friendship and support that would be a sufficient reward for any man, no matter if his deserts were easily much greater than mine; and an inspiration as well. In return for its attitude, I loved the town and all its people."

Osborn's Gifts to Sault Ste. Marie

Again and again Sault Ste. Marie has had concrete evidence of Mr. Osborn's good-will. The stone torii and the Shinto memorial lanterns in Canal Park; the bronze Lupa di Roma; the she-wolf mothering Romulus and Remus; the stone lions at the Carnegie Library; the chimes of eleven bells in St. James Church tower; the multitude of elms given for the cure of a former treeless city and reminiscent of ancient times; the curios in the Melville Museum at the Senior High School; the paintings by foremost artists, including Moran's famous "Grand Canyon" in the music room at Senior High; the revolving illuminated cross which crowns the Methodist Episcopal church on Spruce Street; the grounds at Douglas Street and Portage

Avenue; these are some of the gifts of Mr. Osborn to Sault Ste. Marie and to all its people.

While history was making in the little city besides the rapids, an ever increasing ship traffic passed around them. Imperious need developed for longer, wider and deeper steamers. The fast expanding fields and mines of the north and west found two American locks and one Canadian lock in St. Mary's River utterly inadequate to accommodate their bounty in its passage to the markets of the world.

Four American Locks

St. Mary's Falls Canal is one and three-fifths miles in length and 160 feet wide. It feeds four locks, two of which have been described. The third lock, 1,350 feet long, 80 feet wide, and having $24\frac{1}{2}$ feet of water upon its miter sills at low water, was built by the Government in the years 1908 to 1914, and opened to traffic October 21 of the latter year. The fourth lock, of the same dimensions as the third, was built by the Government in the years 1913 to 1919, and opened to traffic September 18, 1919.

Since 1892 the canal leading to the Weitzel and the Poe locks has been deepened in its upper reaches to 24 feet. The new canal leading to the third and fourth locks has a least depth of 24 feet.

The canal also practically includes those parts of the channel through St. Mary's River which have been improved through shoals of sand, clay boulders, standstone, and limestone rock. The United States Government made the first appropriation for improving the river channels in 1856. Work on their betterment has been almost continuous, so that the dredged areas now total 45 miles in length with least width of 300 feet, increasing at angles and at other critical places up to 1,000 feet. In 1903 excavation of the Middle and West Neebish channels was begun for 21 feet at lowest stage of water. The West Neebish channel was opened to commerce in 1908 and the deepening of the Middle Neebish channel was completed in 1912. Downbound traffic uses the West Neebish channel and upbound traffic the Middle Neebish route. The cost of the third and fourth locks and their approaches was \$7,500,000. and the total cost of the improvements in St. Mary's River, including all locks, canals and betterments to channels, is approximately \$31,000,000.

Hydraulic power is used for operating the Weitzel and Poe locks. Electricity generated by water power is used for operating the third and fourth locks on the American side and the Canadian lock. Three watches of eight hours each operate the American locks, and the force engaged in passing boats through the American locks aggregates 120.

Some Traffic Figures

Fifty-seven thousand passengers and 66,000,000 tons of freight passed through the American and Canadian canals around St. Mary's Rapids in 1922. The freight was valued at one billion dollars, and in its transportation 12,000 lockages were made in 252 days. Traffic was heaviest in October, followed by September, August, July, November, June, May, December and April, in order. American vessels carried 92 per cent of the freight, Canadian vessels 61 per cent of the passengers.

Approximately 200,000,000 feet of lumber found its way to market here in 1922, and 10,000,000 barrels of flour; 400,000,000 bushels of grain (three-fourths of it wheat), and 42,000,000 tons of iron ore passed down to the bakeries and the steel mills of the world; 60,000 tons of refined Michigan copper were locked through, and 1,000,000 tons of package freight; 200,000 tons of oil and 10,000,000 tons of soft and hard coal passed up. The total tonnage is approximately that of the Detroit River, and it exceeds the totals of the St. Clair Flats Canal. A great deal of the downbound freight traversing St. Mary's River goes to Lake Michigan and Georgian Bay ports.

The transportation charges on freight passing the Soo canals in 1922 were \$64,000,000. The average distance this freight was carried by boat was 810 miles, the average cost per ton for freight transportation was ninety-seven cents, and the average cost per mile per ton was one and two-tenths mills. It is an efficiency record unequalled in all the rest of the world.

Water Rates Cheaper.

Freight rates in 1922 for water transportation to and from Lake Superior via St. Mary's Falls Canal averaged forty-five cents per ton for coal; three and eight-tenths cents per bushel for grain, and eighty-three cents per ton for iron ore. Railroad freight rates are gigantic in comparison with this showing. It was made possible by these canals, and so great is their volume that it costs less than half a cent to transport a ton of freight through them.

The vision has come to thousands of practical level-headed men—and it will not down—of the linking of the Great Lakes in the heart of the continent, to the sea. Nothing can long delay the coming of The-Great-Lakes-to-the-Sea Waterway, for economic forces now at work make it inevitable. To think of Chicago and Duluth, Port Arthur and Milwaukee, Detroit, Toronto, Toledo and Sault Ste. Marie as deep seaports is not fantastic; such imagining is based on common sense. No one has better stated the case for a deep waterway than Mr. W. S. Edward, of Sault Ste. Marie, whose address before the Toronto

convention of the National Waterways Association of Canada, in March, 1921, has been printed and extensively circulated by that body.

Some Comparative Figures

"Traffic through the Suez Canal in 1913, the latest year for which we could get statistics," says Mr. Edward, "was 20,000,000 tons. We have the 1916 report for the Panama Canal, which was built at a cost of over \$400,000,000.00, showing ship passages for the year of 1,253 and a total tonnage of 9,400,000.

"Compare this with the 1916 report for St. Mary's Falls Canal, showing 92,000,000 tons traffic. Panama passages of 1,253 are equal to about twelve days volume through St. Mary's where ship passages average over 100 many days at a time. The barriers now separating the farms and cities of the Middle West from the ocean can be overcome by channels not so long nor as difficult to navigate as the Panama Canal, the Kiel Canal, or the Suez Canal, and would cost but a fraction of their expense of construction.

"The time will come when ocean going boats will carry freight and passengers to Chicago from foreign ports. Chicago is beginning an expenditure of \$100,000,000.00 on the improvement of her dock facilities and the building of an immense outer harbor to accommodate this traffic when it comes. The saving in freight alone will more than half pay for these improvements, and the water power development and the commercial growth of the country incidental thereto will, with this saving in freight, more than pay for the entire project every year.

"Let me cite an instance coming under my observation during the war as to the advantage of deepening waterways. A great deal of lake shipping was being taken for ocean service, leaving our carrying bottoms rather short for lake commerce. Mr. L. C. Sabin, government engineer in this district during the war, suggested that if six inches more water could be obtained over Vidal Shoal it would help the situation materially. I was consulted concerning the probable costs of getting this extra six inches draft. Figuring on twenty boats per day using this extra draft through the port of Sault Ste. Marie, we estimated that about 10,000 tons freight additional could be handled daily. This meant \$10,000.00 additional daily revenues to the carriers, at the same carrying charges and practically the same cost to the ship owners.

Paid for in Thirteen Days

"An emergency appropriation was secured for the work, which was completed in four months at a cost of \$125,000.00. This was paid for in additional revenue to the commerce of

the lakes in thirteen days' time. It is a permanent improvement as well, which will enable boats for all time to carry additional tonnage.

"The waterway will make possible the development of two million horsepower for manufacturing purposes in New York State. The same is true of the Canadian side. The manufacturing industries of Ontario and Quebec would be augmented tremendously.

Water power development supplies power at \$20 to \$25 per horsepower. Power developed by steam costs \$100 or over. The saving will amount to \$300,000,000 per year, accruing equally to Canada and the United States. With the completion of the Welland Canal there remain comparatively few miles to be improved in the St. Lawrence River. Neither the United States nor Canada can afford to delay this gigantic development. The benefits to both countries will be enormous, through the industrial expansion and increase in national wealth which such development will make possible. Let us remove the barriers and open the way to the Great American Mediterranean."

Millions Now Living Will See It.

Already a few smaller ships have found their way to and from Chicago, the head of the lakes, and old world ports. Even as the first tiny locks presaged the colossal lake commerce of today, so do these beginnings of lake and ocean traffic foreshadow the tomorrow when great ocean liners shall lock through and dock at Sault Ste. Marie. Visions firmly held tend to materialize, when they are in line with the trend of things. This is a little known but long proven psychological law. The ideals of Mr. Chas. P. Craig, Mr. W. S. Edward, our National Waterways Associations and their supporters are in accord with the basic trend of things, and nothing short of an earthquake or another war can long delay their fruition. It is as reasonable as well as a magnificent conception, this Great Lakes-To-The-Sea Waterway. Time must be a factor in the evolution of a plan so vast; but millions now living undoubtedly will see its completion and enjoy its benefits.

The Soo and Chippewa in the World War.

Long before the United States entered the World War, Sault Ste. Marie and Chippewa County men were enlisting in the Canadian forces. From fifty to one hundred of our boys fought under foreign flags against the common foe. 1,300 soldiers enlisted in the United States forces during the period of our participation, most of them finding their way into the 32nd Division, and a very large number of the men from Sault Ste. Marie and Chippewa fought in the 125th and 337th U. S. Infantry.

Between ninety and one hundred local men enlisted during the period of the war in the Sault Ste. Marie recruiting offices of the Naval Reserve, and saw service in the U. S. Navy.

Enemies Once, Comrades Now.

Records compiled during the war have been forwarded to Washington, and it is impossible at this time to set down detailed figures of enlistments and casualties here. About 150 Chippewa County soldiers and sailors died in the service. The descendants of the Indians, the French, the British and the Americans who once fought for supremacy here, laid down their lives as comrades on the fields of France. Some of our men fought with American units in Northern Russia, and one at least died there.

The Chippewa County Red Cross and other war agencies functioned finely when the need arose. A sufficient complement of troops remained at Fort Brady to guard the ship canal and the locks with the most scrupulous vigilance. The canal area was surrounded with barbed wire and soldiery, guard-houses were erected, and rapid fire guns mounted at convenient points around the locks. The War Department took no chances with this aorta of the continent, while a record-breaking commerce pulsed through it daily.

A Royal Welcome Home.

When the boys came home they received a joyful and an unforgettable welcome. A formal celebration in honor of their return was linked with an old-fashioned patriotic Fourth of July ovation, and the day will linger long in the memories of those who participated.

American Legion posts were organized in Sault Ste. Marie, Brimley, and Rudyard. The Sault Ste. Marie post is the most active of these, and it has been productive of much benefit and good comradeship to a loyal and enthusiastic membership. Its present officers are: Captain J. F. Young, Commander; Jay Gerrie, Finance Officer; Chas. McEvoy, Adjutant.

Men in Government service have taken a foremost part in the political, social and economic life of Sault Ste. Marie since the beginning of the last century. It is probable that Washington is the only city in the United States which contains a greater proportion of the republic's officials and employees.

Modern Fort Brady

Fort Brady, beautifully situated on a hill overlooking the city and the river, is a United States Army post under the Department of War. Its present commander is Captain Clinton Rush, and other commissioned officers are as follows:

Captains: Barrett DeT. Lambert, Julian V. Link, Charles

J. Isley. First lieutenants: Charles D. Simmonds, Frank B. Lindley, Zane I. Adair. Second lieutenants: James R. Hamilton, James D. O'Connell, Damond Gunn, E. D. Post. The enlisted men number 300 or more.

The great commercial importance of the locality was fully recognized by the War Department in the late struggle with Germany. The post was fully manned during the war and the locks were guarded summer and winter by United States soldiers.

The U. S. Coast Guard

The U. S. Coast Guard, formerly known as the Revenue Cutter Service, is an arm of the Treasury Department, functioning under the Navy Department in time of war. Captain J. M. Moore is division commander and captain of the port of Sault Ste. Marie, and Lieutenant Commander C. A. Wheeler is division engineer. A force of fifty-seven enlisted men patrols St. Mary's River during the season of navigation, and maintains continuous watch at six lookout stations. These stations are connected with each other and with the commander's office here by private telephone lines. The force was greatly augmented during the war, and it worked in co-operation with the War Department in closely guarding the St. Mary's waterway from possible obstruction by enemy sympathizers.

Big Force on the Locks

Over one hundred Government officers and men, operating under the United States War Department, are employed at St. Mary's Falls Canal and the locks. The officers are General Superintendent L. C. Sabin, Assistant Superintendent Isaac De Young. The superintendent in charge of traffic is Frank T. McArthur, his assistants are Patrick Tracy, Charles Hursley and John Atkins. During the winter months the force is lessened somewhat, but a great amount of continuous upkeep and repair work is necessary.

The Immigration Service

Inspector R. H. Brondyke and his men in the Sault Ste. Marie Immigration Division are a part of the United States Department of Labor. One of their duties is the turning back of unaccredited or undesirable aliens. Sault Ste. Marie is the only point of easy ingress from Canada in hundreds of miles of frontier, and boat and rail immigration here is heavy.

U. S. Customs Service

Deputy Collector of Customs Robert H. Taylor and his force are part of the U. S. Treasury Department personnel. Imports and exports of all merchandise through the Sault Ste.

Marie gateway are recorded by this office, and duties aggregating huge sums are collected. Pulpwood for paper manufacture is one of the heaviest articles of import here, and packing-house products from the Twin Cities, destined for trans-Atlantic ports, are a considerable item of export.

The Hydrographic Office

The United States Hydrographic Office, under Lieutenant Commander B. K. Johnson, is that branch of the Navy Department which receives and disseminates hydrographic information for mariners and others. It is the important department of maps, charts, soundings, and surveys without which navigation would be impossible.

The Weather Bureau

The United States Weather Bureau at Sault Ste. Marie is in charge of Observer Alexander G. Burns, and it is a branch of the Department of Agriculture. The Bureau building stands beside the ship canal through which all ships taking the American side must pass, and notice of impending storms as well as their direction is imparted to mariners by means of flag signals and bulletins. The Bureau is also very useful in the winter season to the railroads and to handlers of perishable merchandise, in giving advance notice of storms and cold waves.

The Internal Revenue Department, 4th District, State of Michigan, maintains a Soo office in the federal building in charge of Mr. Theodore B. McKinney.

The Postoffice

Last, but really first in point of daily contact, in the list of Uncle Sam's beneficent activities in this vicinity, is the Sault Ste. Marie postoffice, under Postmaster Wm. M. Snell and Assistant Postmaster John A. Graham. About thirty people are employed and the average daily turnover is 30,000 pieces of mail. This average is greatly exceeded in the beautiful days of summer, when throngs of tourists migrate hither to escape the heat of other regions, and to enjoy a holiday amid cool and lovely surroundings.

What Visitors See Here

What has the Sault to offer the stranger, the sight-seer, the tourist?

The answer is: more, probably, than any other community of its size in the world.

To enumerate just a few elements of interest:

Fort Brady, a city in itself, situated on a plateau above St. Mary's River about one-half mile south of the ship canal and the locks. The modern brick buildings of the fort were constructed on this plateau at a cost of nearly half a million dol-

lars. Military men consider Fort Brady one of the country's best posts. While it is in the city limits, it is practically independent of Sault Ste. Marie.

A City Within a City

Captain Clinton Rush, of the Second United States Infantry, his officers and his 300 or more troops have, besides their commodious and spotless quarters, their own schools, theatre, post-office, libraries, clubs, barber shops, newspaper, tailor shops, gymnasium, commissary, bakery, parade ground, recreation field, skating rink, hospital, and recreation rooms. Uncle Sam is lavish with conveniences for his soldiers and he provides them with more than homelike comforts.

The Tonic Climate

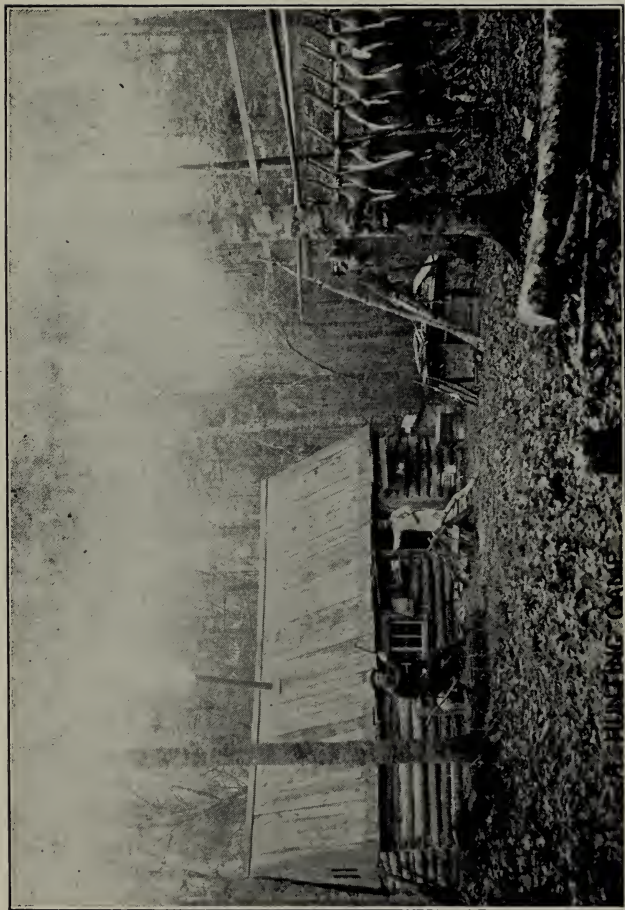
The health restoring qualities of the climate, the air and the water have been proven many times at this post. Troops arriving from service in Cuba, the Philippines, and other semi-tropical, malarial, and enervating districts, have been restored in a marvelously short time to health and vigor.

A Crowning Attraction

St. Mary's Falls Canal and its battery of locks display the greatest continuous close-range procession of freight and passenger steamers in the world. They are visited yearly by thousands of fascinated spectators from the ends of the earth. Nowhere else on the globe is there such an example of man's victory over nature's obstacles. No movie offers so gigantic and vibrant a panorama, in so beautiful a setting. The spectacle never ceases during the navigation season, for the ships never cease coming, and hundreds of powerful electric lamps turn night into day.

The Sense of Power

At the locks there is a sense of power on every hand. Power in the monstrous steel canoes of the white man, slipping so easily by; in the ponderous swinging gates; in the outrush of the waters as the locks are emptied; in the shining electric and hydraulic machinery on all sides; and most of all in the irresistible lifting of the giant carriers and their cargoes within the locks as the gateman moves his magic lever. It is no wonder the visitor forgets his dinner in his astonishment and delight at the wonders surrounding him, or pesters the lockmen with queries and discussions. Ask all the questions you like, you will never ruffle the good nature of Uncle Sam's lockmen. They are famed for their courtesy. And they are in all truth among the world's most useful men.



Deer Hunting Camp Near the Sault

The Magic of Transportation

As the lock gates swing here, our Government takes a new place among the nations. As a direct result of that easy step, great ore pits deepen on the Mesaba Range, and a hundred thousand farms blossom on the western prairies. The flour ground yesterday in Duluth or Minneapolis finds a market a few days hence in London. Bread is cheaper in a multitude of foreign and domestic homes because of St. Mary's Falls Canal; it lessened the cost of the homes as well. The copper ingots descending here today will be transformed tomorrow into cables in Ceylon, or trolley wires in Australia, or armatures in Egypt. Uganda spans her ravines with bridges made of this cheaply transported ore passing by; these narrow walls made Pittsburgh and Gary possible. Our mighty dreadnaughts sailed this inland waterway before they sniffed the salt. The locomotives of Brazil rode over these stone sills, and so did the rails that bear them. In fine, St. Mary's Falls Canal has been a vital factor in the country's supremacy in transportation, mining, manufacturing and agriculture.

The Biggest Jack-Knife on Earth

The visitor may see just above the locks and spanning the ship canal, the largest jack-knife bridge in the world. Stupendous in bulk, it is so delicately balanced that fifty electric horsepower suffice to set its leaves in motion, and ten are ample to keep them moving.

The water-power canals and power-houses of the Michigan Northern Power Company and the Edison Sault Electric Company confirm the Soo as an electric town. They furnish electric current for every conceivable purpose except one. A fortune is begging for the genius who will show us how to heat our buildings efficiently and economically in the winter season with this abundant store of electricity.

Points of Historic Interest

Historic landmarks include the old warehouse of the American Fur Company; the site of Father Marquette's chapel; St. Lusson's hill, where the French asserted dominion over the land, and where as well Governor Cass demonstrated it for America; the semi-Centennial obelisk; the Indian Agency of Schoolcraft; and the old Johnston home.

A Real Tourist Camp

The tourist camp on East Portage Avenue is a delight to the automobile visitor. Many conveniences are provided by the city, and there is an excellent bathing beach close at hand.

A Famous Saulteur

The man or woman on fishing bent may take counsel of

Pete Vigeant, prince of fishermen, who knows every rainbow trout in the rapids by its first name. Pete is an accredited Soo institution and a charter member of The Ancient and Honorable Fraternity of Fishermen. He has been the subject of countless magazine articles and is a frequent contributor to sporting journals.

Near By Beauty Spots

Favorite resorting places near the city, easily reached by car, are Les Cheneaux Islands, Cedarville and Hessel (The Snows), with a dozen or more hotels; Alcott Beach and the Pierce Inn, Brimley; Ladd's Beach, with excellent bathing in the back bay, at Bay Mills; Dollar Settlement and Mission Hill on the shore beyond the Chippewa blueberry plains; The Shallows, up the river; Harmony Beach, below the city; Birch Lodge at Trout Lake; DeTour and Albany; and the Seaman Inn on Drummond Island. Mackinac Island and St. Ignace are a short sixty miles away, via excellent roads, or a little farther through the loveliest waterway on the continent. Pleasant Park and Wilwalk are reached by boat from the Soo, Oak Ridge Park and Encampment by boat or car. The state park will be opened at Brimley in 1924, and it is hoped that another will be in readiness a year later at Hulbert Lake.

The Canadian Soo

No one ever visits the American Soo without seeing its Canadian twin, or vice versa. A trip over the Algoma Central Railway past Montreal Falls and through Agawa Canyon is one to be remembered for life. There is nothing else to compare with it east of the Rockies.

One may see in Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, an 800 foot lock, the largest paper mill and the greatest steel plant in Canada. The first lock built in Canada has been restored and is on view to visitors. Near by, at Garden River, is an Indian village,—a bit of old Canada. There are many splendid drives back of the city,—to Gros Cap, Bellevue, Crystal Falls and the Landslide, Sylvan Valley, Gordon Lake, Rock Lake, Basswood Lake, Bruce and Thessalon, and St. Joseph's Island. There is excellent steamer service to all points on the north shore of Lake Superior, and to the Thirty Thousand Islands of Georgian Bay.

A Great Summer Menu

Good hotels in both cities and an out-of-the-ordinary tourist camp in the Michigan Soo, complete a list of ingredients which insure a feast to the summer visitor. Both communities are famed for their hospitality, they are wide awake and progressive, and duly appreciate of the rapidly expanding tourist trade.

The Soo Changes Its Government

Dissatisfied with the old ward and aldermanic system under which the city government had functioned from the eighties, the electors of Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, voted in 1917 for a new charter and a change to government by commission.

A Charter Commission was appointed, consisting of the following representative citizens: Francis T. McDonald, chairman; A. J. Eaton, clerk; Frank P. Sullivan, John P. Connolly, Wm. M. Snell, Edward Stevens, Geo. P. McCallum, and J. L. Lipsett. These gentlemen drew up the new charter, and at the election following Mark Tymon became the first Mayor under the new form. Two years later he was succeeded by Francis T. McDonald. Commission government was proved a success, and few Saulteurs would consider a return to the old regime.

City Officers in 1923

The present city officials, elected and appointed, are: Mayor, George O. Comb; City Manager, Henry A. Sherman; Commissioners, J. N. Adams, R. R. Beyer, Phil. Jacobs, Robt. Nimmo. Board of Education: Dr. Geo. P. Ritchie, president; Chas. G. Clarke, secretary; Isaac De Young, treasurer; Jos. MacLachlan and Chas. G. Lampman. Superintendent of Schools, Geo. G. Malcolm. Officers and heads of departments appointed by the city manager: City Engineer, V. B. Redfern; Superintendent of Streets, Samuel Horry; Water Works Superintendent, Kenneth McLay; Engineer pumping station, B. F. Kelly; Sexton, Andrew Sayres; Health Officer, Dr. J. J. Griffin; Sanitary Inspector, Dan O'Connell; Visiting Nurse, Eithleen Rowe; Director City Band, Thos. H. Hanson; Chief of Police, Capt. J. F. Young; Chief of Fire Department, Frank Trombley.

Board members appointed by the City Commission; Carnegie Library Board, T. R. Easterday, chairman; K. Christofferson, secretary; John P. Wessel, L. C. Sabin, Stanley Newton. Librarian, Alice Clapp. Park Commission, L. C. Sabin, chairman; W. S. Chapin, secretary; Geo. S. Wescott, Chas. E. Chipley, V. R. Conway.

County Officials in 1923

The present county officials are: Hon. Louis H. Fead, Circuit Judge; Hon. Chas. H. Chapman, Judge of Probate; Arza M. Swart, Sheriff; Sam C. Taylor, County Clerk; John A. France, Court Stenographer; John A. Colwell and F. B. Kaltz, Circuit Court Commissioners; Anna E. McDonald, County Treasurer; Edward Thompson, Register of Deeds; M. M. Larmonth, Prosecuting Attorney; F. H. Brown, County Surveyor;

George J. Dickison and A. E. Lemon, Coroners; J. W. Sparling, R. B. Holmes, and Jas. A. Troutt, Superintendents of Poor; Thos. B. Aldrich, School Commissioner; A. J. Short, R. R. Reinhart, and T. J. Watchorn, Road Commissioners; Louis Levin, County Engineer.

The Supervisors of the various townships in 1923 are: Bay Mills, C. R. Ladd; Bruce, John A. McKee; Chippewa, Geo. W. Warner; Dafer, A. E. Curtis; DeTour, John F. Goetz; Drummond, Earl E. Bailey; Hulbert, Chas. Johnson; Kinross, Albert Curtis; Pickford, George Watson; Raber, F. X. Schuster; Rudyard, John Bergsma; Soo, Wm. H. Miller; Sugar Island, Wm. Walker; Superior, John Gleason; Trout Lake, Wm. Hayward; Whitefish, Thomas H. Savage.

Homecoming Week

In July, 1922, Commissioner John N. Adams offered a resolution at a meeting of the Commission, sponsoring a Homecoming Week in 1923 for all Saulteurs throughout the world. The idea was enthusiastically adopted and energetically carried out by the people of Sault Ste. Marie.

Fourth of July Week was selected for the welcome. The Civic & Commercial association under President Arthur Dawson, functioning through its Publicity Committee with Norman H. Hill as Chairman, sent 5,000 invitations to former Sooites and Chippewayans, soliciting their presence Homecoming Week. Lists of names were obtained from many sources, one country store alone sending 400 addresses of former residents.

A Spontaneous Response

The response was gratifying indeed. Thousands came, and were glad they had come. Entertainment in abundance was provided daily, there was a big community picnic, and a monster parade graced by the queen of the week, Miss Lena Ladd, and her maids. A day was set apart for the reception of Soo, Ontario, and Algoma citizens. They came with the greatest of good-will, in masses that swamped the trains and ferries. Seldom has the city entertained such crowds.

"I Remember When"

The local newspapers gave the affair an endless amount of publicity, and The Evening News published a booklet, "I Remember When," filled with recollections of former days by many old timers. It stimulated a healthy home town spirit and resulted in the collection of much interesting and historically valuable data.

It is proposed to collect and publish separately in as complete a form as possible the data and chronology of Sault Ste. Marie's and Chippewa's activities in the World War. Present

records are scattered and incomplete. Justice and gratitude to our soldiers and sailors demand that a permanent record of their deeds shall be preserved for their posterity and for all of us.

The City Finds Itself

Visitors pronounced the city more beautiful than they had ever seen it. Community spirit had been aroused and refreshed by the occasion, and the town put on a new dress as it were to receive its guests. The civic benefits were tremendous and undoubtedly will be lasting. Sault Ste. Marie found itself as never before, and so complete was the success of Mr. Adam's idea that a Homecoming Week will be celebrated every five years in the city by the rapids for all time to come.

The Historical Society

Some years ago Judge Charles H. Chapman instituted a Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society Chapter in Sault Ste. Marie. A beginning has been made in marking local points of historic interest, of which there are many. The society collaborated with the public and parochial schools of the city in the staging of a wonderfully beautiful historical pageant in Brady Field in June, 1920, under the supervision of Miss Edith Eicher. The pageant was enacted on precisely the one hundredth anniversary of the coming of Governor Lewis Cass to Sault Ste. Marie, and within a few rods of the spot where he hauled down the flag of Great Britain.

The Historic Hill and Ravine

The romantic history of the locality is to many one of its chief attractions. A halo of historical interest hovers over the ravine in Brady Field and the little hill near by. Once the ravine debouched upon the shore of the river, a natural landing place, long before the making of Brady Field. Ere the coming of the whites, this cleft in the bank endured the tread of many an Indian potentate and warrior, hither bound for council, for war or for food.

These Came in Canoes

It is likely that Brule and Grenolle landed there, at the foot of the rapids. A glorious band followed them. Nicolet stood at the top of the ravine and looked westward for China. Jogues and Raymbault ministered to the Indians and raised the first cross near by. Joliet and Pere, De Lusson, Allouez, Radisson and Groseilliers, Charlevoix, Menard, Marquette, Dablon, La Hontan, Tonty, Dollier, Galinee and Cadillac; Du L'hut and Albanel; de Repentigny, Henry and Cadotte; Selkirk, Carver, Astor, Johnston, and all the rest; what a mighty host were they of explorers, voyageurs, swashbuckling soldiers, rollicking ad-

venturers and dauntless priests, lusting for discovery, for great undertakings, for furs and for souls.

The Steamboat Comes

After them, when the steamboat was crowding the canoe to the banks, Cass came, a looming figure in Michigan history, and he made history here. With him came Schoolcraft, and the latter remained and become one of the greatest of our citizens. There followed McKenney and Brady; Bingham and Baraga; Mrs. Jameson and Franchere; Peter White and Agassiz, Kohl and Easterday, Weitzel and Poe and more; history makers and history recorders, doing their share to bring a vast region into recognition and a city into being.

The Overland Route

Finally, on the overland route came Mead and Fowle, establishing the first bank and giving the signal, as the chronicler says, for business to go ahead; Steere, Sutton and Chapman, exemplifying and administering the law in a district once noted for lawlessness; Clergue, the inspired dreamer and doer; Osborn, foremost citizen, magnetic in personality and surpassing in oratory, climbing from unpropitious beginnings to the Governorship of his State.

These and a multitude of others have sojourned here. Some of them are with us now, adding their meed of service to that of the men and women living here and who were born here, and enjoying with them the benefits of life in one of the finest communities in all the earth.

This is the Hiawatha Country, discovered by Schoolcraft and immortalized by Longfellow. Gitchi Manito still broods benignly over its lands, its forests and its lakes. Manibosho and his wife still sleep a long sleep on the rocky shore, awaiting the day when Pau-puk-kee-wis shall awaken them with his magic runes.

*With his right hand Hiawatha
Smote amain the hollow oak tree,
Rent it into shreds and splinters,
Left it lying there in fragments,
But in vain, for Pau-puk-kee-wis,
Once again in human figure,
Full in sight ran on before him,
Sped away in gust and whirlwind,
On the shores of Gitchee-Gumee,
Westward by the Big-Sea-Water,
Came unto the rocky headlands,
To the Pictured Rocks of Sandstone,
Looking over lake and landscape.*

THE SOO LOCKS AT EVENING.

*I like the locks at evening best,
When suns grow golden in the west
And linger on their outward quest.*

*The searching suns, who scan the sphere,
Nor match from swinging year to year
The loveliness unfolded here,*

*They linger, as if loath to sink
Beyond old Gitchi Gumi's brink.*

*When they grow golden-pink and white,
Halting the squadrons of the night,
They ring the clouds with chrysolite,*

*And crown these roofless channeled halls
Whose guests are ships, these gates and walls,
A field for fairy festivals.*

*When suns grow golden in the west,
I love the locks at evening best.*

